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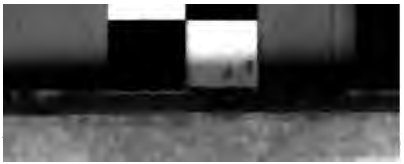

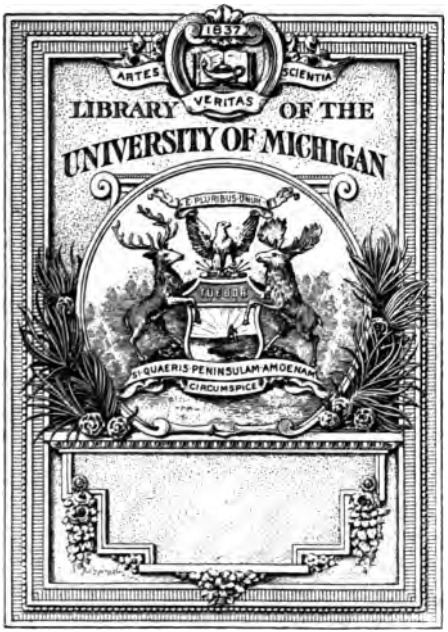
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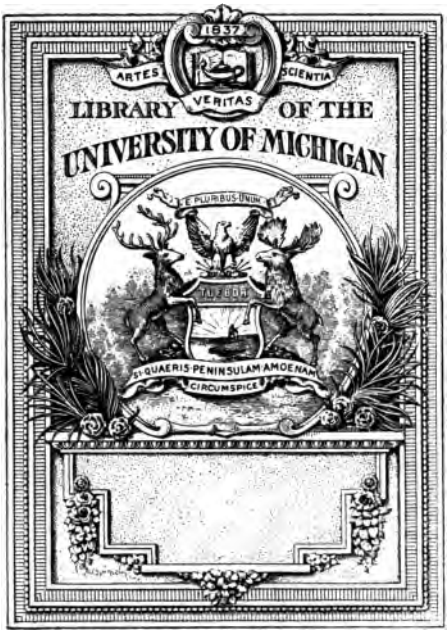
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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE NINETEENTH.

LONDON:

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DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

VOLUME III.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneis erects a trophy of the ſpoils of Mezentius; grants a truce for burying the dead; and ſends home the body of Pallas with great ſolemnity. Latius calls a council to propoſe offers of peace to Æneas, which occaſions great animoſity betwixt Turnus and Drances: in the mean time there is a ſharp engagement of the horſe; wherein Camilla ſignalizes herſelf; is killed: and the Latine troops are intirely defeated.

SCARCE had the roſy morning rais'd her head
Above the waves, and left her watery bed;
The pious chief whom double cares attend
For his unbury'd ſoldiers, and his friend:
Yet firſt to heaven perform'd a victor's vow:
He bar'd an ancient oak of all her boughs:
Then on a riſing ground the trunk he plac'd;
Which with the ſpoils of his dead foe he grac'd.

The

The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,
Now on a naked ſhag in triumph borne,
Was hung on high; and glitter'd from afar:
A trophy ſacred to the god of war.
Above his arms, fix'd on the leafleſs wood,
Appear'd his plumy creſt, beſmear'd with blood;
His brazen buckler on the left was ſeen;
Truncheons of ſhiver'd lances hung between:
And on the right was plac'd his corſlet, bor'd;
And to the neck was ty'd his unavailing ſword.
A crowd of chiefs incloſe the godlike man:
Who thus, conſpicuous in the midſt, began:
Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with ſure ſucc
The greater part perform'd, atchieve the leſs.
Now follow chearful to the trembling town;
Preſs but an entrance, and preſume it won.
Fear is no more: for fierce Mezentius lies,
As the firſt-fruits of war, a ſacrifice.
Turnus ſhall ſtand extended on the pain;
And in this omen is already ſlain.
Prepar'd in arms, purſue your happy chance:
That none unwarn'd, may plead his ignorance:
And I, at heaven's appointed hour, may find
Your walike enſigns waving in the wind.
Mean time the rites and funeral pomps prepare,
Due to your dead companions of the war:
The laſt reſpect the living can beſtow,
To ſhield their ſhadows from contempt below.
That conquer'd earth be theirs for which they foug
And which for us with their own blood they boug

But firſt the corpſe of our unhappy friend,
To the ſad city of Evander ſend:
Who not inglorious in his age's bloom
Was hurry'd hence by too ſevere a doom.
Thus, weeping while he ſpoke, he took his way,
Where, now in death, lamented Pallas lay:
Acœtes watch'd the corpſe; whoſe youth deſerv'd
The father's truſt, and now the ſon he ſerv'd
With equal faith, but leſs auſpicious care:
Th' attendants of the ſlain his ſorrow ſhare.
A troop of Trojans mix'd with theſe appear,
And mourning matrons with diſhevel'd hair.
Soon as the prince appears, they raiſe a cry;
All beat their breaſts, and echoes rend the ſky.
They rear his drooping forehead from the ground;
But when Æneas view'd the griſly wound
Which Pallas in his manly boſom bore,
And the fair fleſh diſtain'd with purple gore:
Firſt, melting into tears, the pious man
Deplor'd ſo ſad a ſight, then thus began:
Unhappy youth! when fortune gave the reſt
Of my full wiſhes, ſhe refus'd the beſt!
She came; but brought not thee along, to bleſs
My longing eyes, and ſhare in my ſucceſs:
She grudg'd thy ſafe return, the triumphs due
To proſperous valour, in the public view.
Not thus I promis'd, when my father lent
Thy needleſs ſuccour with a ſad conſent;
Embrac'd me parting for th' Etrurian land,
And ſent me to poſſeſs a large command.

He warn'd, and from his own experience told,
Our foes were warlike, diſciplin'd, and bold:
And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,
Rich odours on his loaded altars burn;
While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare
To ſend him back his portion of the war;
A bloody breathleſs body: which can owe
No farther debt, but to the powers below.
The wretched father, ere his race is run,
Shall view the funeral honours of his ſon.
Theſe are my triumphs of the Latian war;
Fruits of my plighted faith, and boaſted care.
And yet, unhappy Sire, thou ſhalt not ſee
A ſon, whoſe death diſgrac'd his anceſtry;
Thou ſhalt not bluſh, old man, however griev'd:
Thy Pallas no diſhoneſt wound receiv'd.
He dy'd no death to make thee wiſh, too late,
Thou hadſt not liv'd to ſee his ſhameful fate.
But what a champion has th' Auſonian coaſt,
And what a friend haſt thou, Aſcanius, loſt!
Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,
To raiſe the breathleſs body from the ground;
And choſe a thouſand horſe, the flower of all
His warlike troops, wait the funeral:
To bear him back, and ſhare Evander's grief
(A well-becoming, but a weak relief).
Of oaken twigs they twiſt an eaſy bier;
Then on their ſhoulders the ſad burden rear.
The body on this rural herſe is born,
Strew'd leaves and funeral greens the bier adorn.

All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flower,
New cropt by virgin hands, to dreſs the bower:
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,
No more to mother earth or the green ſtem ſhall owe.
Then two fair veſts, of wondrous work and coſt,
Of purple woven, and with gold emboſs'd,
For ornament the Trojan hero brought,
Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.
One veſt array'd the corpſe, and one they ſpread
O'er his clos'd eyes, and wrap'd around his head:
That when the yellow hair in flame ſhould fail,
The catching fire might burn the golden caul.
Beſides, the ſpoils of foes in battle ſlain,
When he deſcended on the Latian plain:
Arms, trappings, horſes, by the herſe he led
In long array (th' atchievements of the dead).
Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear
Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear:
Appointed offerings in the victor's name,
To ſprinkle with their blood, the funeral flame.
Inferior trophies by the chiefs are born;
Gauntlets and helms, their loaded hands adorn;
And fair inſcriptions fix'd, and titles read
Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.
Acœtes on his pupil's corpſe attends,
With feeble ſteps; ſupported by his friends:
Pauſing at every pace, in ſorrow drown'd,
Betwixt their arms he ſinks upon the ground.
Where groveling, while he lies in deep deſpair,
He beats his breaſt, and rends his hoary hair.

The champion's chariot next is done to roll,
Reflecting with brittle blood, and [illegible]
To close the pomp. Æthon, the fleet of flats,
Is led, the funerals of his lord to wait.
Stripp'd of his tappings, with a hilter pace
He walks, and the big tears run rolling down [illegible]
The lance of Pallas, and the crimson crest,
Are borne behind, the victor fell'd the rest.
The march begins: the trumpets hoarsely sound,
The pikes and lances trail along the ground.
Thus while the Trojan and Scandian bands,
To Pallantum towers direct their courts,
In long procession rank'd; the pious chief
Stopp'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief.
The public care, he said, which war attends,
Divers our present woes, at least suspends:
Force with the manes of great Pallas dwell;
Hail holy relicks, and a last farewell!
He said no more, but inly though he mourn'd,
Refrain'd his tears, and to the camp return'd.

Now supplicants, from Laurentum sent, dema[illegible]
A truce, with olive-branches in their hand.
Obtest his clemency, and from the plain
Beg leave to draw the bodies of their slain.
They plead, that none those common rites deny
To conquer'd foes, that in fair battle die.
All cause of love was [illegible] their death;
Nor could he war wi[illegible] of breath.
A king, they hop'd, [illegible] king's repu[illegible]
Whose son he once [illegible] his gu[illegible]

Their ſuit, which was too juſt to be deny'd,
The hero grants, and farther thus reply'd:
O Latian princes, how ſevere a fate
In cauſeleſs quarrels has involv'd your ſtate!
And arm'd againſt an unoffending man,
Who fought your friendſhip ere the war began!
You beg a truce, which I would gladly give,
Not only for the ſlain, but thoſe who live.
I came not hither but by heaven's command,
And ſent by Fate to ſhare the Latian land.
Nor wage I wars unjuſt; your king deny'd
My proffer'd friendſhip, and my promis'd bride.
Left me for Turnus; Turnus then ſhould try
His cauſe in arms, to conquer or to die.
My right and his are in diſpute: the ſlain
Fell without fault, our quarrel to maintain.
In equal arms let us alone contend;
And let him vanquiſh, whom his Fates befriend.
This is the way, ſo tell him, to poſſeſs
The royal virgin, and reſtore the peace.
Bear this my meſſage back; with ample leave
That your ſlain friends may funeral-rites receive.
Thus having ſaid, th' embaſſadors amaz'd,
Stood mute a while, and on each other gaz'd:
Drances, their chief, who harbour'd in his breaſt
Long hate to Turnus, as his foe profeſs'd,
Broke ſilence firſt, and to the godlike man,
With graceful action bowing, thus began:
Auſpicious prince, in arms a mighty name,
But yet whoſe actions far tranſcend your fame:

(Deſerv'd from them) then I had been return'd
A breathleſs victor, and my ſon had mourn'd.
Yet will not I my Trojan friend upbraid,
Nor grudge th' alliance I ſo gladly made.
'Twas not his fault my Pallas fell ſo young,
But my own crime for having liv'd too long.
Yet, ſince the gods had deſtin'd him to die,
At leaſt he led the way to victory:
Firſt for his friends he won the fatal ſhore,
And ſent whole herds of ſlaughter'd foes before
A death too great, too glorious to deplore.
Nor will I add new honours to thy grave;
Content with thoſe the Trojan hero gave.
That funeral pomp thy Phrygian friends deſign'
In which the Tuſcan chiefs and army join'd:
Great ſpoils, and trophies gain'd by thee, they
Then let thy own atchievements be thy ſhare.
Ev'n thou, O Turnus, hadſt a trophy ſtood,
Whoſe mighty trunk had better grac'd the wooc
If Pallas had arriv'd, with equal length
Of years, to match thy bulk with equal ſtrength.
But why, unhappy man, doſt thou detain
Theſe troops to view the tears thou ſhed'ſt in va
Go, friends, this meſſage to your lord relate;
Tell him, that if I bear my bitter fate,
And after Pallas' death, live lingering on,
'Tis to behold his vengeance for my ſon.
I ſtay for Turnus; whoſe devoted head
Is owing to the living and the dead:

My ſon and I expect it from his hand;
'Tis all that he can give, or we demand.
Joy is no more: but I would gladly go,
To greet my Pallas with ſuch news below.
The morn had now diſpell'd the ſhades of night;
Reſtoring toils, when ſhe reſtor'd the light:
The Trojan king, and Tuſcan chief, command
To raiſe the piles along the winding ſtrand:
Their friends convey the dead to funeral fires;
Black ſmouldring ſmoke from the green wood expires;
The light of heaven is chok'd, and the new day retires.
Then thrice around the kindled piles they go
(For ancient cuſtom had ordain'd it ſo).
Thrice horſe and foot about the fires are led,
And thrice with loud laments they hail the dead.
Tears trickling down their breaſts bedew the ground;
And drums and trumpets mix their mournful ſound.
Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw
The ſpoils, in battle taken from the foe;
Helms, bitts emboſs'd, and ſwords of ſhining ſteel,
One caſts a target, one a chariot-wheel:
Some to their fellows their own arms reſtore:
The fauchions which in luckleſs fight they bore:
Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts beſtow'd in vain,
And ſhiver'd lances gather'd from the plain,
Whole herds of offer'd bulls about the fire,
And briſtled boars, and woolly ſheep expire.
Around the piles a careful troop attends,
To watch the waſting flames, and weep their burning friends.

Lingering

Lingering along the ſhore, till dewy night
New decks the face of heaven with ſtarry light.
The conquer'd Latians, with like pious care,
Piles without number for their dead prepare;
Part, in the places where they fell, are laid;
And part are to the neighbouring fields convey'd.
The corpſe of kings, and captains of renown,
Born off in ſtate, are bury'd in the town:
The reſt unhonour'd, and without a name,
Are caſt a common heap to feed the flame.
Trojans and Latians vie with like deſires
To make the field of battle ſhine with fires;
And the promiſcuous blaze to heaven aſpires.
Now had the morning thrice renew'd the light,
And thrice diſpell'd the ſhadows of the night;
When thoſe who round the waſted fires remain,
Perform the laſt ſad office to the ſlain:
They rake the yet warm aſhes, from below;
Theſe, and the bones unburn'd, in earth beſtow:
Theſe relicks with their country rites they grace;
And raiſe a mount of turf to mark the place.
But in the palace of the king, appears
A ſcene more ſolemn, and a pomp of tears.
Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common moans
Orphans their fires, and fires lament their ſons.
All in that univerſal ſorrow ſhare,
And curſe the cauſe of this unhappy war.
A broken league, a bride unjuſtly ſought,
A crown uſurp'd, which with their blood is bough

'hese are the crimes, with which they load the name
f Turnus, and on him alone exclaim.
et him, who lords it o'er th' Ausonian land,
ngage the Trojan hero hand to hand:
is is the gain, our lot is but to serve:
'is just, the sway he seeks, he should deserve.
his Drances aggravates; and adds, with spight,
is foe expects, and dares him to the fight.
or Turnus wants a party, to support
is cause and credit, in the Latian court.
is former acts secure his present fame;
nd the queen shades him with her mighty name.
While thus their factious minds with fury burn;
he legates from th' Ætolian prince return:
d news they bring, that, after all the cost,
nd care employ'd, their embassy is lost:
hat Diomede refus'd his aid in war;
nmov'd with presents, and as deaf to prayer.
me new alliance must elsewhere be fought;
peace with Troy on hard conditions bought.
Latinus, sunk in sorrow, finds too late
foreign son is pointed out by fate:
nd till Æneas shall Lavinia wed,
he wrath of heaven is hovering o'er his head.
ie gods, he saw, espous'd the juster side,
hen late their titles in the field were try'd:
itness the fresh laments, and funeral tears undry'd.
Thus, full of anxious thought, he summons all
ie Latian senate to the council-hall:

The

The princes come, commanded by their head,
And crowd the paths that to the palace lead.
Supreme in power, and reverenc'd for his years,
He takes the throne, and in the midſt appears:
Majeſtically ſad, he ſits in ſtate,
And bids his envoys their ſucceſs relate.
When Venulus began, the murmuring ſound
Was huſh'd, and ſacred ſilence reign'd around.
"We have, ſaid he, perform'd your high command:
And paſs'd with peril a long tract of land:
We reach'd the place deſir'd, with wonder fill'd,
The Grecian tents and riſing towers beheld.
Great Diomede has compaſs'd round with walls
The city, which Argyripa he calls;
From his own Argos nam'd: we touch'd, with joy,
The royal hand that raz'd unhappy Troy.
When introduc'd, our preſents firſt we bring,
Then crave an inſtant audience from the king:
His leave obtain'd, our native ſoil we name;
And tell th' important cauſe for which we came.
Attentively he heard us, while we ſpoke;
Then, with ſoft accents, and a pleaſing look,
Made this return: Auſonian race, of old
Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,
What madneſs has your alter'd minds poſſeſs'd,
To change for war hereditary reſt?
Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the ſword
(A needleſs ill your anceſtors abhor'd).
We (for myſelf I ſpeak, and all the name
Of Grecians, who to Troy's deſtruction came)

Om

Omitting thoſe who were in battle ſlain,
Or borne by rolling Simois to the main:
Not one but ſuffer'd, and too dearly bought
The prize of honour which in arms he fought.
Some doom'd to death, and ſome in exile driven,
Out-caſts, abandon'd by the care of heaven:
So worn, ſo wretched, ſo deſpis'd a crew,
As ev'n old Priam might with pity view.
Witneſs the veſſels by Minerva toſs'd
In ſtorms, the vengeful Capharæan coaſt;
Th' Eubæan rocks; the prince, whoſe brother led
Our armies to revenge his injur'd bed,
In Egypt loſt; Ulyſſes, with his men,
Have ſeen Charybdis, and the Cyclops den:
Why ſhould I name Idomeneus, in vain,
Reſtor'd to ſceptres, and expell'd again?
Or young Achilles, by his rival ſlain?
Ev'n he, the king of men, the foremoſt name
Of all the Greeks, and moſt renown'd by fame,
The proud revenger of another's wife,
Yet by his own adultereſs loſt his life:
Fell at his threſhold, and the ſpoils of Troy
The foul polluters of his bed enjoy.
The Gods have envy'd me the ſweets of life,
My much-lov'd country, and my more-lov'd wife:
Baniſh'd from both, I mourn; while in the ſky,
Transform'd to birds, my loſt companions fly:
Hovering about the coaſts they make their moan,
And cuff the cliffs with pinions not their own.

What

What ſqualid ſpectres, in the dead of night,
Break my ſhort ſleep, and ſkim before my ſight!
I might have promis'd to myſelf thoſe harms,
Mad as I was, when I with mortal arms
Preſum'd againſt immortal powers to move,
And violate with wounds the queen of love.
Such arms this hand ſhall never more employ;
No hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy.
I war not with its duſt; nor am I glad
To think of paſt events, or good or bad.
Your preſents I return: whate'er you bring
To buy my friendſhip, ſend the Trojan king.
We met in fight, I know him to my coſt;
With what a whirling force his lance he toſs'd:
Heavens! what a ſpring was in his arm, to throw!
How high he held his ſhield, and roſe at every blow!
Had Troy produc'd two more, his match in might,
They would have chang'd the fortune of the fight:
Th' invaſion of the Greeks had been return'd:
Our empire waſted, and our cities burn'd.
The long defence the Trojan people made,
The war protracted, and the ſiege delay'd,
Were due to Hector's and this hero's hand;
Both brave alike, and equal in command:
Æneas not inferior in the field,
In pious reverence to the gods excell'd.
Make peace, ye Latians, and avoid with care
Th' impending dangers of a fatal war.
He ſaid no more; but, with this cold excuſe,
Refus'd th' alliance, and adviſ'd a truce.

Thus

Thus Venulus concluded his report.
A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court:
As when a torrent rolls with rapid force,
And dashes o'er the stones that stop the course;
The flood, constrain'd within a scanty space,
Roars horrible along th' uneasy race:
White foam in gathering eddies floats around:
The rocky shores rebellow to the sound.
The murmur ceas'd: then from his lofty throne
The king invok'd the gods, and thus begun:
I wish, ye Latins, what we now debate
Had been resolv'd before it was too late:
Much better had it been for you and me,
Unforc'd by this our last necessity,
To have been earlier wise; than now to call
A council, when the foe surrounds the wall.
O citizens! we wage unequal war,
With men, not only heaven's peculiar care,
But heaven's own race: unconquer'd in the field,
Or, conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.
What hopes you had in Diomede, lay down:
Our hopes must center on ourselves alone.
Yet those how feeble, and, indeed, how vain,
You see too well; nor need my words explain.
Vanquish'd without resource; laid flat by fate,
Factions within, a foe without the gate;
Not but I grant, that all perform'd their parts,
With manly force, and with undaunted hearts:
With our united strength the war we wag'd;
With equal numbers, equal arms, engag'd:

You ſee th' event—Now hear what I propoſe,
To ſave our friends, and ſatisfy our foes:
A tract of land the Latins have poſſeſs'd
Along the Tiber, ſtretching to the Weſt,
Which now Rutulians and Auruncans till:
And their mix'd cattle graze the fruitful hill;
Thoſe mountains fill'd with firs, that lower land,
If you conſent, the Trojan ſhall command;
Call'd into part of what is ours; and there,
On terms agreed, the common country ſhare.
There let them build, and ſettle, if they pleaſe;
Unleſs they chooſe once more to croſs the ſeas,
In ſearch of ſeats remote of Italy;
And from unwelcome inmates ſet us free.
Then twice ten gallies let us build with ſpeed,
Or twice as many more, if more they need;
Materials are at hand: a well-grown wood
Runs equal with the margin of the flood:
Let them the number, and the form aſſign;
The care and coſt of all the ſtores be mine.
To treat the peace, a hundred ſenators
Shall be commiſſion'd hence with ample powers;
With olive crown'd: the preſents they ſhall bear,
A purple robe, a royal ivory chair;
And all the marks of ſway that Latian monarchs wear;
And ſums of gold. Among yourſelves debate
This great affair, and ſave the ſinking ſtate.
Then Drances took the word; who grudg'd long ſince,
The riſing glories of the Daunian prince.

Factious

Factious and rich, bold at the council-board,
But cautious in the field, he ſhun'd the ſword;
A cloſe caballer, and tongue-valiant lord.
Noble his mother was, and near the throne,
But what his father's parentage, unknown.
He roſe, and took th' advantage of the times,
To load young Turnus with invidious crimes.
Such truths, O king, ſaid he, your words contain,
As ſtrike the ſenſe, and all replies are vain:
Nor are your loyal ſubjects now to ſeek
What common needs require; but fear to ſpeak.
Let him give leave of ſpeech, that haughty man,
Whoſe pride this inauſpicious war began:
For whoſe ambition (let me dare to ſay,
Fear ſet apart, though death is in my way)
The plains of Latium run with blood around;
So many valiant heroes bite the ground:
Dejected grief in every face appears;
A town in mourning, and a land in tears.
While he, th' undoubted author of our harms,
The man who menaces the gods with arms,
Yet, after all his boaſts, forſook the fight,
And ſought his ſafety in ignoble flight.
Now, beſt of kings, ſince you propoſe to ſend
Such bounteous preſents to your Trojan friend;
Add yet a greater at our joint requeſt,
One which he values more than all the reſt;
Give him the fair Lavinia for his bride:
With that alliance let the league be ty'd;
And for the bleeding land a laſting peace provide.

Let inſolence no longer awe the throne,
But with a father's right beſtow your own.
For this maligner of the general good,
If ſtill we fear his force, he muſt be woo'd:
His haughty godhead we with prayers implore,
Your ſceptre to releaſe, and our juſt rights reſtor
O curſed cauſe of all our ills, muſt we
Wage wars unjuſt, and fall in fight thee!
What right haſt thou to rule the Latian ſtate,
And ſend us out to meet our certain fate?
'Tis a deſtructive war: from Turnus' hand
Our peace and public ſafety we demand.
Let the fair bride to the brave chief remain;
If not, the peace without the pledge is vain.
Turnus, I know, you think me not your friend,
Nor will I much with your belief contend:
I beg your greatneſs not to give the law
In other realms, but, beaten, to withdraw.
Pity your own, or pity our eſtate;
Nor twiſt our fortunes with your ſinking fate.
Your intereſt is, the war ſhould never ceaſe;
But we have felt enough, to wiſh the peace:
A land exhauſted to the laſt remains,
Depopulated towns, and driven plains.
Yes, if deſire of fame, and thirſt of power,
A beauteous princeſs, with a crown in dower,
So fire your mind, in arms aſſert your right;
And meet your foe, who dares you to the fight.
Mankind, it ſeems, is made for you alone;
We, but the ſlaves who mount you to the thro

A baſe ignoble crowd, without a name:
Unwept, unworthy of the funeral flame:
By duty bound to forfeit each his life,
That Turnus may poſſeſs a royal wife.
Permit not, mighty man, ſo mean a crew
Should ſhare ſuch triumphs; and detain from you
The poſt of honour, your undoubted due:
Rather alone your matchleſs force employ;
To merit, what alone you muſt enjoy.

Theſe words, ſo full of malice, mix'd with art,
Inflam'd with rage the youthful hero's heart.
Then, groaning from the bottom of his breaſt,
He heav'd for wind, and thus his wrath expreſs'd.
You, Drances, never want a ſtream of words,
Then, when the public need requires our ſwords.
Firſt in the council-hall to ſteer the ſtate;
And ever foremoſt in a tongue-debate.
While our ſtrong walls ſecure us from the foe,
Ere yet with blood our ditches overflow:
But let the potent orator declaim,
And with the brand of coward blot my name;
Free leave is given him, when his fatal hand
Has cover'd with more corpſe the ſanguine ſtrand;
And high as mine his towering trophies ſtand.
If any doubt remains who dares the moſt,
Let us decide it at the Trojans' coſt:
And iſſue both a-breaſt, where honour calls;
Foes are not far to ſeek without the walls.
Unleſs his noiſy tongue can only fight:
And feet were given him but to ſpeed his flight.

I beaten from the field! I forc'd away!
Who, but ſo known a daſtard, dares to ſay?
Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes
Had witneſs'd for me what his tongue denies:
What heaps of Trojans by this hand were ſlain,
And how the bloody Tiber ſwell'd the main.
All ſaw, but he, th' Arcadian troops retire,
In ſcatter'd ſquadrons, and their prince expire.
The giant brothers, in their camp, have found,
I was not forc'd with eaſe to quit my ground.
Not ſuch the Trojans try'd me, when, inclos'd,
I ſingly their united arms oppos'd:
Firſt forc'd an entrance through their thick array;
Then, glutted with their ſlaughter, freed my way.
'Tis a deſtructive war! So let it be,
But to the Phrygian pirate and to thee.
Mean time proceed to fill the people's ears
With falſe reports, their minds with panick fears:
Extol the ſtrength of a twice-conquer'd race,
Our foes encourage, and our friends debaſe.
Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town
Triumphant ſtands, the Grecians are o'erthrown:
Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles lies;
And Diomede from fierce Æneas flies.
Say rapid Aufidus with awful dread,
Runs backward from the ſea, and hides his head,
When the great Trojan on his bank appears:
For that 's as true as thy diſſembled fears
Of my revenge: diſmiſs that vanity,
Thou, Drances, art below a death from me.

Let

Let that vile ſoul in that vile body reſt:
The lodging is well worthy of the gueſt.
Now, royal father, to the preſent ſtate
Of our affairs, and of this high debate;
If in your arms thus early you decide,
And think your fortune is already try'd;
If one defeat has brought us down ſo low;
As never more in fields to meet the foe;
Then I conclude for peace: 'tis time to treat,
And lie like vaſſals at the victor's feet.
But oh, if any ancient blood remains,
One drop of all our fathers in our veins:
That man would I prefer before the reſt,
Who dar'd his death with an undaunted breaſt:
Who comely fell by no diſhoneſt wound,
To ſhun that ſight; and dying gnaw'd the ground.
But, if we ſtill have freſh recruits in ſtore,
If our confederates can afford us more;
If the contended field we bravely fought:
And not a bloodleſs victory was bought:
Their loſſes equal'd ours; and for their ſlain,
With equal fires they fill'd the ſhining plain;
Why thus unforc'd ſhould we ſo tamely yield;
And, ere the trumpet ſounds, reſign the field?
Good unexpected, evils unforeſeen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune ſhifts the ſcene:
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain;
Then fall ſo hard, they bound and riſe again.
If Diomede refuſe his aid to lend,
The great Meſſapus yet remains our friend:

Tolumnius, who foretels events, is ours:
Th' Italian chiefs, and princes, join their powers:
Nor leaſt in number, nor in name the laſt,
Your own brave ſubjects have our cauſe embrac'd.
Above the reſt, the Volſcian Amazon
Contains an army in herſelf alone:
And heads a ſquadron, terrible to fight,
With glittering ſhields, in brazen armour bright.
Yet if the foe a ſingle fight demand,
And I alone the public peace withſtand;
If you conſent, he ſhall not be refus'd,
Nor find a hand to victory unus'd.
This new Achilles let him take the field,
With fated armour, and Vulcanian ſhield;
For you, my royal father, and my fame,
I, Turnus, not the leaſt of all my name,
Devote my ſoul. He calls me hand to hand,
And I alone will anſwer his demand.
Drances ſhall reſt ſecure, and neither ſhare
The danger, nor divide the prize of war.
While they debate; nor theſe nor thoſe will yield;
Æneas draws his forces to the field;
And moves his camp. The ſcouts with flying ſpeed
Return, and through the frighted city ſpread
Th' unpleaſing news, the Trojans are deſcry'd
In battle marching by the river's ſide;
And bending to the town. They take th' alarm,
Some tremble, ſome are bold, all in confuſion arm.
h' impetuous youth preſs forward to the field;
hey claſh the ſword, and clatter on the ſhield;

The

The fearful matrons riaſe a ſcreaming cry;
Old feeble men with fainter groans reply;
A jarring ſound reſults, and mingles in the ſky,
Like that of ſwans remurmuring to the floods,
Or birds of differing kinds in hollow woods.
Turnus th' occaſion takes, and cries aloud,
Talk on, ye quaint haranguers of the crown:
Declaim in praiſe of peace, when danger calls;
And the fierce foes in arms approach the walls.
He ſaid, and, turning ſhort, with ſpeedy pace,
Caſts back a ſcornful glance, and quits the place.
Thou, Voluſus, the Volſcian troops command
To mount; and lead thyſelf our Ardean band.
Meſſapus, and Catillus, poſt your force
Along the fields, to charge the Trojan horſe.
Some guard the paſſes, others man the wall;
Drawn up in arms, the reſt attend my call.
They ſwarm from every quarter of the town;
And with diſorder'd haſte the rampires crown.
Good old Latinus, when he ſaw, too late,
The gathering ſtorm, juſt breaking on the ſtate,
Diſmiſs'd the council, till a fitter time,
And own'd his eaſy temper as his crime:
Who, forc'd againſt his reaſon, had comply'd
To break the treaty for the promis'd bride.
Some help to ſink new trenches, others aid
To ram the ſtones, or raiſe the paliſade.
Hoarſe trumpets ſound th' alarm: around the walls
Runs a diſtracted crew, whom their laſt labour calls.

A ſad

A ſad proceſſion in the ſtreets is ſeen,
Of matrons that attend the mother-queen:
High in her chair ſhe ſits, and at her ſide,
With down-caſt eyes, appears the fatal bride.
They mount the cliff, where Pallas' temple ſtands;
Prayers in their mouths, and preſents in their hands;
With cenſers, firſt they fume the ſacred ſhrine;
Then in this common ſupplication join:
O patroneſs of arms, unſpotted maid,
Propitious hear, and lend thy Latins aid:
Break ſhort the pirate's lance; pronounce his fate,
And lay the Phrygian low before the gate.
  Now Turnus arms for fight: his back and breaſt,
Well-temper'd ſteel and ſcaly braſs inveſt:
The cuiſhes, which his brawny thighs infold,
Are mingled metal damaſk'd o'er with gold.
His faithful fauchion ſits upon his ſide;
Nor caſque, nor creſt, his manly features hide:
But bare to view amid ſurrounding friends,
With godlike grace, he from the tower deſcends.
Exulting in his ſtrength, he ſeems to dare
His abſent rival, and to promiſe war.
  Freed from his keepers, thus, with broken reins,
The wanton courſer prances o'er the plains:
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds:
And ſnuffs the females in forbidden grounds.
Or ſeeks his watering in the well-known flood,
To quench his thirſt, and cool his fiery blood:
  ſwims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
  d o'er his ſhoulder flows his waving mane:

He

He neighs, he ſnorts, he bears his head on high;
Before his ample cheſt the frothy waters fly.
Soon as the prince appears without the gate,
The Volſcians, and their virgin-leader, wait
His laſt commands. Then, with a grateful mien,
Lights from her lofty ſteed the warrior queen:
Her ſquadron imitates, and each deſcends;
Whoſe common ſuit Camilla thus commends:
If ſenſe of honour, if a ſoul ſecure
Of inborn worth, that can all teſts endure,
Can promiſe aught; or on itſelf rely,
Greatly to dare, to conquer, or to die:
Then, I alone, ſuſtain'd by theſe, will meet
The Tyrrhene troops, and promiſe their defeat.
Ours be the danger, ours the ſole renown;
You, general, ſtay behind, and guard the town.
Turnus a while ſtood mute, with glad ſurprize,
And on the fierce virago fix'd his eyes:
Then thus return'd: O grace of Italy,
With what becoming thanks can I reply!
Not only words lie labouring in my breaſt;
But thought itſelf is by thy praiſe oppreſt;
Yet rob me not of all, but let me join
My toils, my hazard, and my fame, with thine.
The Trojan (not in ſtratagem unſkill'd)
Sends his light horſe before, to ſcour the field:
Himſelf, through ſteep aſcents and thorny brakes,
A larger compaſs to the city takes.
This news my ſcouts confirm: and I prepare
To foil his cunning, and his force to dare.

With choſen foot his paſſage to forelay:
And place an ambuſh in the winding way.
Thou, with thy Volſcians, face the Thuſcan horſe:
The brave Meſſapus ſhall thy troops inforce;
With thoſe of Tibur; and the Latian band:
Subjected all to thy ſupreme command.
This ſaid, he warns Meſſapus to the war:
Then every chief exhorts, with equal care.
All thus encourag'd, his own troops he joins,
And haſtes to proſecute his deep deſigns.
Inclos'd with hills, the winding valley lies,
By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for ſurprize;
A narrow track, by human ſteps untrode,
Leads, through perplexing thorns, to this obſcure abode.
High o'er the vale a ſteepy mountain ſtands:
Whence the ſurveying ſight the nether ground commands.
The top is level: an offenſive ſeat
Of war; and from the war a ſafe retreat.
For, on the right and left, is room to preſs
The foes at hand, or from afar diſtreſs:
To drive them headlong downward; and to pour,
On their deſcending backs, a ſtony ſhower.
Thither young Turnus took the well-known way;
Poſſeſs'd the paſs, and in blind ambuſh lay.
Mean time, Latonian Phœbe, from the ſkies,
Beheld th' approaching war with hateful eyes,
And call'd the light-foot Opis to her aid,
Her moſt belov'd, and ever-truſty maid.
Then with a ſigh began: Camilla goes
meet her death, amidſt her fatal foes.

The nymph I lov'd of all my mortal train;
Inveſted with Diana's arms, in vain.
Nor is my kindneſs for the virgin, new,
'Twas born with her, and with her years it grew:
Her father Metabus, when forc'd away
From old Privernum, for tyrannic ſway;
Snatch'd up, and ſav'd from his prevailing foes,
This tender babe, companion of his woes.
Caſmilla was her mother; but he drown'd
One hiſſing letter in a ſofter ſound,
And call'd Camilla. Through the woods he flies;
Wrapt in his robe the royal infant lies.
His fees in ſight, he mends his weary pace;
With ſhouts and clamours they purſue the chace.
The banks of Amaſcene at length he gains;
The raging flood his farther plight reſtrains:
Rais'd o'er the borders with unuſual rains.
Prepar'd to plunge into the ſtream, he fears:
Not for himſelf, but for the charge he bears.
Anxious he ſtops a while; and thinks in haſte;
Then, deſperate in diſtreſs, reſolves at laſt.
A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore;
The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er:
He clos'd the child within the hollow ſpace:
With twigs of bending oſier bound the caſe.
Then pois'd the ſpear, heavy with human weight:
And thus invok'd my favour for the freight:
Accept, great goddeſs of the woods, he ſaid,
Sent by her ſire, this dedicated maid;

Thee

Through air ſhe flies a ſuppliant to thy ſhrine;
And the firſt weapons that ſhe knows, are thine.
He ſaid; and with full force the ſpear he threw;
Above the ſounding waves Camilla flew.
Then, preſs'd by foes, he ſtemm'd the ſtormy tide;
And gain'd, by ſtreſs of arms, the farther ſide.
His faſten'd ſpear he pull'd from out the ground;
And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph unbound.
Nor after that, in towns which walls incloſe,
Would truſt his hunted life amidſt his foes.
But rough, in open air he choſe to lie:
Earth was his couch, his covering was the ſky.
On hills unſhorn, or in a deſart den,
He ſhunn'd the dire ſociety of men.
A ſhepherd's ſolitary life he led:
His daughter with the milk of mares he fed;
The dugs of bears, and every ſavage beaſt,
He drew, and through her lips the liquor preſs'd.
The little Amazon could ſcarcely go,
He loads her with a quiver and a bow:
And, that ſhe might her ſtaggering ſteps command,
He with a ſlender javelin fills her hand:
Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound;
Nor ſwept her trailing robe the duſty ground.
Inſtead of theſe, a tiger's hide o'erſpread
Her back and ſhoulders, faſten'd to her head.
The flying dart ſhe firſt attempts to fling;
And round her tender temples toſs'd the ſling:
Then, as her ſtrength with years increas'd, began
To pierce aloft in air the ſoaring ſwan:
And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the crane.

The

The Tuſcan matrons with each other vy'd,
To bleſs their rival ſons with ſuch a bride:
But ſhe diſdains their love; to ſhare with me
The ſylvan ſhades, and vow'd virginity.
And oh! I wiſh, contented with my cares
Of ſavage ſpoils, ſhe had not fought the wars:
Then had ſhe been of my celeſtial train;
And ſhunn'd the fate that dooms her to be ſlain.
But ſince, oppoſing heaven's decree, ſhe goes
To find her death among forbidden foes;
Haſte with theſe arms, and take thy ſteepy flight,
Where, with the gods adverſe, the Latins fight:
This bow to thee, this quiver, I bequeath,
This choſen arrow to revenge her death:
By whate'er hand Camilla ſhall be ſlain,
Or of the Trojan, or Italian train,
Let him not paſs unpuniſh'd from the plain.
Then, in a hollow cloud, myſelf will aid,
To bear the breathleſs body of my maid:
Unſpoil'd ſhall be her arms, and unprophan'd
Her holy limbs with any human hand:
And in a marble tomb laid in her native land.
She ſaid: the faithful Nymph deſcends from high
With rapid flight, and cuts the ſounding ſky:
Black clouds and ſtormy winds around her body fly.
By this, the Trojan and the Tuſcan horſe,
Drawn up in ſquadrons, with united force,
Approach the walls; the ſprightly courſers bound;
Preſs forward on their bitts, and ſhift their ground:
Shields, arms, and ſpears, flaſh horribly from far;
And the fields glitter with a waving war.

Oppos'd

Oppos'd to theſe, come on with furious force
Meſſapus, Coras, and the Latian horſe;
Theſe in the body plac'd; on either hand
Suſtain'd, and clos'd by fair Camilla's band.
Advancing in a line, they couch their ſpears;
And leſs and leſs the middle ſpace appears.
Thick ſmoke obſcures the field: and ſcarce are ſeen
The neighing courſers, and the ſhouting men.
In diſtance of their darts they ſtop their courſe;
Then man to man they ruſh, and horſe to horſe.
The face of heaven their flying javelins hide:
And deaths unſeen are dealt on either ſide.
Tyrrhenus, and Aconteus, void of fear,
By mettled courſers borne in full career,
Meet firſt oppos'd: and, with a mighty ſhock,
Their horſes heads againſt each other knock.
Far from his ſteed is fierce Aconteus caſt;
As with an engine's force, or lightning's blaſt:
He rolls along in blood, and breathes his laſt.
The Latin ſquadrons take a ſudden fright;
And fling their ſhields behind, to ſave their backs in flight
Spurring at ſpeed to their own walls they drew;
Cloſe in the rear the Tuſcan troops purſue,
And urge their flight; Aſylas leads the chace;
Till ſeiz'd with ſhame they wheel about, and face:
Receive their foes, and raiſe a threatening cry.
The Tuſcans take their turn to fear and fly.
So ſwelling ſurges, with a thundering roar,
Driven on each other's backs, inſult the ſhore;

Bound

Bound o'er the rocks, incroach upon the land;
And far upon the beach eject the ſand.
Then backward, with a ſwing, they take their way;
Repuls'd from upper ground, and ſeek their mother-ſea:
With equal hurry quit th' invaded ſhore;
And ſwallow back the ſand and ſtones they ſpew'd before.
Twice were the Tuſcans maſters of the field,
Twice by the Latins, in their turn, repell'd.
Aſham'd at length, to the third charge they ran,
Both hoſts reſolv'd, and mingled man to man:
Now dying groans are heard, the fields are ſtrow'd
With falling bodies, and are drunk with blood:
Arms, horſes, men, on heaps together lie:
Confus'd the fight, and more confus'd the cry.
Orſilochus, who durſt not preſs too near
Strong Remulus, at diſtance drove his ſpear;
And ſtruck the ſteel beneath his horſe's ear.
The fiery ſteed, impatient of the wound,
Curvets, and, ſpringing upward with a bound,
His hopeleſs lord caſt backward on the ground.
Catillus pierc'd Iolas firſt; then drew
His reeking lance, and at Herminius threw:
The mighty champion of the Tuſcan crew.
His neck and throat unarm'd, his head was bare,
But ſhaded with a length of yellow hair:
Secure, he fought, expos'd on every part,
A ſpacious mark for ſwords, and for the flying dart:
Acroſs the ſhoulders came the feather'd wound;
Tranſfix'd, he fell, and doubled to the ground.

The ſands with ſtreaming blood are ſanguine dy'd
And death with honour ſought on either ſide.
Reſiſtleſs, through the war, Camilla rode;
In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.
One ſide was bare for her exerted breaſt;
One ſhoulder with her painted quiver preſs'd.
Now from afar her fatal javelins play;
Now with her axe's edge ſhe hews her way;
Diana's arms upon her ſhoulder ſound;
And when, too cloſely preſs'd, ſhe quits the ground,
From her bent bow ſhe ſends a backward wound.
Her maids, in martial pomp, on either ſide,
Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia ride;
Italians all: in peace, their queen's delight:
In war, the bold companions of the fight.
So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old,
When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd;
Such troops as theſe in ſhining arms were ſeen,
When Theſeus met in fight their maiden queen.
Such to the field Penthefilea led,
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled:
With ſuch, return'd triumphant from the war;
Her maids with cries attend the lofty car:
They claſh with manly force their moony ſhields:
With female-ſhouts reſound the Phrygian fields.
Who foremoſt, and who laſt, heroic maid,
On the cold earth were by thy courage laid?
Thy ſpear, of mountain-aſh, Eumenius firſt,
With fury driven, from ſide to ſide tranſpierc'd;

A purple ſtream came ſpouting from the wound;
Bath'd in his blood he lies, and bites the ground.
Lyris and Pegaſus at once ſhe ſlew;
The former, as the ſlacken'd reins he drew,
Of his faint ſteed: the latter, as he ſtretch'd
His arm to prop his friend, the javelin reach'd,
By the ſame weapon, ſent from the ſame hand,
Both fall together, and both ſpurn the ſand.
Amaſtrus next is added to the ſlain:
The reſt in rout ſhe follows o'er the plain:
Tereus, Harpalicus, Demophoon,
And Chromys, at full ſpeed her fury ſhun.
Of all her deadly darts, not one ſhe loſt;
Each was attended with a Trojan ghoſt.
Young Ornithus beſtrode a hunter ſteed,
Swift for the chace, and of Apulian breed:
Him, from afar, ſhe ſpy'd in arms unknown;
O'er his broad back an ox's hide was thrown:
His helm a wolf, whoſe gaping jaws were ſpread
A covering for his cheeks, and grinn'd around his head.
He clench'd within his hand an iron-prong;
And tower'd above the reſt, conſpicuous in the throng.
Him ſoon ſhe ſingled from the flying train,
And ſlew with eaſe: then thus inſults the ſlain.
Vain hunter, didſt thou think through woods to chace
The ſavage herd, a vile and trembling race?
Here ceaſe thy vaunts, and own my victory;
A woman-warrior was too ſtrong for thee.
Yet if the ghoſts demand the conqueror's name,
Confeſſing great Camilla, ſave thy ſhame.

Then Butes and Orſilochus ſhe ſlew,
The bulkieſt bodies of the Trojan crew.
But Butes breaſt to breaſt: the ſpear deſcends
Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,
And o'er the ſhield which his left ſide defends.
Orſilochus, and ſhe, their courſers ply,
He ſeems to follow, and ſhe ſeems to fly.
But in a narrower ring ſhe makes the race;
And then he flies, and ſhe purſues the chace.
Gathering at length on her deluded foe,
She ſwings her axe, and riſes at the blow:
Full on the helm behind, with ſuch a ſway
The weapon falls, the riven ſteel gives way:
He groans, he roars, he ſues in vain for grace;
Brains, mingled with his blood, beſmear his face.
Aſtoniſh'd Aunus juſt arrives by chance,
To ſee his fall, nor farther dares advance:
But fixing on the horrid maid his eye,
He ſtares, and ſhakes, and finds it vain to fly.
Yet, like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
(At leaſt while fortune favour'd his deceit)
Cries out aloud, What courage have you ſhown,
Who truſt your courſer's ſtrength, and not your own?
Forego the 'vantage of your horſe, alight,
And then on equal terms begin the fight:
It ſhall be ſeen, weak woman, what you can,
When, foot to foot, you combat with a man.
He ſaid: ſhe glows with anger and diſdain,
Diſmounts with ſpeed to dare him on the plain:
And leaves her horſe at large among her train.

With

With her drawn ſword defies him to the field:
And, marching, lifts aloft her maiden ſhield:
The youth, who thought his cunning did ſucceed,
Reins round his horſe, and urges all his ſpeed,
Adds the remembrance of the ſpur, and hides
The goring rowels in his bleeding ſides.
Vain fool, and coward, ſaid the lofty maid,
Caught in the train, which thou thyſelf haſt laid!
On others practiſe thy Ligurian arts;
Thin ſtratagems, and tricks of little hearts,
Are loſt on me. Nor ſhalt thou ſafe retire,
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious ſire.
At this, ſo faſt her flying feet ſhe ſped,
That ſoon ſhe ſtrain'd beyond his horſe's head:
Then turning ſhort, at once ſhe ſeiz'd the rein,
And laid the boaſter groveling on the plain.
Not with more eaſe the falcon from above
Truſſes, in middle air, the trembling dove:
Then plumes the prey, in her ſtrong pounces bound;
The feathers foul with blood come tumbling to the ground.
Nor mighty Jove, from his ſuperior height,
With his broad eye ſurveys th' unequal fight.
He fires the breaſt of Tarchon with diſdain;
And ſends him to redeem th' abandon'd plain.
Between the broken ranks the Tuſcan rides,
And theſe encourages, and thoſe he chides:
Recalls each leader, by his name, from flight;
Renews their ardour, and reſtores the fight.
What panic fear has ſeiz'd your ſouls? O ſhame,
O brand perpetual of th' Etrurian name!

Cowards, incurable! a woman's hand
Drives, breaks, and ſcatters, your ignoble band!
Now caſt away the ſword, and quit the ſhield:
What uſe of weapons which you dare not wield?
Not thus you fly your female foes by night,
Nor ſhun the feaſt, when the full bowls invite:
When to fat offerings the glad augur calls,
And the ſhrill horn-pipe ſounds to bacchanals.
Theſe are your ſtudy'd cares; your lewd delight:
Swift in debauch; but ſlow to manly fight.
Thus having ſaid, he ſpurs amid the foes,
Not managing the life he meant to loſe.
The firſt he found he ſeiz'd, with headlong haſte,
In his ſtrong gripe: and claſp'd around the waſte:
'Twas Venulus; whom from his horſe he tore,
And (laid athwart his own) in triumph bore.
Loud ſhouts enſue: the Latins turn their eyes,
And view th' unuſual fight with vaſt ſurprize.
The fiery Tarchon, flying o'er the plains,
Preſs'd in his arms the ponderous prey ſuſtains:
Then, with his ſhorten'd ſpear, explores around
His jointed arms, to fix a deadly wound.
Nor leſs the captive ſtruggles for his life:
He writhes his body to prolong the ſtrife:
And, fencing for his naked throat, exerts
His utmoſt vigour, and the point averts.
So ſtoops the yellow eagle from on high,
And bears a ſpeckled ſerpent through the ſky;
Faſtening his crooked talons on the prey,
The priſoner hiſſes through the liquid way:

Reſiſts

Reſiſts the royal hawk, and though oppreſt,
She fights in volumes, and erects her creſt;
Turn'd to her foe, ſhe ſtiffens every ſcale,
And ſhoots her forky tongue, and whiſks her threatening tail.
Againſt the victor all defence is weak;
Th' imperial bird ſtill plies her with his beak:
He tears her bowels, and her breaſt he gores;
Then claps his pinions, and ſecurely ſoars.
Thus, through the midſt of circling enemies,
Strong Tarchon ſnatch'd, and bore away his prize:
The Tyrrhene troops, that ſhrunk before, now preſs
The Latins, and preſume the like ſucceſs.
Then Aruns, doom'd to death, his arts eſſay'd
To murder, uneſpy'd, the Volſcian maid:
This way and that his winding courſe he bends,
And, whereſoe'er ſhe turns, her ſteps attends.
When ſhe retires victorious from the chace,
He wheels about with care, and ſhifts his place:
When, ruſhing on, ſhe keeps her foes in fight,
He keeps aloof, but keeps her ſtill in ſight:
He threats, and trembles, trying every way
Unſeen to kill, and ſafely to betray.
Chloreus, the prieſt of Cybelē, from far,
Glittering in Phrygian arms amidſt the war,
Was by the virgin view'd: the ſteed he preſs'd
Was proud with trappings, and his brawny cheſt
With ſcales of gilded braſs was cover'd o'er,
A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.
With deadly wounds he gaul'd the diſtant foe;
Gnoſſian his ſhafts, and Lycian was his bow:

A gold-

Bear my laſt words to Turnus, fly with ſpeed,
And bid him timely to my charge ſucceed:
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:
Farewell; and in this kiſs my parting breath receive.
She ſaid; and ſliding ſunk upon the plain;
Dying, her open'd hand forſakes the rein;
Short, and more ſhort, ſhe pants: by ſlow degrees
Her mind the paſſage from her body frees.
She drops her ſword, ſhe nods her plumy creſt;
Her drooping head declining on her breaſt:
In the laſt ſigh her ſtruggling ſoul expires;
And, murmuring with diſdain, to Stygian ſounds retires.
A ſhout, that ſtruck the golden ſtars, enſu'd:
Deſpair and rage, and languiſh'd fight renew'd.
The Trojan troops, and Tuſcans in a line,
Advance to charge; the mix'd Arcadians join.
By Cynthia's maid, high ſeated, from afar
Surveys the field, and fortune of the war:
Unmov'd a while, till proſtrate on the plain,
Weltering in blood, ſhe ſees Camilla ſlain;
And round her corpſe, of friends and foes a fighting train.
Then, from the bottom of her breaſt, ſhe drew
A mournful ſigh, and theſe ſad words enſue:
Too dear a fine, ah! much-lamented maid,
For warring with the Trojans, thou haſt paid:
Nor aught avail'd, in this unhappy ſtrife,
Diana's ſacred arms, to ſave thy life.
Yet unreveng'd thy goddeſs will not leave
Her votary's death, nor with vain ſorrow grieve.

Brande

Now, when the javelin whiz'd along the ſkies,
Both armies on Camilla turn'd their eyes,
Directed by the ſound of either hoſt,
Th' unhappy virgin, though concern'd the moſt,
Was only deaf; ſo greedy was ſhe bent
On golden ſpoils, and on her prey intent:
Till in her pap the winged weapon ſtood
Infix'd; and deeply drunk the purple blood.
Her ſad attendants haſten to ſuſtain
Their dying lady drooping on the plain.
Far from their fight the trembling Arruns flies,
With beating heart, and fear confus'd with joys;
Nor dares he farther to purſue his blow,
Or ev'n to bear the ſight of his expiring foe.
As when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide,
At unawares, or ranch'd a ſhepherd's ſide:
Conſcious of his audacious deed, he flies,
And claps his quivering tail between his thighs;
So, ſpeeding once, the wretch no more attends;
But, ſpurring forward, herds among his friends.
She wrench'd the javelin with her dying hands;
But, wedg'd within her breaſt, the weapon ſtands:
The wood ſhe draws, the ſteely point remains;
She ſtaggers in her ſeat with agonizing pains:
A gathering miſt o'erclouds her chearful eyes,
And from her cheeks the roſy colour flies.
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,
She truſted moſt, and thus ſhe ſpeaks with pain:
Acca, 'tis paſt! he ſwims before my ſight,
Inexorable Death; and claims his right.

Bear

The frighted ſoldiers, when their captains fly,
More on their ſpeed than on their ſtrength rely.
Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down,
And ſpur their horſes headlong to the town.
Driven by their foes, and to their fears reſign'd,
Not once they turn; but take their wounds behind.
Theſe drop the ſhield, and thoſe the lance forego;
Or on their ſhoulders bear the ſlacken'd bow.
The hoofs of horſes, with a rattling ſound,
Beat ſhort, and thick, and ſhake the rotten ground.
Black clouds of duſt come rolling in the ſky,
And o'er the darken'd walls and rampires fly.
The trembling matrons, from their lofty ſtands,
Rend heaven with female ſhrieks, and wring their hands.
All preſſing on, purſuers and purſued,
Are cruſh'd in crowds, a mingled multitude.
Some happy few eſcape: the throng too late
Ruſh on for entrance, till they choke the gate.
Ev'n in the ſight of home, the wretched ſire
Looks on, and ſees his helpleſs ſon expire.
Then, in a fright, the folding gates they cloſe;
But leave their friends excluded with their foes.
The vanquiſh'd cry; the victors loudly ſhout;
'Tis terror all within; and ſlaughter all without.
Blind in their fear, they bounce againſt the wall,
Or, to the moats purſu'd, precipitate their fall.
The Latian virgins, valiant with deſpair,
Arm'd on the towers, the common danger ſhare;
So much of zeal their country's cauſe inſpir'd;
So much Camilla's great example fir'd.

Poles,

Poles, ſharpen'd in the flames, from high they throw,
With imitated darts, to gaul the foe;
Their lives, for god-like freedom they bequeath,
And crowd each other to be firſt in death.
Meantime to Turnus, ambuſh'd in the ſhade,
With heavy tidings, came th' unhappy maid.
The Volſcians overthrown, Camilla kill'd,
The foes entirely maſters of the field,
Like a reſiſtleſs flood, come rolling on:
The cry goes off the plain, and thickens to the town.
Inflam'd with rage, (for ſo the furies fire
The Daunian's breaſt, and ſo the fates require,)
He leaves the hilly paſs, the woods in vain
Poſſeſs'd, and downward iſſues on the plain.
Scarce was he gone, when to the ſtraights, now freed
From ſecret foes, the Trojan troops ſucceed.
Through the black foreſt, and the ferny brake,
Unknowingly ſecure, their way they take.
From the rough mountains to the plain deſcend,
And there, in order drawn, their line extend.
Both armies, now, in open fields are ſeen:
Nor far the diſtance of the ſpace between.
Both to the city bend: Æneas ſees,
Through ſmoaking fields, his haſtening enemies.
And Turnus views the Trojans in array,
And hears th' approaching horſes proudly neigh.
Soon had their hoſts in bloody battle join'd;
But weſtward to the ſea the ſun declin'd.
Intrench'd before the town, both armies lie:
While night, with ſable wings, involves the ſky.

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

TURNUS challenges Æneas to a ſingle combat: articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutuli, who wound Æneas: he is miraculouſly cured by Venus, forces Turnus to a duel, and concludes the poem with his death.

WHEN Turnus ſaw the Latins leave the field,
Their armies broken, and their courage quell'd;
Himſelf become the mark of public ſpight,
His honour queſtion'd for the promis'd fight:
The more he was with vulgar hate oppreſs'd,
The more his fury boil'd within his breaſt:
He rouz'd his vigour for the late debate;
And rais'd his haughty ſoul, to meet his fate.
As when the ſwains the Libyan lion chace,
He makes a ſour retreat, nor mends his pace:
But if the pointed javelin pierce his ſide,
The lordly beaſt returns with double pride:

He wrenches out the ſteel, he roars for pain;
His ſides he laſhes, and erects his mane:
So Turnus fares; his eye-balls flaſh with fire,
Through his wide noſtrils clouds of ſmoke expire.
Trembling with rage, around the court he ran;
At length approach'd the king, and thus began:
No more excuſes or delays: I ſtand
In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to hand,
This baſe deſerter of his native land.
The Trojan, by his word, is bound to take
The ſame conditions which himſelf did make.
Renew the truce, the ſolemn rites prepare,
And to my ſingle virtue truſt the war.
The Latians, unconcern'd, ſhall ſee the fight;
This arm, unaided, ſhall aſſert your right:
Then, if my proſtrate body preſs the plain,
To him the crown and beauteous bride remain.
To whom the king ſedately thus reply'd:
Brave youth, the more your valour has been try'd,
The more becomes it us, with due reſpect,
To weigh the chance of war, which you neglect.
You want not wealth, or a ſucceſſive throne,
Or cities, which your arms have made your own;
My town and treaſures are at your command;
And ſtor'd with blooming beauties is my land:
Laurentum more than one Lavinia ſees,
Unmarry'd, fair, of noble families.
Now let me ſpeak, and you with patience hear,
Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear:

But

But ſound advice, proceeding from a heart
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudful art.
The gods, by ſigns, have manifeſtly ſhown,
No prince, Italian born, ſhould heir my throne:
Oft have our augurs, in prediction ſkill'd,
And oft our prieſts, a foreign ſon reveal'd.
Yet, won by worth, that cannot be withſtood,
Brib'd by my kindneſs to my kindred blood,
Urg'd by my wife, who would not be deny'd,
I promis'd my Lavinia for your bride:
Her from her plighted lord by force I took;
All ties of treaties and of honour broke:
On your account I wag'd an impious war,
With what ſucceſs 'tis needleſs to declare;
I and my ſubjects feel; and you have had your ſhare
Twice vanquiſh'd, while in bloody fields we ſtrive
Scarce in our walls we keep our hopes alive:
The rolling flood runs warm with human gore;
The bones of Latians glance the neighbouring ſhore.
Why put I not an end to this debate,
Still unreſolv'd, and ſtill a ſlave to fate?
If Turnus' death a laſting peace can give,
Why ſhould not I procure it whilſt you live?
Should I to doubtful arms your youth betray,
What would my kinſmen, the Rutulians, ſay?
And ſhould you fall in fight, (which heaven defend,
How curſe the cauſe, which haſten'd to his end,
The daughter's lover, and the father's friend?
Weigh in your mind the various chance of war,
Pity your parent's age, and eaſe his care.

Such balmy words he pour'd, but all in vain;
The proffer'd medicine, but provok'd the pain.
The wrathful youth, diſdaining the relief,
With intermitting ſobs, thus vents his grief:
Thy care, O beſt of fathers, which you take
For my concerns, at my deſire forſake.
Permit me not to languiſh out my days;
But make the beſt exchange of life for praiſe.
This arm, this lance, can well diſpute the prize;
And the blood follows, where the weapon flies:
His goddeſs mother is not near, to ſhrowd
The flying coward with an empty cloud.
But now the queen, who fear'd for Turnus' life,
And loath'd the hard conditions of the ſtrife,
Held him by force; and, dying in his death,
In theſe ſad accents gave her ſorrow breath:
O Turnus, I adjure thee by theſe tears;
And whate'er price Amata's honour bears
Within thy breaſt, ſince thou art all my hope,
My ſickly mind's repoſe, my ſinking age's prop;
Since on the ſafety of thy life alone
Depends Latinus, and the Latian throne:
Refuſe me not this one, this only prayer,
To waive the combat, and purſue the war.
Whatever chance atttends this fatal ſtrife,
Think it includes in thine Amata's life.
I cannot live a ſlave; or ſee my throne
Uſurp'd by ſtrangers, or a Trojan ſon.
At this a flood of tears Lavinia ſhed;
A crimſon bluſh her beauteous face o'erſpread,
Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red.

He tries his goring horns againſt a tree;
And meditates his abſent enemy:
He puſhes at the winds, he digs the ſtrand
With his black hoofs, and ſpurns the yellow ſ

Nor leſs the Trojan, in his Lemnian arms,
To future fight his manly courage warms:
He whets his fury, and with joy prepares
To terminate at once the lingering wars.
To chear his chiefs, and tender ſon, relates
What heaven had promis'd, and expounds the fa
Then to the Latian king he ſends, to ceaſe
The rage of arms, and ratify the peace.

The morn, enſuing from the mountain's he
Had ſcarcely ſpread the ſkies with roſy light;
Th' ethereal courſers, bounding from the ſea,
From out their flaming noſtrils breath'd the d
When now the Trojan and Rutulian guard,
In friendly labour join'd, the liſt prepar'd.
Beneath the walls, they meaſure out the ſpace
Then ſacred altars rear, on ſods of graſs;
Where, with religious rites, their common goo
place.

In pureſt white the prieſts their heads attire,
And living waters bear, and holy fire:
And o'er their linen hoods, and ſhaded hair,
Long twiſted wreaths of ſacred vervain wear.

In order iſſuing from the town appears
The Latin legion, arm'd with pointed ſpears;
And from the fields, advancing on a line,
The Trojan and the Tuſcan forces join.

The drifts of Tracian ſnows were ſcarce ſo white,
Nor northern winds in fleetneſs match'd their flight.
Officious grooms ſtand ready by his ſide;
And ſome with combs their flowing manes divide;
And others ſtroke their cheſts, and gently ſooth their pride.
He ſheath'd his limbs in arms; a temper'd maſs
Of golden metal thoſe, and mountain braſs.
Then to his head his glittering helm he ty'd;
And girt his faithful fauchion by his ſide.
In his Ætnean forge, the god of fire
That fauchion labour'd for the hero's ſire:
Immortal keenneſs on the blade beſtow'd,
And plung'd it hiſſing in the Stygian flood.
Prop'd on a pillar, which the cieling bore,
Was plac'd the lance Auruncan Actor wore;
Which with ſuch force he brandiſh'd in his hand,
Thy tough aſh trembled like an oſier wand.
Then cry'd, O ponderous ſpoil of Actor ſlain,
And never yet by Turnus toſs'd in vain,
Fail not, this day, thy wonted force: but go,
Sent by this hand, to pierce the Trojan foe:
Give me to tear his corſlet from his breaſt,
And from that eunuch head, to rend the creſt:
Drag'd in the duſt, his frizzled hair to ſoil,
Hot from the vexing ir'n, and ſmear'd with fragrant oil.
Thus while he raves, from his wide noſtrils flies
A fiery ſteam, and ſparkles from his eyes.
So fares the bull in his lov'd female's ſight;
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight:

Of every Latian fair, whom Jove miſled,
To mount by ſtealth my violated bed,
To thee alone I grudg'd not his embrace;
But gave a part of heaven, and an unenvy'd place.
Now learn from me, thy near approaching grief,
Nor think my wiſhes want to thy relief.
While fortune favour'd, nor heaven's king deny'd
To lend my ſuccour to the Latian ſide,
I ſav'd thy brother, and the ſinking ſtate;
But now he ſtruggles with unequal fate;
And goes with gods averſe, o'ermatch'd in migh
To meet inevitable death in fight:
Nor muſt I break the truce, nor can ſuſtain
fight.
Thou, if thou dar'ſt, thy preſent aid ſupply;
It well becomes a ſiſter's care to try.
At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppreſs'd
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely breaſt.
To whom Saturnia thus; Thy tears are late:
Haſte, ſnatch him, if he can be ſnatch'd, from
New tumults kindle, violate the truce;
Who knows what changeful fortune may produce
'Tis not a crime t' atttempt what I decree,
Or if it were, diſcharge the crime on me.
She ſaid, and, ſailing on the winged wind,
Left the ſad nymph ſuſpended in her mind.
And now in pomp the peaceful kings appear
Four ſteeds the chariot of Latinus bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the god of day.

Two ſnowy courſers Turnus' chariot yoke,
And in his hand two maſſy ſpears he ſhook:
Then iſſued from the camp, in arms divine,
Æneas, author of the Roman line:
And by his ſide Aſcanius took his place,
The ſecond hope of Rome's immortal race.
Adorn'd in white, a reverend prieſt appears;
And offerings to the flaming altars bears;
A porket, and a lamb, that never ſuffer'd ſhears.
Then to the riſing ſun he turns his eyes,
And ſhews the beaſts deſign'd for ſacrifice,
With ſalt and meal: with like officious care
He marks their foreheads, and he clips their hair.
Betwixt their horns the purple wine he ſheds,
With the ſame generous juice the flame he feeds.
Æneas then unſheath'd his ſhining ſword,
And thus with pious prayers the gods ador'd:
All-ſeeing ſun, and thou Auſonian ſoil,
For which I have ſuſtain'd ſo long a toil,
Thou king of heaven, and thou the queen of air,
(Propitious now, and reconcil'd by prayer,)
Thou god of war, whoſe unreſiſted ſway
The labours and events of arms obey;
Ye living fountains, and ye running floods,
All powers of ocean, all ethereal gods,
Hear, and bear record: if I fall in field,
Or recreant in the fight, to Turnus yield,
My Trojans ſhall increaſe Evander's town;
Aſcanius ſhall renounce the Auſonian crown.

All

All claims, all queſtions of debate ſhall ceaſe;
Nor he, nor they, with force infringe the peace.
But if my juſter arms prevail in fight
As ſure they ſhall, if I divine aright,
My Trojans ſhall not o'er th' Italians reign:
Both equal, both unconquer'd, ſhall remain:
Join'd in their laws, their lands, and their abodes;
I aſk but altars for my weary gods.
The care of thoſe religious rites be mine:
The crown to king Latinus I reſign;
His be the ſovereign ſway. Nor will I ſhare
His power in peace, or his command in war.
For me, my friends another town ſhall frame,
And bleſs the riſing towers, with fair Lavinia's name.
Thus he. Then, with erected eyes and hands,
The Latian king before his altar ſtands.
By the ſame heaven, ſaid he, and earth, and main,
And all the powers, that all the three contain;
By hell below, and by that upper god,
Whoſe thunder ſigns the peace, who ſeals it with his nod;
So let Latona's double offspring hear,
And double-fronted Janus what I ſwear:
I touch the ſacred altars, touch the flames,
And all thoſe powers atteſt, and all their names:
Whatever chance befal on either ſide,
No term of time this union ſhall divide;
No force, no fortune, ſhall my vows unbind,
Or ſhake the ſtedfaſt tenour of my mind:

Not

Not though the circling ſeas ſhould break their bound,
O'erflow the ſhores, or ſap the ſolid ground;
Not though the lamps of heaven their ſpheres forſake,
Hurl'd down, and hiſſing in the nether lake:
Ev'n as this royal ſceptre (for he bore
A ſceptre in his hand) ſhall never more
Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth;
(An orphan now, cut from the mother earth
By the keen axe, diſhonour'd of its hair,
And cas'd in braſs, for Latian kings to bear).
When thus in public view the peace was ty'd
With ſolemn vows, and ſworn on either ſide,
All dues perform'd which holy rites require;
The victim beaſts are ſlain before the fire:
The trembling entrails from their bodies torn,
And to the fatten'd flames in chargers borne.
Already the Rutulians deem their man
O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight began.
Firſt riſing fears are whiſper'd through the crowd;
Then, gathering ſound, they murmur more aloud.
Now ſide to ſide, they meaſure with their eyes
The champions bulk, their ſinews, and their ſize:
The nearer they approach, the more is known

With anxious pleaſure when Juturna view'd
Th' increaſing fright of the mad multitude;
When their ſhort ſighs and thickening ſobs
And found their ready minds for change pre
Diſſembling her immortal form, ſhe took
Camertus' mien, his habit, and his look,
A chief of ancient blood: in arms well know
Was his great ſire, and he, his greater ſon.
His ſhape aſſum'd, amid the ranks ſhe ran,
And, humouring their firſt motions, thus beg
For ſhame, Rutulians, can you bear the figl
Of one expos'd for all, in ſingle fight?
Can we, before the face of heaven, confeſs
Our courage colder, or our numbers leſs?
View all the Trojan hoſt, th' Arcadian band,
And Tuſcan army; count them as they ſtan
Undaunted to the battle if we go,
Scarce every ſecond man will ſhare a foe.
Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal ſtrife
Shall loſe, with honour, his devoted life:
Or change it rather for immortal fame,
Succeeding to the gods, from whence he came
But you, a ſervile, and inglorious band,
For foreign lords ſhall ſow your native land:
Thoſe fruitful fields, your fighting fathers gai
Which have ſo long their lazy ſons ſuſtain'd.
With words like theſe, ſhe carry'd her deſi
A riſing murmur runs along the line.
Then ev'n the city troops, and Latins, tir'd
With tedious war, ſeem with new ſouls inſpir'

Their champion's fate with pity they lament;
And of the league, ſo lately ſworn, repent.
Nor fails the goddeſs to foment the rage
With lying wonders, and a falſe preſage:
But adds a ſign, which, preſent to their eyes,
Inſpires new courage, and a glad ſurprize.
For, ſudden, in the fiery tracts above,
Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of Jove:
A plump of fowl he ſpies, that ſwim the lakes;
And o'er their heads his ſounding pinions ſhakes.
Then ſtooping on the faireſt of the train,
In his ſtrong talons truſs'd a ſilver ſwan.
Th' Italians wonder at th' unuſual ſight;
But while he lags, and labours in his flight,
Behold the daſtard fowl return anew;
And with united force the foe purſue:
Clamorous around the royal hawk they fly;
And thickening in a cloud, o'erſhade the ſky.
They cuff, they ſcratch, they croſs their airy courſe;
Nor can th' incumber'd bird ſuſtain their force:
But vex'd, not vanquiſh'd, drops the ponderous prey;
And, lighten'd of his burden, wings his way.
Th' Auſonian bands with ſhouts ſalute the ſight:
Eager of action, and demand the fight.
Then king Tolumnius, vers'd in augurs' arts,
Cries out, and thus his boaſted ſkill imparts:
At length 'tis granted, what I long deſir'd;
This, this is what my frequent vows requir'd.
Ye gods, I take your omen, and obey:
Advance, my friends, and charge; I lead the way.

Theſe are the foreign foes, whoſe impious
Like that rapacious bird, infeſt our land:
But ſoon, like him, they ſhall be forc'd to
By ſtrength united, and forego the prey;
Your timely ſuccour to your country bring;
Haſte to the reſcue, and redeem your king.
He ſaid: and preſſing onward, through th
Pois'd in his lifted arm, his lance he threw.
The winged weapon, whiſtling in the wind,
Came driving on, nor miſs'd the mark deſign'
At once the cornel rattled in the ſkies;
At once tumultuous ſhouts and clamours riſe.
Nine brothers in a goodly band there ſtood,
Born of Arcadian mix'd with Tuſcan blood:
Gylippus' ſons: the fatal javelin flew,
Aim'd at the midmoſt of the friendly crew.
A paſſage through the jointed arms is found,
Juſt where the belt was to the body bound,
And ſtruck the gentle youth extended on the grou
Then, fir'd with pious rage, the generous train
Run madly forward to revenge the ſlain.
And ſome with eager haſte their javelins throw;
And ſome with ſword in hand aſſault the foe.
The wiſh'd inſult the Latin troops embrace;
And meet their ardour in the middle ſpace.
The Trojans, Tuſcans, and Arcadian line,
With equal courage obviate their deſign.
Peace leaves the violated fields; and hate
Both armies urges to their mutual fate.

With impious haſte their altars are o'erturn'd,
The ſacrifice half broil'd, and half-unburn'd.
Thick ſtorms of ſteel from either army fly,
And clouds of claſhing darts obſcure the ſky:
Brands from the fire are miſſive weapons made;
With chargers, bowls, and all the prieſtly trade.
Latinus, frighted, haſtens from the fray,
And bears his unregarded gods away.
Theſe on their horſes vault, thoſe yoke the car;
The reſt, with ſwords on high, run headlong to the war.
Meſſapus, eager to confound the peace,
Spurr'd his hot courſer through the fighting preſs,
At king Auleſtes; by his purple known
A Tuſcan prince, and by his regal crown;
And with a ſhock encountering, bore him down.
Backward he fell; and, as his fate deſign'd,
The ruins of an altar were behind:
There pitching on his ſhoulders, and his head,
Amid the ſcattering fires he lay ſupinely ſpread.
The beamy ſpear deſcending from above,
His cuiraſs pierc'd, and through his body drove.
Then, with a ſcornful ſmile, the victor cries;
The gods have found a fitter ſacrifice.
Greedy of ſpoils, th' Italians ſtrip the dead
Of his rich armour; and uncrown his head.
Prieſt Chorinæus arm'd his better hand,
From his own altar, with a blazing brand:
And, as Ebuſus with a thundering pace,
Advanc'd to battle, daſh'd it on his face.

His briſtly beard ſhines out with ſudden fires,
The crackling crop a noiſome ſcent expires.
Following the blow, he ſeiz'd his curling crown
With his left hand; his other caſt him down.
The proſtrate body with his knees he preſs'd,
And plung'd his holy poinard in his breaſt.
While Podalirius, with his ſword, purſued
The ſhepherd Alſus through the flying crowd,
Swiftly he turns, and aims a deadly blow,
Full on the front of his unwary foe.
The broad axe enters with a craſhing ſound,
And cleaves the chin with one continued wound:
Warm blood, and mingled brains, beſmear his arms around.
An iron ſleep his ſtupid eyes oppreſs'd,
And ſeal'd their heavy lids in endleſs reſt.
But good Æneas ruſh'd amid the bands,
Bare was his head, and naked were his hands,
In ſign of truce: then thus he cries aloud,
What ſudden rage, what new deſire of blood
Inflames your alter'd minds? O Trojans, ceaſe
From impious arms, nor violate the peace.
By human ſanctions, and by laws divine,
The terms are all agreed, the war is mine.
Diſmiſs your fears, and let the fight enſue;
This hand alone ſhall right the gods and you:
Our injur'd altars, and their broken vow,
To this avenging ſword the faithleſs Turnus owe.
Thus while he ſpoke, unmindful of defence,
A winged arrow ſtruck the pious prince,

But

But whether from ſome human hand it came,
Or hoſtile god, is left unknown by fame:
No human hand, or hoſtile god was found,
To boaſt the triumph of ſo baſe a wound.
When Turnus ſaw the Trojan quit the plain,
His chiefs diſmay'd, his troops a fainting train:
Th' unhop'd event his heighten'd ſoul inſpires,
At once his arms and courſers he requires.
Then, with a leap, his lofty chariot gains,
And with a ready hand aſſumes the reins.
He drives impetuous, and where-e'er he goes,
He leaves behind a lane of ſlaughter'd foes.
Theſe his lance reaches, over thoſe he rolls
His rapid car, and cruſhes out their ſouls:
In vain the vanquiſh'd fly; the victor ſends
The dead mens' weapons at their living friends.
Thus on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood
The god of battles, in his angry mood,
Claſhing his ſword againſt his brazen ſhield,
Let looſe the reins, and ſcours along the field:
Before the wind his fiery courſers fly,
Groans the ſad earth, reſounds the rattling ſky.
Wrath, terror, treaſon, tumult, and deſpair,
Dire faces, and deform'd, ſurround the car;
Friends of the god, and followers of the war.
With fury not unlike, nor leſs diſdain,
Exulting Turnus flies along the plain:
His ſmoking horſes, at their utmoſt ſpeed,
He laſhes on; and urges o'er the dead.

Their

Their fetlocks run with blood; and when the
The gore, and gathering duſt, are daſh'd arou
Thamyris and Pholus, maſters of the war,
He kill'd at hand, but Sthelenus afar:
From far the ſons of Imbracus he ſlew,
Glaucus, and Lades, of the Lycian crew:
Both taught to fight on foot, in battle join'd;
Or mount the courſer that out-ſtrips the wind.
Mean time Eumedes, vaunting in the field,
New fir'd the Trojans, and their foes repell'd.
This ſon of Dolon bore his grandfire's name;
But emulated more his father's fame.
His guileful father, ſent a nightly ſpy,
The Grecian camp and order to deſcry:
Hard enterprize, and well he might require
Achilles' car, and horſes for his hire;
But, met upon the ſcout, th' Etolian prince
In death beſtow'd a juſter recompence.
Fierce Turnus view'd the Trojan from afar;
And lanch'd his javelin from his lofty car:
Then lightly leaping down, purſued the blow,
And, preſſing with his foot, his proſtrate foe,
Wrench'd from his feeble hold the ſhining ſword;
And plung'd it in the boſom of its lord.
Poſſeſs, ſaid he, the fruit of all thy pains,
And meaſure, at thy length, our Latian plains.
Thus are my foes rewarded by my hand,
Thus may they build their town, and thus enjoy the land.
Then Daris, Butis, Sybaris, he ſlew,
Whom o'er his neck the floundering courſer threw.

As when loud Boreas, with his bluſtering train,
Stoops from above, incumbent on the main;
Where-e'er he flies, he drives the rack before,
And rolls the billows on th' Ægean ſhore:
So where reſiſtleſs Turnus takes his courſe,
The ſcatter'd ſquadrons bend before his force:
His creſt of horſes hair is blown behind,
By adverſe air, and ruſtles in the wind.
This haughty Phegeus ſaw with high diſdain,
And as the chariot roll'd along the plain,
Light from the ground he leapt, and ſeiz'd the rein.
Thus hung in air, he ſtill retain'd his hold;
The courſers frighted, and their courſe control'd.
The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he hung,
And pierc'd his plated arms; but paſs'd along,
And only raz'd the ſkin: he turn'd, and held
Againſt his threatening foe his ample ſhield;
Then call'd for aid: but, while he cry'd in vain,
The chariot bore him backward on the plain.
He lies revers'd; the victor-king deſcends,
And ſtrikes ſo juſtly where his helmet ends,
He lops the head. The Latian fields are drunk,
With ſtreams that iſſue from the bleeding trunk.
While he triumphs, and while the Trojans yield,
The wounded prince is forc'd to have the field:
Strong Mneſtheus and Achates often try'd,
And young Aſcanius weeping by his ſide,
Conduct him to his tent: ſcarce can he rear
His limbs from earth, ſupported on his ſpear.

Reſolv'd in mind, regardleſs of the ſmart,
He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart.
The ſteel remains. No readier way he found
To draw the weapon, than t' inlarge the wound.
Eager of fight, impatient of delay,
He begs; and his unwilling friends obey.
Iäpis was at hand to prove his art,
Whoſe blooming youth ſo fir'd Apollo's heart,
That for his love he proffer'd to beſtow
His tuneful harp, and his unerring bow:
The pious youth, more ſtudious how to ſave
His aged ſire, now ſinking to the grave,
Preferr'd the power of plants, and ſilent praiſe
Of healing arts, before Phœbeian bays.
Prop'd on his lance the penſive hero ſtood,
And heard, and ſaw unmov'd, the mourning crowd.
The fam'd phyſician tucks his robes around
With ready hands, and haſtens to the wound.
With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that, ſoliciting the dart,
And exerciſes all his heavenly art.
All ſoftening ſimples, known of ſovereign uſe,
He preſſes out, and pours their noble juice;
Theſe firſt infus'd, to lenify the pain,
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then to the patron of his art he pray'd;
The patron of his art refus'd his aid.
Meantime the war approaches to the tents:
Th' alarm grows hotter, and the noiſe augments:

The driving duſt proclaims the danger near,
And firſt their friends, and then their foes appear;
Their friends retreat, their foes purſue the rear.
The camp is fill'd with terror and affright;
The hiſſing ſhafts within the trench alight;
An undiſtinguiſh'd noiſe aſcends the ſky;
The ſhouts of thoſe who kill, and groans of thoſe who die.
But now the goddeſs mother, mov'd with grief,
And pierc'd with pity, haſtens her relief.
A branch of healing Dittany ſhe brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care ſhe ſought:
Rough is the ſtem, which woolly leaves ſurround;
The leaves with flowers, the flowers with purple crown'd:
Well known to wounded goats; a ſure relief
To draw the pointed ſteel, and eaſe the grief.
This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd; and brews
Th' extracted liquor with ambroſial dews,
And odorous Panacee: unſeen ſhe ſtands,
Tempering the mixture with her heavenly hands:
And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd
With juice of med'c'nal herbs prepar'd to bathe the wound
The leech, unknowing of ſuperior art,
Which aids the cure, with this foments the part,
And in a moment ceas'd the raging ſmart.
Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom ſtands:
The ſteel, but ſcarcely touch'd with tender hands,
Moves up, and follows of its own accord;
And health and vigour are at once reſtor'd.
Iäpis firſt perceiv'd the cloſing wound;
And firſt the footſteps of a god he found.

Arms, arms, he cries, the ſword and ſhield prepare,
And ſend the willing chief, renew'd to war.
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine:
Some god our general to the battle ſends;
Some god preſerves his life for greater ends.
The hero arms in haſte: his hands infold
His thighs with cuiſhes of refulgent gold:
Inflam'd to fight, and ruſhing to the field,
That hand ſuſtaining the cœleſtial ſhield,
This gripes the lance; and with ſuch vigour ſhakes,
That to the reſt the beamy weapon quakes.
Then, with a cloſe embrace, he ſtrain'd his ſon;
And, kiſſing through his helmet, thus begun:
My ſon, from my example learn the war,
In camps to ſuffer, and in fields to dare:
But happier chance than mine attend thy care!
This day my hand thy tender age ſhall ſhield,
And crown with honours of the conquer'd field:
Thou, when thy riper years ſhall ſend thee forth,
To toils of war, be mindful of my worth,
Aſſert thy birthright; and in arms be known,
For Hector's nephew, and Æneas' ſon.
He ſaid; and, ſtriding, iſſued on the plain;
Anteus, and Mneſtheus, and a numerous train,
Attend his ſteps: the reſt their weapons take,
And, crowding to the field, the camp forſake.
A cloud of blinding duſt is rais'd around;
Labours beneath their feet the trembling ground.

Now

Now Turnus, poſted on a hill, from far
Beheld the progreſs of the moving war:
With him the Latins view'd the cover'd plains;
And the chill blood ran backward in their veins.
Juturna ſaw th' advancing troops appear;
And heard the hoſtile ſound, and fled for fear.
Æneas leads; and draws a ſweeping train,
Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on the plain.
As when a whirlwind, ruſhing to the ſhore,
From the mid ocean drives the waves before:
The painful hind, with heavy heart, foreſees
The flatted fields, and ſlaughter of the trees;
With ſuch impetuous rage the prince appears,
Before his doubled front; nor leſs deſtruction bears.
And now both armies ſhock, in open field;
Oſyris is by ſtrong Thymbræus kill'd.
Archetius, Ufens, Epulon, are ſlain
(All fam'd in arms, and of the Latian train);
By Gyas, Mneſtheus, and Achates' hand:
The fatal augur falls, by whoſe command
The truce was broken, and whoſe lance, embrued
With Trojan blood, th' unhappy fight renew'd.
Loud ſhouts and clamours rend the liquid ſky;
And o'er the field the frighted Latins fly.
The prince diſdains the daſtards to purſue,
Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting few:
Turnus alone, amid the duſky plain,
He ſeeks, and to the combat calls in vain.
Juturna heard, and, ſeiz'd with mortal fear,
Forc'd from the beam her brother's charioteer;

Aſſumes his ſhape, his armour, and his mien;
And like Metiſcus in his ſeat is ſeen.
As the black ſwallow near the palace plies;
O'er empty courts, and under arches flies:
Now hawks aloft, now ſkims along the flood,
To furniſh her loquacious neſt with food:
So drives the rapid goddeſs o'er the plains;
The ſmoking horſes run with looſen'd reins.
She ſteers a various courſe among the foes;
Now here, now there, her conquering brother ſhows:
Now with a ſtraight, now with a wheeling flight,
She turns, and bends, but ſhuns the ſingle fight.
Æneas, fir'd with fury, breaks the croud,
And ſeeks his foe, and calls by name aloud:
He runs within a narrower ring, and tries
To ſtop the chariot; but the chariot flies.
If he but gain a glimpſe, Juturna fears,
And far away the Daunian hero bears.
What ſhould he do? Nor arts nor arms avail;
And various cares in vain his mind aſſail;
The great Meſſapus thundering through the field,
In his left hand two pointed javelins held:
Encountering on the prince, one dart he drew,
And with unerring aim and utmoſt vigour threw.
Æneas ſaw it come, and ſtooping low
Beneath his buckler, ſhunn'd the threatening blow.
The weapon hiſs'd above his head, and tore
The waving plume, which on his helm he wore.
Forc'd by this hoſtile act, and fir'd with ſpite,
That flying Turnus ſtill declin'd the fight;

The prince, whoſe piety had long repell'd
His inborn ardour, now invades the field:
Invokes the powers of violated peace,
Their rites and injur'd altars to redreſs:
Then, to his rage abandoning the rein,
With blood and ſlaughter'd bodies fills the plain.
What god can tell, what numbers can diſplay,
The various labours of that fatal day?
What chiefs and champions fell on either ſide,
In combat ſlain, or by what deaths they dy'd?
Whom Turnus, whom the Trojan hero kill'd:
Who ſhar'd the fame and fortune of the field?
Jove, could'ſt thou view, and not avert thy ſight,
Two jarring nations join'd in cruel fight,
Whom leagues of laſting love ſo ſhortly ſhall unite!
Æneas firſt Rutulian Sucro found,
Whoſe valour made the Trojans quit their ground.
Betwixt his ribs the javelin drove ſo juſt,
It reach'd his heart, nor needs a ſecond thruſt.
Now Turnus, at two blows, two brethren ſlew;
Firſt from his horſe fierce Amicus he threw;
Then leaping on the ground, on foot aſſail'd
Diores, and in equal fight prevail'd.
Their lifeleſs trunks he leaves upon the place;
Their heads, diſtilling gore, his chariot grace.
Three cold on earth the Trojan hero threw;
Whom without reſpite at one charge he ſlew:
Cethegus, Tanais, Tagus, fell oppreſs'd,
And ſad Onythes, added to the reſt;

Of Theban blood, whom Peridia bore.
Turnus two brothers from the Lycian ſhore,
And from Apollo's fane to battle ſent,
O'erthrew, nor Phœbus could their fate prevent.
Peaceful Menætes after theſe he kill'd,
Who long had ſhunn'd the dangers of the field:
On Lerna's lake a ſilent life he led,
And with his nets and angle earn'd his bread.
Nor pompous cares, nor palaces he knew,
But wiſely from th' infectious world withdrew.
Poor was his houſe; his father's painful hand
Diſcharg'd his rent, and plough'd another's land.
As flames among the lofty woods are thrown,
On different ſides, and both by winds are blown,
The laurels crackle in the ſputtering fire;
The frighted ſylvans from their ſhades retire:
Or as two neighbouring torrents fall from high,
Rapid they run; the foamy waters fry:
They roll to ſea, with unreſiſted force,
And down the rocks precipitate their courſe:
Not with leſs rage the rival heroes take
Their different ways; nor leſs deſtruction make.
With ſpears afar, with ſwords at hand they ſtrike,
And zeal of ſlaughter fires their ſouls alike.
Like them, their dauntleſs men maintain the field,
And hearts are pierc'd unknowing how to yield:
They blow for blow return, and wound for wound;
And heaps of bodies raiſe the level ground.
Murranus, boaſting of his blood, that ſprings
From a long royal race of Latin kings,

Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Cruſh'd with the weight of an unwielding ſtone:
Betwixt the wheels he fell; the wheels that bore
His living load, his dying body tore.
His ſtarting ſteeds, to ſhun the glittering ſword,
Paw down his trampled limbs, forgetful of their lord.
Fierce Hillus threaten'd high; and face to face
Affronted Turnus in the middle ſpace:
The prince encounter'd him in full career,
And at his temples aim'd the deadly ſpear:
So fatally the flying weapon ſped,
That through his brazen helm it pierc'd his head.
Nor, Ciſſeus, could'ſt thou 'ſcape from Turnus' hand,
In vain the ſtrongeſt of th' Arcadian band:
Nor to Cupentus could his gods afford
Availing aid againſt th' Æneas ſword:
Which to his naked heart purſued the courſe:
Nor could his plated ſhield ſuſtain the force.
Iölus fell, whom not the Grecian powers,
Nor great ſubverter of the Trojan towers,
Were doom'd to kill, while heaven prolong'd his date:
But who can paſs the bounds prefix'd by fate?
In high Lyrneſſus, and, in Troy, he held
Two palaces, and was from each expell'd:
Of all the mighty man, the laſt remains
A little ſpot of foreign earth contains.
And now both hoſts their broken troops unite,
In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight.
Sereſthus and undaunted Mneſtheus join
The Trojan, Tuſcan, and Arcadian line;

Sea-

Sea-born Meſſapus, with Atinas, heads
The Latin ſquadrons, and to battle leads.
They ſtrike, they puſh, they throng the ſcanty ſpace;
Reſolv'd on death, impatient of diſgrace;
And where one falls, another fills his place.
The Cyprian goddeſs now inſpires her ſon
To leave th' unfiniſh'd fight, and ſtorm the town.
For, while he rolls his eyes around the plain,
In queſt of Turnus, whom he ſeeks in vain,
He views th' unguarded city from afar,
In careleſs quiet, and ſecure of war:
Occaſion offers, and excites his mind,
To dare beyond the taſk he firſt deſign'd.
Reſolv'd, he calls his chiefs; they leave the fight;
Attended thus, he takes a neighbouring height:
The crowding troops about their general ſtand,
All under arms, and wait his high command.
Then thus the lofty prince: Hear and obey,
Ye Trojan bands, without the leaſt delay.
Jove is with us, and what I have decreed
Requires our utmoſt vigour, and our ſpeed.
Your inſtant arms againſt the town prepare;
The ſource of miſchief, and the ſeat of war.
This day the Latian towers, that mate the ſky,
Shall level with the plain in aſhes lie:
The people ſhall be ſlaves, unleſs in time
They kneel for pardon, and repent their crime.
Twice have our foes been vanquiſh'd on the plain;
Then ſhall I wait till Turnus will be ſlain?

Your

Your force againſt the perjur'd city bend:
There it began, and there the war ſhall end.
The peace profan'd our rightful arms requires,
Cleanſe the polluted place with purging fires.
He finiſh'd; and, one ſoul inſpiring all,
Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach the wall.
Without the town, an unprovided train
Of gaping, gazing citizens are ſlain.
Some firebrands, others ſcaling ladders bear;
And thoſe they toſs aloft, and theſe they rear:
The flames now launch'd, the feather'd arrows fly,
The clouds of miſſive arms obſcure the ſky.
Advancing to the front, the hero ſtands,
And, ſtretching out to heaven his pious hands,
Atteſts the gods, aſſerts his innocence,
Upbraids with breach of faith th' Auſonian prince:
Declares the royal honour doubly ſtain'd,
And twice the rites of holy peace profan'd.
Diſſenting clamours in the town ariſe;
Each will be heard, and all at once adviſe.
One part for peace, and one for war contends:
Some would exclude their foes, and ſome admit their friends.
The helpleſs king is hurry'd in the throng;
And whate'er tide prevails, is born along.
Thus, when the ſwain, within a hollow rock,
Invades the bees with ſuffocating ſmoke,
They run around, or labour on their wings,
Diſus'd to flight; and ſhoot their ſleepy ſtings;
To ſhun the bitter fumes, in vain they try;
Black *vapours*, iſſuing from the vent, involve the ſky.

But fate, and envious fortune, now prepare
To plunge the Latins in the laſt deſpair.
The queen, who ſaw the foes invade the town,
And brands on tops of burning houſes thrown;
Caſt round her eyes, diſtracted with her fear;
No troops of Turnus in the field appear.
Once more ſhe ſtares abroad, but ſtill in vain;
And then concludes the royal youth is ſlain.
Mad with her anguiſh, impotent to bear
The mighty grief, ſhe loaths the vital air.
She calls herſelf the cauſe of all this ill,
And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd will:
She raves againſt the gods, ſhe beats her breaſt,
She tears with both her hands her purple veſt;
Then round a beam a running nooſe ſhe ty'd,
And, faſten'd by the neck, obſcenely dy'd.
Soon as the fatal news by fame was blown,
And to her dames and to her daughter known;
The ſad Lavinia rends her yellow hair,
And roſy cheeks; the reſt her ſorrow ſhare:
With ſhrieks the palace rings, and madneſs of deſpair.
The ſpreading rumour fills the public place;
Confuſion, fear, diſtraction, and diſgrace,
And ſilent ſhame, are ſeen in every face.
Latinus tears his garments as he goes,
Both for his public and his private woes:
With filth his venerable beard beſmears,
And ſordid duſt deforms his ſilver hairs.

And

And much he blames the ſoftneſs of his mind,
Obnoxious to the charms of womankind,
And ſoon reduc'd to change, what he ſo well deſign'd:
To break the ſolemn league ſo long deſir'd,
Nor finiſh what his fates, and thoſe of Troy, requir'd.
Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er empty plains,
And here and there ſome ſtraggling foes he gleans.
His flying courſers pleaſe him leſs and leſs,
Aſham'd of eaſy fight, and cheap ſucceſs.
Thus half contented, anxious in his mind,
The diſtant cries come driving in the wind:
Shouts from the walls, but ſhouts in murmurs drown'd;
A jarring mixture, and a boding ſound.
Alas, ſaid he, what mean theſe diſmal cries?
What doleful clamours from the town ariſe?
Confus'd he ſtops, and backward pulls the reins:
She, who the driver's office now ſuſtains,
Replies: Neglect, my lord, theſe new alarms;
Here fight, and urge the fortune of your arms:
There want not others to defend the wall:
If by your rival's hand th' Italians fall.
So ſhall your fatal ſword his friends oppreſs,
In honour equal, equal in ſucceſs.
To this, the prince: O ſiſter, (for I knew
The peace infring'd, proceeded firſt from you,)
I knew you when you mingled firſt in fight,
And now in vain you would deceive my ſight:
Why, goddeſs, this unprofitable care?
Who ſent you down from heaven, involv'd in air?

Your

Your ſhare of mortal ſorrows to ſuſtain,
And ſee your brother bleeding on the plain?
For to what power can Turnus have recourſe,
Or how reſiſt his fate's prevailing force!
Theſe eyes beheld Murranus bite the ground.
Mighty the man, and mighty was the wound.
I heard my deareſt friend, with dying breath,
My name invoking to revenge his death:
Brave Uſens fell with honour on the place;
To ſhun the ſhameful ſight of my diſgrace.
On earth ſupine, a manly corpſe he lies;
His veſt and armour are the victor's prize.
Then ſhall I ſee Laurentum in a flame,
Which only wanted to compleat my ſhame?
How will the Latins hoot their champion's flight
How Drances will inſult, and point them to the
Is death ſo hard to bear? ye gods below,
(Since thoſe above ſo ſmall compaſſion ſhow,)
Receive a ſoul unſully'd yet with ſhame,
Which not belies my great forefathers' name.
He ſaid: and while he ſpoke, with flying ſpee
Came Sages, urging on his foamy ſteed;
Fix'd on his wounded face a ſhaft he bore,
And ſeeking Turnus ſent his voice before:
Turnus, on you, on you alone depends
Our laſt relief; compaſſionate your friends.
Like lightning, fierce Æneas, rolling on,
With arms inveſts, with flames invades the town
The brands are toſs'd on high: the winds conſpi
To drive along the deluge of the fire:

All eyes are fix'd on you; your foes rejoice;
Ev'n the king ſtaggers, and ſuſpends his choice.
Doubts to deliver, or defend the town;
Whom to reject, or whom to call his ſon.
The queen, on whom your utmoſt hopes were plac'd,
Herſelf ſuborning death, has breath'd her laſt.
'Tis true, Meſſapus, fearleſs of his fate,
With fierce Atinas' aid, defends the gate:
On every ſide ſurrounded by the foe;
The more they kill, the greater numbers grow;
An iron harveſt mounts, and ſtill remains to mow.
You, far aloof from your unſhaken bands,
Your rolling chariot drive o'er empty ſands.
Stupid he ſate, his eyes on earth declin'd,
And various cares revolving in his mind:
Rage, boiling from the bottom of his breaſt,
And ſorrow, mix'd with ſhame, his ſoul oppreſs'd;
And conſcious worth lay labouring in his thought:
And love, by jealouſy, to madneſs wrought.
By ſlow degrees his reaſon drove away
The miſts of paſſion, and reſum'd her ſway.
Then, riſing on his car, he turn'd his look;
And ſaw the town involv'd in fire and ſmoke.
A wooden tower with flames already blaz'd,
Which his own hands on beams and rafters rais'd:
And bridges laid above to join the ſpace:
And wheels below to roll from place to place.
Siſter, the fates have vanquiſh'd: let us go
The way which heaven and my hard fortune ſhow.

The

The fight is fix'd: nor ſhall the branded name
Of a baſe coward blot your brother's fame.
Death is my choice: but ſuffer me to try
My force, and vent my rage before I die.
He ſaid, and, leaping down without delay,
Through crouds of ſcatter'd foes he freed his way.
Striding, he paſs'd, impetuous as the wind,
And left the grieving goddeſs far behind.
As when a fragment from a mountain torn
By raging tempeſts, or by torrents borne,
Or ſapp'd by time, or looſen'd from the roots,
Prone through the void the rocky ruin ſhoots,
Rolling from crag to crag, from ſteep to ſteep;
Down ſink, at once, the ſhepherds and their ſheep;
Involv'd alike, they ruſh to nether ground,
Stunn'd with the ſhock, they fall, and ſtunn'd from earth rebound:
So, Turnus, haſting headlong to the town,
Shouldering and ſhoving, bore the ſquadrons down.
Still preſſing on onward, to the walls he drew,
Where ſhafts, and ſpears, and darts, promiſcuous flew;
And ſanguine ſtreams the ſlippery ground embrue.
Firſt ſtretching out his arm, in ſign of peace,
He cries aloud, to make the combat ceaſe;
Rutulians, hold, and Latin troops retire;
The fight is mine, and me the gods require.
'Tis juſt that I ſhould vindicate alone
The broken truce, or for the breach atone.
This day ſhall free from wars th' Auſonian ſtate;
Or finiſh my misfortunes in my fate.

Both armies from their bloody work deſiſt:
And, bearing backward, form a ſpacious liſt.
The Trojan hero, who receiv'd from fame
The welcome ſound, and heard the champion's name,
Soon leaves the taken works and mounted walls,
Greedy of war, where greater glory calls.
He ſprings to fight, exulting in his force;
His jointed armour rattles in the courſe.
Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he ſhows,
Or father Appenine, when white with ſnows,
His head divine, obſcure in clouds he hides,
And ſhakes the ſounding foreſt on his ſides.
The nations, o'er-aw'd, ſurceaſe the fight,
Immoveable their bodies, fix'd their ſight:
Ev'n Death ſtands ſtill; nor from above they throw
Their darts, nor drive their battering rams below.
In ſilent order either army ſtands;
And drop their ſwords, unknowing, from their hands.
Th' Auſonian king beholds, with wondering ſight,
Two mighty champions match'd in ſingle fight,
Born under climes remote, and brought by fate,
With ſwords to try their titles to the ſtate.
Now, in clos'd field, each other from afar
They view; and, ruſhing on, begin the war.
They lanch their ſpears, then hand to hand they meet;
The trembling ſoil reſounds beneath their feet:
Their bucklers claſh; thick blows deſcend from high,
And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.
Courage conſpires with chance; and both engage
With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage.

As when two bulls for their fair female fight,
In Sila's ſhades, or on Taburnus' height;
With horns adverſe they meet: the keeper flies:
Mute ſtands the herd, the heifers roll their eyes,
And wait th' event; which victor they ſhall bear,
And who ſhall be the Lord, to rule the luſty year:
With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,
And puſh for puſh, and wound for wound return:
Their dewlaps gor'd, their ſides are lav'd in blood:
Loud cries and roaring ſounds rebellow through the woods
Such was the combat in the liſted ground;
So claſh their ſwords, and ſo their ſhields reſound.
Jove ſets the beam; in either ſcale he lays
The champion's fate, and each exactly weighs.
On this ſide life, and lucky chance aſcends;
Loaded with death, that other ſcale deſcends.
Rais'd on the ſtretch, young Turnus aims a blow,
Full on the helm of his unguarded foe:
Shrill ſhouts and clamours ring on either ſide:
As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.
But all in pieces flies the traitor ſword,
And, in the middle ſtroke, deſerts his lord.
Now 'tis but death, or flight: diſarm'd he flies,
When in his hand an unknown hilt he ſpies.
Fame ſays that Turnus, when his ſteeds he join'd,
Hurrying to war, diſorder'd in his mind,
Snatch'd the firſt weapon which his haſte could find.
'Twas not the fated ſword his father bore;
But that his charioteer Metiſcus wore.

This, while the Trojans fled, the toughneſs held;
But vain againſt the great Vulcanian ſhield.
The mortal-temper'd ſteel deceiv'd his hand:
The ſhiver'd fragments ſhone amid the ſand.
Surpriz'd with fear, he fled along the field;
And now forthright, and now in orbits, wheel'd.
For here the Trojan troops the liſt ſurround;
And there the paſs is clos'd with pools and marſhy ground.
Æneas haſtens, though with heavier pace,
His wound, ſo newly knit, retards the chace:
And oft his trembling knees their aid refuſe,
Yet preſſing foot by foot his foe purſues.
Thus, when a fearful ſtag is clos'd around
With crimſon toils, or in a river found;
High on the bank the deep-mouth'd hound appears;
Still opening, following ſtill, where-e'er he ſteers:
The perſecuted creature to and fro,
Turns here and there to 'ſcape his Umbrian foe:
Steep is th' aſcent, and if he gains the land,
The purple death is pitch'd along the ſtrand:
His eager foe, determin'd to the chace,

Demands his truſty ſword. The Trojan threats
The realm with ruin, and their ancient ſeats
To lay in aſhes, if they dare ſupply,
With arms or aid, his vanquiſh'd enemy:
Thus menacing, he ſtill purſues the courſe
With vigour, though diminiſh'd of his force.
Ten times, already, round the lifted place
One chief had fled, and t' other given the chace:
No trivial prize is play'd; for on the life
Or death of Turnus, now depends the ſtrife.
Within the ſpace an olive-tree had ſtood,
A ſacred ſhade, a venerable wood,
For vows to Faunus paid, the Latins guardian god.
Here hung the veſts, and tablets were engrav'd,
Of ſinking mariners from ſhipwreck ſav'd.
With heedleſs hands the Trojans fell'd the tree,
To make the ground inclos'd for combat free.
Deep in the root, whether by fate, or chance,
Or erring haſte, the Trojan drove his lance:
Then ſtoop'd, and tugg'd with force immenſe, to free
Th' incumber'd ſpear from the tenacious tree:
That whom his fainting limbs purſued in vain,
His flying weapon might from far attain.
Confus'd with fear, bereft with human aid,
Then Turnus to the gods, and firſt to Faunus pray'd:
O Faunus pity, and thou mother earth,
Where I thy foſter-ſon receiv'd my birth,
Hold faſt the ſteel; if my religious hand
Your plant has honour'd, which your foes profan'd;

Propitious hear my pious prayer! He ſaid,
Nor with ſucceſsleſs vows invok'd the aid.
Th' incumbent hero wrench'd, and pull'd, and ſtrain'd,
But ſtill the ſtubborn earth the ſteel detain'd.
Juturna took her time: and, while in vain
He ſtrove, aſſum'd Metiſcus' form again:
And, in that imitated ſhape, reſtor'd
To the deſpairing prince, his Daunian ſword.
The queen of love, who, with diſdain and grief,
Saw the bold Nymph afford this prompt relief;
T' aſſert her offspring with a greater deed,
From the tough root the lingering weapon freed.
Once more erect, the rival chiefs advance;
One truſts the ſword, and one the pointed lance:
And both reſolv'd alike, to try their fatal chance.
Meantime imperial Jove to Juno ſpoke,
Who from a ſhining cloud beheld the ſhock:
What new arreſt, O queen of heaven, is ſent
To ſtop the fates now labouring in th' event,
What further hopes are left thee to purſue?
Divine Æneas (and thou know'ſt it too)
Free-doom'd to theſe celeſtial ſeats is due.
What more attempts for Turnus can be made,
That thus thou lingereſt in this lonely ſhade!
Is it becoming of the due reſpect,
And awful honour of a god elect,
A wound unworthy of our ſtate to feel;
Patient of human hands, and earthly ſteel?

Or ſeems it juſt, the Siſter ſhould reſto
A ſecond ſword, when one was loſt be
And arm a conquer'd wretch againſt hi
For what without thy knowledge and
Nay, more, thy dictate, durſt Juturna
At laſt, in deference to my love, forb
To lodge within thy ſoul this anxious
Reclin'd upon my breaſt, thy grief un
Who ſhould relieve the goddeſs but th
Now, all things to their utmoſt iſſue t
Puſh'd by the Fates to their appointed
While leave was giv'n thee, and a law
For vengeance, wrath, and unreſiſted p
Toſs'd on the ſeas thou could'ſt thy f
And driven aſhore, with hoſtile arms
Deform the royal houſe; and from the
Of the juſt bridegroom, tear the pligh
Now ceaſe at my command. The
And with dejected eyes this anſwer Ju
Becauſe your dread decree too well I
From Turnus and from earth unwillin
Elſe ſhould you not behold me here a
Involv'd in empty clouds my friends
But girt with vengeful flames, in open
Engag'd againſt my foes in mortal fig
'Tis true, Juturna mingled in thy ſtri
By my command, to ſave her brother'
At leaſt to try: but by the Stygian la
(The moſt religious oath the gods ca

With this reſtriction, not to bend the bow,
Or toſs the ſpear, or trembling dart to throw.
And now reſign'd to your ſuperior might,
And tir'd with fruitleſs toils, I loath the fight.
This let me beg (and this no fates withſtand)
Both for myſelf, and for your father's land;
That when the nuptial bed ſhall bind the peace,
(Which I, ſince you ordain, conſent to bleſs)
The laws of either nation be the ſame;
But let the Latins ſtill retain their name:
Speak the ſame language which they ſpoke before;
Wear the ſame habits which their grandſires wore:
Call them not Trojans: periſh the renown
And name of Troy with that deteſted town,
Latium be Latium ſtill; let Alba reign,
And Rome's immortal majeſty remain.
Then thus the founder of mankind replies
(Unruffled was his front, ſerene his eyes):
Can Saturn's iſſue, and heavens other heir,
Such endleſs anger in her boſom bear?
Be miſtreſs, and your full deſires obtain:
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood th' Auſonian people ſprung,
Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue.
The Trojans to their cuſtoms ſhall be ty'd,
I will, myſelf, their common rites provide;
The natives ſhall command, the foreigners ſubſide.
All ſhall be Latium; Troy without a name:
And her loſt ſons forget from whence they came.

From blood ſo mix'd, a pious race ſhall flow;
Equal to gods, excelling all below.
No nation more reſpect to you ſhall pay,
Or greater offerings on your altars lay.
Juno conſents, well pleas'd that her deſires
Had found ſucceſs, and from the clouds retires:
The peace thus made, the Thunderer next prepares
To force the watery goddeſs from the wars.
Deep in the diſmal regions, void of light,
Three daughters at a birth were born to Night:
Theſe their brown mother, brooding on her care,
Indulg'd with windy wings to flit in air:
With ſerpents girt alike, and crown'd with hiſſing hair.
In heaven the Diræ call'd, and ſtill at hand,
Before the throne of angry Jove they ſtand,
His miniſters of wrath; and ready ſtill
The minds of mortal men with fears to fill:
When-e'er the moody ſire, to wreak his hate
On realms, or towns, deſerving of their fate,
Hurls down diſeaſes, death, and deadly care,
And terrifies the guilty world with war.
One ſiſter-plague of theſe from heaven he ſent,
To fright Juturna with a dire portent.
The peſt comes whirling down: by far more ſlow
Springs the ſwift arrow from the Parthian bow,
Or Cydon eugh; when, traverſing the ſkies,
And drench'd in poiſonous juice, the ſure deſtruction flies.
With ſuch a ſudden and unſeen a flight,
Shot through the clouds the daughter of the night.

Soon as the field inclos'd ſhe had in view,
And from afar her deſtin'd quarry knew:
Contracted, to the boding bird ſhe turns,
Which haunts the ruin'd piles, and hallow'd urns,
And beats about the tombs with nightly wings;
Where ſongs obſcene on ſepulchres ſhe ſings.
Thus leſſen'd in her form, with frightful cries
The fury round unhappy Turnus flies,
Flaps on his ſhield, and flutters o'er his eyes.
A lazy chilneſs crept along his blood,
Chok'd was his voice, his hair with horror ſtood.
Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
And knew th' ill omen, by her ſcreaming cry,
And ſtridour of her wing. Amaz'd with fear,
Her beauteous breaſt ſhe beat, and rent her flowing hair.
Ah me, ſhe cries, in this unequal ſtrife,
What can thy ſiſter more to ſave thy life!
Weak as I am, can I, alas, contend
In arms, with that inexorable fiend!
Now, now, I quit the field! forbear to fright
My tender ſoul, ye baleful birds of night!
The laſhing of your wings I know too well:
The ſounding flight, and funeral ſcreams of hell!
Theſe are the gifts you bring from haughty Jove,
The worthy recompence of raviſh'd love!
Did he for this exempt my life from fate?
O hard conditions of immortal ſtate!
Though born to death, not privileg'd to die,
But forc'd to bear impos'd eternity!

Take

Take back your envious bribes, and let me go
Companion to my brother's ghoſt below!
The joys are vaniſh'd: nothing now remains
Of life immortal, but immortal pains.
What earth will open her devouring womb,
To reſt a weary goddeſs in the tomb!
She drew a length of ſighs; nor more ſhe ſaid,
But in her azure mantle wrap'd her head:
Then plung'd into her ſtream, with deep deſpai
And her laſt ſobs came bubbling up in air.

Now ſtern Æneas waves his weighty ſpear
Againſt his foe, and thus upbraids his fear:
What farther ſubterfuge can Turnus find?
What empty hopes are harbour'd in his mind?
'Tis not thy ſwiftneſs can ſecure thy flight:
Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant figh
Vary thy ſhape in thouſand forms, and dare
What ſkill and courage can attempt in war:
Wiſh for the wings of wind to mount the ſky;
Or hid within the hollow earth to lie.
The champion ſhook his head, and made this reply:
No threats of thine my manly mind can move:
'Tis hoſtile heaven I dread; and partial Jove.
He ſaid no more; but, with a ſigh, repreſs'd
The mighty ſorrow in his ſwelling breaſt.
Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,
An antique ſtone he ſaw; the common bound
Of neighbouring fields, and barrier of the grou

So vaſt, that twelve ſtrong men of modern days
Th' enormous weight from earth could hardly raiſe.
He heav'd it at a lift: and, pois'd on high,
Ran ſtaggering on, againſt his enemy.
But ſo diſorder'd, that he ſcarcely knew
His way; or what unwieldy weight he threw.
His knocking knees are bent beneath the load:
And ſhivering cold congeals his vital blood.
The ſtone drops from his arms; and falling ſhort,
For want of vigour, mocks his vain effort.
And as, when heavy ſleep has clos'd the ſight,
The fickly fancy labours in the night:
We ſeem to run; and, deſtitute of force,
Our ſinking limbs forſake us in the courſe:
In vain we heave for breath; in vain we cry:
The nerves unbrac'd their uſual ſtrength deny,
And on the tongue the faultering accents die:
So Turnus far'd, whatever means he try'd,
All force of arms, and points of art employ'd,
The fury flew athwart, and made th' endeavour void.
A thouſand various thoughts his ſoul confound:
He ſtar'd about; nor aid nor iſſue found:
His own men ſtop the paſs, and his own walls ſurround.
Once more he pauſes; and looks out again:
And ſeeks the goddeſs charioteer in vain.
Trembling, he views the thundering chief advance,
And brandiſhing aloft the deadly lance:

Amaz'd

Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conquering foe,
Forgets to ward, and waits the coming blow.
Aſtoniſh'd while he ſtands, and fix'd with fear,
Aim'd at his ſhield he ſees th' impending ſpear.
The hero meaſur'd firſt, with narrow view,
The deſtin'd mark: and, riſing as he threw,
With its full ſwing the fatal weapon flew.
Not with leſs rage the rattling thunder falls,
Or ſtones from battering engines break the walls:
Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm ſo ſtrong,
The lance drove on; and bore the death along.
Nought could his ſeven-fold ſhield the prince avail,
Nor aught beneath his arms the coat of mail;
It pierc'd through all; and, with a grizly wound,
Transfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to ground.
With groans the Latins rend the vaulted ſky:
Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply.
Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
With eyes caſt upwards, and with arms diſplay'd
And recreant thus to the proud victor pray'd:
I know my death deſerv'd, nor hope to live:
Uſe what the gods and thy good fortune give.
Yet think; oh think, if mercy may be ſhown,
(Thou hadſt a father once, and hadſt a ſon):
Pity my ſire, now ſinking to the grave;
And for Anchiſes' ſake, old Daunus ſave!
Or, if they vow'd revenge, purſue my death;
Give to my friends my body void of breath!
The Latian chiefs have ſeen me beg my life;
Thine is the conqueſt, thine the royal wife;
Againſt a yielded man, 'tis mean ignoble ſtrife.

In deep ſuſpence the Trojan ſeem'd to ſtand;
And, juſt appear'd to ſtrike, repreſs'd his hand.
He roll'd his eyes, and every moment felt
His manly ſoul with more compaſſion melt.
When, caſting down a caſual glance, he ſpy'd
The golden belt that glitter'd on his ſide:
The fatal ſpoils which haughty Turnus tore
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.
Then, rouz'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries
(Flames, while he ſpoke, came flaſhing from his eyes);
Traitor, doſt thou, doſt thou to grace pretend,
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend?
To this ſad ſoul a grateful offering go;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow.
He rais'd his arm aloft; and at the word,
Deep in his boſom drove the ſhining ſword.
The ſtreaming blood diſtain'd his arms around,
And the diſdainful ſoul came ruſhing through the wound.

POST.

POSTSCRIPT.

WHAT Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at eaſe, I have undertaken to tranſlate in my declining years: ſtruggling with wants, oppreſſed with ſickneſs, curbed in my genius, liable to be miſconſtrued in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced againſt me, by the lying character which has been given them of my morals. Yet, ſteady to my principles, and not diſpirited with my afflictions, I have, by the bleſſing of God on my endeavours, overcome all difficulties; and, in ſome meaſure, acquitted myſelf of the debt which I owed the public, when I undertook this work. In the firſt place, therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power, the aſſiſtance he has given me in the beginning, the proſecution, and concluſion of my preſent ſtudies, which are more happily performed, than I could have promiſed to myſelf, when I laboured under ſuch diſcouragements. For, what I have done, imperfect as it is, for want of health and leiſure to correct it, will be judged in after-ages, and poſſibly in the preſent, to be no diſhonour to my native country; whoſe language and poetry would be more eſteemed abroad, if they were better underſtood. Somewhat (give me leave to ſay) I have added to both of them, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers, which were wanting, eſpecially the laſt, in all our poets, even in thoſe who, being endued with genius, yet have not cultivated their mother-tongue with ſufficient

cient care; or, relying on the beauty of their thoughts, have judged the ornament of words, and ſweetneſs of ſound, unneceſſary. One is for raking in Chaucer (our Engliſh Ennius) for antiquated words, which are never to be revived, but when ſound or ſignificancy is wanting in the preſent language. But many of his deſerve not this redemption, any more than the crowds of men who daily die, or are ſlain for ſix-pence in a battle, merit to be reſtored to life, if a wiſh could revive them. Others have no ear for verſe, nor choice of words, nor diſtinction of thoughts; but mingle farthings with their gold to make up the ſum. Here is a field of ſatire opened to me: but, ſince the Revolution, I have wholly renounced that talent. For who would give phyſic to the great, when he is uncalled? to do this patient no good, and endanger himſelf for his preſcription? Neither am I ignorant, but I may juſtly be condemned for many of thoſe faults, of which I have too liberally arraigned others.

"Cynthius aurem vellet, & admonuit."

It is enough for me, if the government will let me paſs unqueſtioned. In the mean time, I am obliged, in gratitude, to return my thanks to many of them, who have not only diſtinguiſhed me from others of the ſame party, by a particular exception of grace, but, without conſidering the man, have been bountiful to the poet: have encouraged Virgil to ſpeak ſuch Engliſh as I could teach him, and reward his interpreter, for the pains he has taken, in bringing him over into Britain, by defraying the charges of his voyage. Even Cerberus, when he had received the ſop, permitted Æneas

to paſs freely to Elyſium. Had it been offered me, and I had refuſed it, yet ſtill ſome gratitude is due to ſuch who were willing to oblige me. But how much more to thoſe from whom I have received the favours which they have offered to one of a different perſuaſion? amongſt whom I cannot omit naming the earls of Derby and of Peterborough. To the firſt of theſe, I have not the honour to be known; and therefore his liberality was as much unexpected, as it was undeſerved. The preſent earl of Peterborough has been pleaſed long ſince to accept the tenders of my ſervice: his favours are ſo frequent to me, that I receive them almoſt by preſcription. No difference of intereſts or opinion have been able to withdraw his protection from me: and I might juſtly be condemned for the moſt unthankful of mankind, if I did not always preſerve for him a moſt profound reſpect and inviolable gratitude. I muſt alſo add, that if the laſt Æneid ſhine among its fellows, it is owing to the commands of Sir William Trumball, one of the principal ſecretaries of ſtate, who recommended it, as his favourite, to my care; and, for his ſake particularly, I have made it mine. For who would confeſs wearineſs, when he enjoined a freſh labour? I could not but invoke the aſſiſtance of a Muſe, for this laſt office.

"Extremum hunc Arethuſa:—
"Negat quis carmina Gallo?"

Neither am I to forget the noble preſent which was made me by Gilbert Dolben, Eſq; the worthy ſon of the late archbiſhop of York; who, when I began this work, enriched me with all the ſeveral editions of Virgil,

gil, and all the commentaries of thoſe editions in Latin; amongſt which, I could not but prefer the Dauphine's, as the laſt, the ſhorteſt, and the moſt judicious. Fabrini I had alſo ſent me from Italy; but either he underſtands Virgil but very imperfectly, or I have no knowledge of my author.

Being invited, by that worthy gentleman Sir William Bowyer, to Denham-court, I tranſlated the firſt Georgic at his houſe, and the greateſt part of the laſt Æneid. A more friendly entertainment no man ever found. No wonder therefore if both thoſe verſions ſurpaſs the reſt, and own the ſatisfaction I received in his converſe, with whom I had the honour to be bred in Cambridge, and in the ſame College. The ſeventh Æneid was made Engliſh at Burleigh, the magnificent abode of the Earl of Exeter: in a village belonging to his family I was born, and under his roof I endeavoured to make that Æneid appear in Engliſh with as much luſtre as I could: though my author has not given the finiſhing ſtrokes either to it, or to the eleventh, as I perhaps could prove in both, if I durſt preſume to criticize my maſter.

By a letter from William Walſh, of Abberly, Eſq; (who has ſo long honoured me with his friendſhip, and who, without flattery, is the beſt critick of our nation) I have been informed that his grace the Duke of Shrewſbury has procured a printed copy of the Paſtorals, Georgics, and ſix firſt Æneids, from my bookſeller, and has read them in the country, together with my friend. This noble perſon having been pleaſed to give them a commendation, which I preſume not to

inſert; has made me vain enough to boaſt of ſo great a favour, and to think I have ſucceeded beyond my hopes; the character of his excellent judgment, the acuteneſs of his wit, and his general knowledge of good letters, being known as well to all the world, as the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition, his humanity, his eaſineſs of acceſs, and deſire of obliging thoſe who ſtand in need of his protection, are known to all who have approached him; and to me in particular, who have formerly had the honour of his converſation. Whoever has given the world the tranſlation of part of the third Georgic, which he calls "The Power of Love," has put me to ſufficient pains to make my own not inferior to his: as my Lord Roſcommon's Silenus had formerly given me the ſame trouble. The moſt ingenious Mr. Addiſon, of Oxford, has alſo been as troubleſome to me as the other two, and on the ſame account. After his bees, my latter ſwarm is ſcarcely worth the hiving. Mr. Cowley's "Praiſe of a Country Life" is excellent; but is rather an imitation of Virgil, than a verſion. That I have recovered in ſome meaſure the health which I had loſt by too much application to this work, is owing, next to God's mercy, to the ſkill and care of Dr. Guibbons and Dr. Hobbs, the two ornaments of their profeſſion; whom I can only pay by this acknowledgment. The whole faculty has always been ready to oblige me: and the only one of them, who endeavoured to defame me, had it not in his power *.

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

JUVENAL.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES

EARL of DORSET and MIDDLESEX, Lord Chamberlain of his Majeſty's Houſhold, Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

THE wiſhes and deſires of all good men, which have attended your Lordſhip from your firſt appearance in the world, are at length accompliſhed, in your obtaining thoſe honours and dignities, which you have ſo long deſerved. There are no factions, though irreconcileable to one another, that are not united in their affection to you, and the reſpect they pay you. They are equally pleaſed in your proſperity, and would be equally concerned in your affliction. Titus Veſpaſian was not more the delight of human-kind. The univerſal empire made him only more known, and more powerful, but could not make him more beloved. He had greater ability of doing good, but your inclination to it is not leſs: and though you could not extend your beneficence to ſo many perſons, yet you have paſt as few days as that excellent emperor, and never

had his complaint to make when you went to bed, that the ſun had ſhone upon you in vain, when you had the opportunity of relieving ſome unhappy man. This, my Lord, has juſtly acquired you as many friends as there are perſons who have the honour to be known to you: more acquaintance you have none; you have drawn them all into a nearer line; and they who have converſed with you are for ever after inviolably yours. This is a truth ſo generally acknowledged, that it needs no proof: it is of the nature of a firſt principle, which is received as ſoon as it is propoſed; and needs not the reformation which Deſcartes uſed to his: for we doubt not, neither can we properly ſay, we think we admire and love you, above all other men: there is a certainty in the propoſition, and we know it. With the ſame aſſurance can I ſay, you neither have enemies, nor can ſcarce have any; for they who have never heard of you, can neither love or hate you; and they who have, can have no other notion of you, than that which they receive from the public, that you are the beſt of men. After this, my teſtimony can be of no farther uſe, than to declare it to be day-light at high-noon: and all who have the benefit of ſight, can look up as well, and ſee the ſun.

It is true, I have one privilege which is almoſt particular to myſelf, that I ſaw you in the eaſt at your firſt ariſing above the hemiſphere: I was as ſoon ſenſible as any man of that light, when it was but juſt ſhooting out, and beginning to travel upward to the *meridian*. I made my early addreſſes to your Lordſhip,

in my eſſay of Dramatic Poetry; and therein beſpoke you to the world, wherein I have the right of a firſt diſcoverer. When I was myſelf in the rudiments of my Poetry, without name or reputation in the world, having rather the ambition of a writer, than the ſkill; when I was drawing the out-lines of an art, without any living maſter to inſtruct me in it; an art which had been better praiſed than ſtudied here in England, wherein Shakeſpeare, who created the ſtage among us, had rather written happily, than knowingly and juſtly: and Jonſon, who, by ſtudying Horace, had been acquainted with the rules, yet ſeemed to envy poſterity that knowledge, and like an inventor of ſome uſeful art, to make a monopoly of his learning: when thus, as I may ſay, before the uſe of the loadſtone, or knowledge of the compaſs, I was ſailing in a vaſt ocean, without other help than the pole-ſtar of the ancients, and the rules of the French ſtage amongſt the moderns, which are extremely different from ours, by reaſon of their oppoſite taſte; yet, even then, I had the preſumption to dedicate to your Lordſhip: a very unfiniſhed piece, I muſt confeſs, and which only can be excuſed by the little experience of the author, and the modeſty of the title, An Eſſay. Yet I was ſtronger in prophecy than I was in criticiſm; I was inſpired to foretel you to mankind, as the reſtorer of Poetry, the greateſt genius, the trueſt judge, and the beſt patron.

Good ſenſe and good nature are never ſeparated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwiſe. *Good nature*, by which I mean beneficence and can-

dor, is the product of right reaſon; which of neceſſity will give allowance to the failings of others, by conſidering that there is nothing perfect in mankind; and, by diſtinguiſhing that which comes neareſt to excellency, though not abſolutely free from faults, will certainly produce a candor in the judge. It is incident to an elevated underſtanding, like your Lordſhip's, to find out the errors of other men: but it is your prerogative to pardon them; to look with pleaſure on thoſe things, which are ſomewhat congenial, and of a remote kindred to your own conceptions: and to forgive the many failings of thoſe, who, with their wretched art, cannot arrive to thoſe heights that you poſſeſs from a happy, abundant, and native genius; which are as inborn to you, as they were to Shakeſpeare; and, for aught I know, to Homer; in either of whom we find all arts and ſciences, all moral and natural philoſophy, without knowing that they ever ſtudied them.

There is not an Engliſh writer this day living, who is not perfectly convinced, that your Lordſhip excels all others, in all the ſeveral parts of Poetry which you have undertaken to adorn. The moſt vain, and the moſt ambitious of our age, have not dared to aſſume ſo much, as the competitors of Themiſtocles: they have yielded the firſt place without diſpute; and have been arrogantly content to be eſteemed as ſecond to your Lordſhip; and even that alſo with a "longe ſed "proximi intervallo." If there have been, or are any, who go farther in their ſelf-conceit, they muſt be very ſingular in their opinion: they muſt be like the

Officer

Officer in a play, who was called Captain, Lieutenant, and Company. The world will eaſily conclude, whether ſuch unattended generals can ever be capable of making a revolution in Parnaſſus.

I will not attempt, in this place, to ſay any thing particular of your Lyric Poems, though they are the delight and wonder of this age, and will be the envy of the next. The ſubject of this book confines me to ſatyr; and in that, an author of your own quality, (whoſe aſhes I ſhall not diſturb) has given you all the commendation, which his ſelf-ſufficiency could afford to any man: "The beſt good man, with the worſt-"natured Muſe." In that character, methinks, I am reading Jonſon's verſes to the memory of Shakeſpeare: an inſolent, ſparing, and invidious panegyric: where good-nature, the moſt godlike commendation of a man, is only attributed to your perſon, and denied to your writings: for they are every where ſo full of candor, that, like Horace, you only expoſe the follies of men, without arraigning their vices; and in this excel him, that you add that pointedneſs of thought, which is viſibly wanting in our great Roman. There is more of ſalt in all your verſes, than I have ſeen in any of the moderns, or even of the ancients: but you have been ſparing of the gall; by which means you have pleaſed all readers, and offended none. Donne alone, of all our countrymen, had your talent; but was not happy enough to arrive at your verſification. And were he tranſlated into numbers and Engliſh, he would yet be wanting in the dignity of expreſſion. That

which

which is the prime virtue and chief ornament of Virgil, which diſtinguiſhes him from the reſt of writers, is ſo conſpicuous in your verſes, that it caſts a ſhadow on all your contemporaries; we cannot be ſeen, or but obſcurely, while you are preſent. You equal Donne in the variety, multiplicity, and choice of thoughts; you excel him in the manner, and the words. I read you both with the ſame admiration, but not with the ſame delight. He affects the metaphyſics, not only in his ſatires, but in his amorous verſes, where nature only ſhould reign; and perplexes the minds of the fair ſex with nice ſpeculations of philoſophy, when he ſhould engage their hearts, and entertain them with the ſoftneſs of love. In this (if I may be pardoned for ſo bold a truth) Mr. Cowley has copied him to a fault; ſo great a one, in my opinion, that it throws his miſtreſs infinitely below his Pindariques, and his latter compoſitions, which are undoubtedly the beſt of his poems, and the moſt correct. For my own part, I muſt avow it freely to the world, that I never attempted any thing in ſatyr, wherein I have not ſtudied your writings as the moſt perfect model. I have continually laid them before me; and the greateſt commendation, which my own partiality can give to my productions, is, that they are copies, and no farther to be allowed, than as they have ſomething more or leſs of the original. Some few touches of your Lordſhip, ſome ſecret graces which I have endeavoured to expreſs after your manner, have made whole poems of mine to paſs with *approbation*; but take your verſes altogether, and they

are

are inimitable. If therefore I have not written better, it is becauſe you have not written more. You have not ſet me ſufficient copy to tranſcribe; and I cannot add one letter of my own invention, of which I have not the example there.

It is a general complaint againſt your Lordſhip, and I muſt have leave to upbraid you with it, that, becauſe you need not write, you will not. Mankind that wiſhes you ſo well, in all things that relate to your proſperity, have their intervals of wiſhing for themſelves, and are within a little of grudging you the fullneſs of your fortune: they would be more malicious if you uſed it not ſo well, and with ſo much generoſity.

Fame is in itſelf a real good, if we may believe Cicero, who was perhaps too fond of it. But even fame, as Virgil tells us, acquires ſtrength by going forward. Let Epicurus give indolence as an attribute to his gods, and place in it the happineſs of the bleſt: the divinity which we worſhip has given us not only a precept againſt it, but his own example to the contrary. The world, my Lord, would be content to allow you a ſeventh day for reſt; or, if you thought that hard upon you, we would not refuſe you half your time: if you come out, like ſome great monarch, to take a town but once a year, as it were for your diverſion, though you had no need to extend your territories: in ſhort, if you were a bad, or which is worſe, an indifferent poet, we would thank you for our own quiet, and not expoſe you to the want of yours. But when *you are ſo great* and ſo ſucceſsful, and when we have

that

that neceſſity of your writing, that we cannot ſubſiſt intirely without it; any more (I may almoſt ſay) than the world without the daily courſe of ordinary Providence, methinks this argument might prevail with you, my Lord, to forego a little of your repoſe for the public benefit. It is not that you are under any force of working daily miracles, to prove your being; but now and then ſomewhat of extraordinary, that is any thing of your production, is requiſite to refreſh your character.

This, I think, my Lord, is a ſufficient reproach to you; and, ſhould I carry it as far as mankind would authorize me, would be little leſs than ſatyr. And, indeed, a provocation is almoſt neceſſary, in behalf of the world, that you might be induced ſometimes to write; and in relation to a multitude of ſcribblers, who daily peſter the world with their inſufferable ſtuff, that they might be diſcouraged from writing any more. I complain not of their lampoons and libels, though I have been the public mark for many years. I am vindictive enough to have repelled force by force, if I could imagine that any of them had ever reached me; but they either ſhot at rovers, and therefore miſſed, or their power was ſo weak, that I might ſafely ſtand them, at the neareſt diſtance. I anſwered not the Rehearſal, becauſe I knew the author ſate to himſelf when he drew the picture, and was the very Bayes of his own farce. Becauſe alſo I knew, that my betters were more concerned than I was in that ſatyr: and, laſtly, *becauſe Mr.* Smith and Mr. Jonſon, the main pillars

of

of it, were two ſuch languiſhing gentlemen in their converſation, that I could liken them to nothing but to their own relations, thoſe noble characters of men of wit and pleaſure about the town. The like conſiderations have hindered me from dealing with the lamentable companions of their proſe and doggrel; I am ſo far from defending my Poetry againſt them, that I will not ſo much as expoſe theirs. And for my morals, if they are not proof againſt their attacks, let me be thought by poſterity, what thoſe authors would be thought, if any memory of them, or of their writings, could endure ſo long, as to another age. But theſe dull makers of lampoons, as harmleſs as they have been to me, are yet of dangerous example to the public: ſome witty men may perhaps ſucceed to their deſigns, and, mixing ſenſe with malice, blaſt the reputation of the moſt innocent amongſt men, and the moſt virtuous amongſt women.

Heaven be praiſed, our common libellers are as free from the imputation of wit, as of morality; and therefore whatever miſchief they have deſigned, they have performed but little of it. Yet theſe ill writers, in all juſtice, ought themſelves to be expoſed: as Perſius has given us a fair example in his firſt ſatyr: which is levelled particularly at them: and none is ſo fit to correct their faults, as he who is not only clear from any in his own writings, but alſo ſo juſt, that he will never defame the good; and is armed with the power of verſe, to puniſh and make examples of the bad. But of this I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak further

further, when I come to give the definition and character of true ſatires.

In the mean time, as a counſellor, bred up in the knowledge of the municipal and ſtatute laws, may honeſtly inform a juſt prince how far his prerogative extends; ſo I may be allowed to tell your Lordſhip, who, by an undiſputed title, are the king of poets, what an extent of power you have, and how lawfully you may exerciſe it, over the petulant ſcribblers of this age. As Lord Chamberlain, I know, you are abſolute by your office, in all that belongs to the decency and good-manners of the ſtage. You can baniſh from thence ſcurrility and prophaneneſs, and reſtrain the licentious inſolence of poets and their actors in all things that ſhock the public quiet, or the reputation of private perſons, under the notion of humour. But I mean not the authority which is annexed to your office: I ſpeak of that only which is inborn, and inherent to your perſon. What is produced in you by an excellent wit, a maſterly and commanding genius over all writers; whereby you are impowered, when you pleaſe, to give the final deciſion of wit; to put your ſtamp on all that ought to paſs for current; and ſet a brand of reprobation on clipt poetry and falſe coin. A ſhilling, dipt in the bath, may go for gold amongſt the ignorant; but the ſceptres on the guineas ſhew the difference. That your Lordſhip is formed by nature for this ſupremacy, I could eaſily prove, (were it not already granted by the world,) from the diſtinguiſhing character of your writings; which is ſo viſible to me, that I never

never could be impoſed on to receive for yours what is written by any others; or to miſtake your genuine poetry for their ſpurious productions. I can farther add with truth (though not without ſome vanity in ſaying it) that in the ſame paper, written by divers hands, whereof your Lordſhip was only part, I could ſeparate your gold from their copper: and though I could not give back to every author his own braſs (for there is not the ſame rule for diſtinguiſhing betwixt bad and bad, as betwixt ill and excellently good) yet I never failed of knowing what was yours, and what was not; and was abſolutely certain, that this, or the other part, was poſitively yours, and could not poſitively be written by any other.

True it is, that ſome bad poems, though not all, carry their owner's mark about them. There is ſome peculiar aukwardneſs, falſe grammar, imperfect ſenſe, or, at the leaſt, obſcurity; ſome brand or other on this buttock, or that ear, that it is notorious who the owners of the cattle, though they ſhould not ſign it with their names. But your Lordſhip, on the contrary, is diſtinguiſhed, not only by the excellency of your thoughts, but by your ſtyle and manner of expreſſing them. A painter, judging of ſome admirable piece, may affirm with certainty, that it was of Holben, or Van Dyck: but vulgar deſigns, and common draughts, are eaſily miſtaken and miſapplied. Thus, by my long ſtudy of your Lordſhip, I am arrived at the knowledge of your particular manner. In the good poems of other men, like thoſe artiſts, I can only ſay, this is

like the draught of ſuch a one, or like the colouring of another. In ſhort, I can only be ſure, that it is the hand of a good maſter; but in your performances, it is ſcarcely poſſible for me to be deceived. If you write in your ſtrength, you ſtand revealed at the firſt view; and ſhould you write under it, you cannot avoid ſome peculiar graces, which only coſt me a ſecond conſideration to diſcover you: for I muſt ſay it, with all the ſeverity of truth, that every line of yours is precious. Your Lordſhip's only fault is, that you have not written more; unleſs I could add another, and that yet a greater, but I fear for the publick the accuſation would not be true, that you have written, and out of vicious modeſty will not publiſh.

Virgil has confined his works within the compaſs of eighteen thouſand lines, and has not treated many ſubjects; yet he ever had, and ever will have, the reputation of the beſt poet. Martial ſays of him, that he could have excelled Varius in Tragedy, and Horace in Lyric Poetry, but, out of deference to his friends, he attempted neither.

The ſame prevalence of genius is in your Lordſhip: but the world cannot pardon your concealing it, on the ſame conſideration; becauſe we have neither a living Varius, nor a Horace, in whoſe excellencies both of Poems, Odes, and Satires you have equalled them, if our language had not yielded to the Roman majeſty, and length of time had not added a reverence to the works of Horace. For good ſenſe is the ſame in all or moſt ages; and courſe of time rather improves

nature,

nature, than impairs her. What has been, may be again: another Homer, and another Virgil, may poſſibly ariſe from thoſe very cauſes which produced the firſt: though it would be imprudence to affirm that any ſuch have appeared.

It is manifeſt, that ſome particular ages have been more happy than others in the production of great men, in all ſorts of arts and ſciences; as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Ariſtophanes, and the reſt for Stage Poetry amongſt the Greeks: that of Auguſtus for Heroic, Lyric, Dramatic, Elegiac, and indeed all ſorts of Poetry in the perſons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others; eſpecially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth; wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus: and at the ſame time lived Cicero, Saluſt, and Cæſar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici, and his ſon Leo X. wherein Painting was revived, and Poetry flouriſhed, and the Greek language was reſtored.

Examples in all theſe are obvious: but what I would infer is this; That, in ſuch an age, it is poſſible ſome great genius may ariſe, equal to any of the ancients; abating only for the language. For great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other: and mutual borrowing and commerce makes the common riches of learning, as it does of the civil government.

But ſuppoſe that Homer and Virgil were the only of their ſpecies, and that Nature was ſo much worn out *in producing* them, that ſhe is never able to bear

the like again; yet, the example only holds in Heroic Poetry: in Tragedy and Satyr, I offer myſelf to maintain againſt ſome of our modern critics, that this age and the laſt, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both thoſe kinds; and, I would inſtance in Shakeſpeare of the former, of your Lordſhip in the latter ſort.

Thus I might ſafely confine myſelf to my native country; but, if I would only croſs the ſeas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the perſon of the admirable Boileau; whoſe numbers are excellent, whoſe expreſſions are noble, whoſe thoughts are juſt, whoſe language is pure, whoſe ſatyr is pointed, and whoſe ſenſe is cloſe: what he borrows from the ancients, he repays with uſury of his own, in coin as good, and almoſt as univerſally valuable: for, ſetting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the ſtamp of Louis, the patron of all arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Auguſtus Cæſar. Let this be ſaid without entering into the intereſt of factions and parties, and relating only to the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit: a praiſe ſo juſt, that even we, who are his enemies, cannot refuſe it to him.

Now if it be permitted me to go back again to the conſideration of Epique Poetry, I have confeſſed, that no man hitherto has reached, or ſo much as approached to, the excellencies of Homer, or of Virgil; I muſt further add, that Statius, the beſt verſificator *next Virgil*, knew not how to deſign after him, though he

he had the model in his eye; that Lucan is wanting both in deſign and ſubject, and is, beſides, too full of heat and affectation; that, among the moderns, Arioſto neither deſigned juſtly, nor obſerved any unity of action, or compaſs of time, or moderation in the vaſtneſs of his draught: his ſtyle is luxurious, without majeſty or decency; and his adventures, without the compaſs of nature and poſſibility: Taſſo, whoſe deſign was regular, and who obſerved the rules of unity in time and place more cloſely than Virgil, yet was not ſo happy in his action; he confeſſes himſelf to have been too lyrical; that is, to have written beneath the dignity of Heroic Verſe, in his Epiſodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida; his ſtory is not ſo pleaſing as Arioſto's; he is too flatulent ſometimes, and ſometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almoſt always forced; and beſides, is full of conception, points of Epigram and witticiſm; all which are not only below the dignity of Heroic Verſe, but contrary to its nature: Virgil and Homer have not one of them. And thoſe who are guilty of ſo boyiſh an ambition in ſo grave a ſubject, are ſo far from being conſidered as Heroic Poets, that they ought to be turned down from Homer to the Anthologia, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's Epigrams, and from Spenſer to Flecnoe; that is, from the top to the bottom of all Poetry. But to return to Taſſo: he borrows from the invention of Boyardo, and in his alteration of his Poem, which is infinitely the worſe, imitates Homer ſo very ſervilely, that (*for example*) he gives the king of Jeruſalem

fifty ſons, only, becauſe Homer had beſtowed the like number on king Priam; he kills the youngeſt in the ſame manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind, which is not as below thoſe two Italians, and ſubject to a thouſand more reflections, without examining their St. Lewis, their Pucelle, or their Alarique: the Engliſh have only to boaſt of Spenſer and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning, to have been perfect Poets; and yet, both of them are liable to many cenſures. For there is no uniformity in the deſign of Spenſer: he aims at the accompliſhment of no one action: he raiſes up a hero for every one of his adventures; and endows each of them with ſome particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without ſubordination or performance. Every one is moſt valiant in his own legend; only we muſt do them that juſtice to obſerve, that magnanimity, which is the character of prince Arthur, ſhines throughout the whole Poem; and ſuccours the reſt, when they are in diſtreſs. The original of every knight was then living in the court of queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them, that virtue which he thought moſt conſpicuous in them: an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finiſh his Poem, in the ſix remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, becauſe the model was not true. But

prince

prince Arthur, or his chief patron, Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the Poet both of means and ſpirit, to accompliſh his deſign: for the reſt, his obſolete language, and the ill choice of his ſtanza, are faults but of the ſecond magnitude: for, notwithſtanding the firſt, he is ſtill intelligible, at leaſt after a little practice; and for the laſt, he is the more to be admired, that, labouring under ſuch a difficulty, his verſes are ſo numerous, ſo various, and harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he profeſſedly imitated, has ſurpaſſed him, among the Romans; and only Mr. Waller among the Engliſh.

As for Mr. Milton, whom we all admire with ſo much juſtice, his ſubject is not that of an Heroic Poem, properly ſo called. His deſign is the loſing of our happineſs: his event is not proſperous, like that of all other Epic works: his heavenly machines are many, and human perſons are but two. But I will not take Mr. Rymer's work out of his hands: he has promiſed the world a Critique on that author; wherein, though he will not allow his Poem for Heroic, I hope he will grant us, that his thoughts are elevated, his words ſounding, and that no man has ſo happily copied the manner of Homer, or ſo copiouſly tranſlated his Græciſms, and the Latin elegancies of Virgil. It is true, he runs into a flat thought, ſometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he is got into a track of ſcripture: his antiquated words were his choice, not his neceſſity; for therein he imitated Spen-

ſer, as Spenſer imitated Chaucer. And though, perhaps the love of their maſters may have tranſported both too far, in the frequent uſe of them; yet, in my opinion, obſolete words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more ſounding, or more ſignificant, than thoſe in practice; and, when their obſcurity is taken away, by joining other words to them, which clear the ſenſe; according to the rule of Horace, for the admiſſion of new words. But in both caſes a moderation is to be obſerved in the uſe of them. For unneceſſary coinage, as well as unneceſſary revival, runs into affectation; a fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I juſtify Milton for this blank verſe, though I may excuſe him, by the example of Hannibal Caro, and other Italians, who have uſed it: for whatever cauſes he alledges for the aboliſhing of rhyme (which I have not now the leiſure to examine) his own particular reaſon is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the eaſe of doing it, nor the graces of it; which is manifeſt in his Juvenilia, or verſes written in his youth; where his rhyme is always conſtrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the ſoul is moſt pliant, and the paſſion of love makes almoſt every man a rhymer, though not a Poet.

By this time, my Lord, I doubt not but that you wonder, why I have run off from my bias ſo long together, and made ſo tedious a digreſſion from Satyr to Heroic Poetry. But, if you will not excuſe it, by the tattling quality of age, which, as Sir William Dave-

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nant ſays, is always narrative; yet I hope the uſefulneſs of what I have to ſay on this ſubject, will qualify the remoteneſs of it; and this is the laſt time I will commit the crime of prefaces, or trouble the world with my notions of any thing that relates to verſe. I have then, as you ſee, obſerved the failings of many great wits amongſt the moderns, who have attempted to write an Epic Poem: beſides theſe, or the like animadverſions of them or other men, there is yet a farther reaſon given, why they cannot poſſibly ſucceed ſo well as the ancients, even though we could allow them not to be inferior, either in genius or learning, or the tongue in which they write, or all thoſe other wonderful qualifications which are neceſſary to the forming of a true accompliſhed Heroic Poet. The fault is laid on our religion: they ſay, that Chriſtianity is not capable of thoſe embelliſhments which are afforded in the belief of thoſe ancient heathens.

And it is true, that in the ſevere notions of our faith, the fortitude of a Chriſtian conſiſts in patience and ſuffering, for the love of God, whatever hardſhips can befal in the world; not in any great attempts, or in performance of thoſe enterprizes which the Poets call Heroic; which are commonly the effects of intereſt, oſtentation, pride, and worldly honours. That humility and reſignation are our prime virtues; and that theſe include no action, but that of the ſoul: whereas, on the contrary, an Heroic Poem requires to its neceſſary deſign, and as its laſt perfection, ſome great action of war, the ac-

compliſhment of ſome extraordinary undertaking, which requires the ſtrength and vigour of the body, the duty of a ſoldier, the capacity and prudence of a general; and, in ſhort, as much, or more, of the active virtue, than the ſuffering. But to this, the anſwer is very obvious. God has placed us in our ſeveral ſtations; the virtues of a private Chriſtian are patience, obedience, ſubmiſſion, and the like; but thoſe of a magiſtrate, or general, or a king, are prudence, counſel, active fortitude, coërcive power, awful commands, and the exerciſe of magnanimity, as well as juſtice. So that this objection hinders not, but that an Epic Poem, or the Heroic action of ſome great commander, enterprized for the common good and honour of the Chriſtian cauſe, and executed happily, may be as well written now, as it was of old by the heathens; provided the Poet be endued with the ſame talents; and the language, though not of equal dignity, yet, as near approaching to it as our modern barbariſm will allow, which is all that can be expected from our own or any other now extant, though more refined; and therefore we are to reſt contented with that only inferiority, which is not poſſibly to be remedied.

I wiſh I could as eaſily remove that other difficulty which yet remains. It is objected by a great French critic, as well as an admirable poet, yet living, and whom I have mentioned with that honour which his merit exacts from me, I mean Boileau, That the machines of our Chriſtian religion, in heroic poetry, are much more feeble to ſupport the weight than thoſe of

Heathenism.

Heatheniſm. Their doctrine, grounded as it was on ridiculous fables, was yet the belief of the two victorious monarchies, the Grecian and Roman. Their Gods did not only intereſt themſelves in the event of wars (which is the effect of a ſuperior Providence); but alſo eſpouſed the ſeveral parties, in a viſible corporeal deſcent, managed their intrigues, and fought their battles ſometimes in oppoſition to each other: though Virgil (more diſcreet than Homer in that laſt particular) has contented himſelf with the partiality of his deities, their favours, their counſels, or commands, to thoſe whoſe cauſe they had eſpouſed; without bringing them to the outrageouſneſs of blows. Now our religion (ſays he) is deprived of the greateſt part of thoſe machines; at leaſt the moſt ſhining in epick poetry. Though St. Michael, in Arioſto, ſeeks out Diſcord, to ſend her among the pagans, and finds her in a convent of friars, where peace ſhould reign, which indeed is fine ſatire; and Satan, in Taſſo, excites Soliman to an attempt by night on the Chriſtian camp, and brings an hoſt of devils to his aſſiſtance; yet the arch-angel, in the former example, when Diſcord was reſtive, and would not be drawn from her beloved monaſtery with fair words, has the whip-hand of her, drags her out with many ſtripes, ſets her, on God's name, about her buſineſs; and makes her know the difference of ſtrength betwixt a nuncio of heaven, and a miniſter of hell: the ſame angel, in the latter inſtance from Taſſo (as if God had never another meſſenger belonging to the court, but was confined like Jupiter to Mercury, and

Juno

Juno to Iris) when he ſees his time, that is, when half of the Chriſtians are already killed, and all the reſt are in a fair way of being routed, ſtickles betwixt the remainders of God's hoſt, and the race of fiends; pulls the devils backwards by the tails, and drives them from their quarry; or otherwiſe the whole buſineſs had miſcarried, and Jeruſalem remained untaken. This, ſays Boileau, is a very unequal match for the poor devils, who are ſure to come by the worſt of it in the combat; for nothing is more eaſy, than for an Almighty Power to bring his old rebels to reaſon, when he pleaſes. Conſequently, what pleaſure, what entertainment, can be raiſed from ſo pitiful a machine, where we ſee the ſucceſs of the battle, from the very beginning of it; unleſs that, as we are Chriſtians, we are glad that we have gotten God on our ſide, to maul our enemies, when we cannot do the work ourſelves? For if the poet had given the faithful more courage, which had coſt him nothing, or at leaſt had made them exceed the Turks in number, then he might have gained the victory for us Chriſtians, without intereſting heaven in the quarrel; and that with as much eaſe, and as little credit to the conqueror, as when a party of one hundred ſoldiers defeats another, which conſiſts only of fifty.

This, my Lord, I confeſs, is ſuch an argument againſt our modern poetry, as cannot be anſwered by thoſe mediums which have been uſed. We cannot hitherto boaſt, that our religion has furniſhed us with any

any ſuch machines, as have made the ſtrength and beauty of the ancient buildings.

But what if I venture to advance an invention of my own, to ſupply the manifeſt defects of our new writers? I am ſufficiently ſenſible of my weakneſs; and it is not very probable that I ſhould ſucceed in ſuch a project, whereof I have not had the leaſt hint from any of my predeceſſors, the poets, or any of their ſeconds, and coadjutors, the criticks. Yet we ſee the art of war is improved in ſieges, and new inſtruments of death are invented daily: ſomething new in philoſophy and the mechanics is diſcovered almoſt every year: and the ſcience of former ages is improved by the ſucceeding. I will not detain you with a long preamble to that, which better judges will, perhaps, conclude to be little worth.

It is this, in ſhort, That Chriſtian poets have not hitherto been acquainted with their own ſtrength. If they had ſearched the Old Teſtament as they ought, they might there have found the machines which are proper for their work; and thoſe more certain in their effect, than it may be the New Teſtament is, in the rules ſufficient for ſalvation. The peruſing of one chapter in the Prophecy of Daniel, and accommodating what there they find, with the principles of Platonic Philoſophy, as it is now chriſtianized, would have the miniſtry of angels as ſtrong an engine, for the working up heroic poetry, in our religion, as that of the ancients has been to raiſe theirs by all the fables of their

gods,

gods, which were only received for truths by the moſt ignorant and weakeſt of the people.

It is a doctrine almoſt univerſally received by Chriſtians, as well proteſtants as catholicks, That there are guardian angels appointed by God Almighty as his vicegerents, for the protection and government of cities, provinces, kingdoms, and monarchies; and thoſe as well of heathens, as of true believers. All this is ſo plainly proved from thoſe texts of Daniel, that it admits of no farther controverſy. The prince of the Perſians, and that other of the Grecians, are granted to be the guardians and protecting miniſters of thoſe empires. It cannot be denied, that they were oppoſite, and reſiſted one another. St. Michael is mentioned by his name, as the patron of the Jews, and is now taken by the Chriſtians, as the protector-general of our religion. Theſe tutelar genii, who preſided over the ſeveral people and regions committed to their charge, were watchful over them for good, as far as their commiſſions could poſſibly extend. The general purpoſe, and deſign of all, was certainly the ſervice of their Great Creator. But it is an undoubted truth, that, for ends beſt known to the Almighty Majeſty of heaven; his providential deſigns for the benefit of his creatures, for the debaſing and puniſhing of ſome nations, and the exaltation and temporal reward of others, were not wholly known to theſe his miniſters; elſe why thoſe factious quarrels, controverſies, and battles, amongſt themſelves, when they were all united in the ſame deſign, *the ſervice* and honour of their common maſter?

But being inſtructed only in the general, and zealous of the main deſign; and, as finite beings, not admitted into the ſecrets of government, the laſt reſorts of Providence, or capable of diſcovering the final purpoſes of God, who can work good out of evil, as he pleaſes; and irreſiſtibly ſways all manner of events on earth, directing them finally for the beſt, to his creation in general, and to the ultimate end of his own glory in particular: they muſt of neceſſity be ſometimes ignorant of the means conducing to thoſe ends, in which alone they can jar and oppoſe each other. One angel, as we may ſuppoſe the prince of Perſia, as he is called, judging that it would be more for God's honour, and the benefit of his people, that the Median and Perſian monarchy, when delivered from the Babyloniſh captivity, ſhould ſtill be uppermoſt: and the patron of the Grecians, to whom the will of God might be more particularly revealed, contending on the other ſide, for the riſe of Alexander and his ſucceſſors, who were appointed to puniſh the backſliding Jews, and thereby to put them in mind of their offences, that they might repent, and become more virtuous, and more obſervient of the law revealed. But how far theſe controverſies and appearing enmities of thoſe glorious creatures may be carried; how theſe oppoſitions may beſt be managed, and by what means conducted, is not my buſineſs to ſhew or determine: theſe things muſt be left to the invention and judgment of the poet: if any of ſo happy a genius be now living, or any future age can produce a man, who, being converſant in the philoſophy

of Plato, as it is now accommodated to chriſtian uſe; for (as Virgil gives us to underſtand by his example) he is the only proper perſon, of all others, for an epick poem, who, to his natural endowments, of a large invention, a ripe judgment, and a ſtrong memory, has joined the knowledge of the liberal arts and ſciences, and particularly moral philoſophy, the mathematics, geography, and hiſtory, and with all theſe qualifications is born a poet; knows, and can practiſe, the variety of numbers, and is maſter of the language in which he writes; if ſuch a man, I ſay, be now ariſen, or ſhall ariſe, I am vain enough to think, that I have propoſed a model to him, by which he may build a nobler, a more beautiful, and more perfect poem, than any yet extant, ſince the ancients.

There is another part of theſe machines yet wanting; but, by what I have ſaid, it would have been eaſily ſupplied by a judicious writer. He could not have failed to add the oppoſition of ill ſpirits to the good; they have alſo their deſign, ever oppoſite to that of heaven; and this alone has hitherto been the practice of the moderns: but this imperfect ſyſtem, if I may call it ſuch, which I have given, will infinitely advance and carry farther that hypotheſis of the evil ſpirits contending with the good. For, being ſo much weaker ſince their fall than thoſe bleſſed beings, they are yet ſuppoſed to have a permitted power of God, of acting ill, as, from their own depraved nature, they have always the will of deſigning it. A great teſtimony of which we find in holy writ, when God Al-

mighty

mighty ſuffered Satan to appear in the holy ſynod of the angels (a thing not hitherto drawn into example by any of the poets), and alſo gave him power over all things belonging to his ſervant Job, excepting only life.

Now what theſe wicked ſpirits cannot compaſs by the vaſt diſproportion of their forces to thoſe of the ſuperior beings, they may by their fraud and cunning carry farther, in a ſeeming league, confederacy, or ſubſerviency to the deſigns of ſome good angel, as far as conſiſts with his purity, to ſuffer ſuch an aid, the end of which may poſſibly be diſguiſed, and concealed from his finite knowledge. This is indeed to ſuppoſe a great error in ſuch a being: yet ſince a devil can appear like an angel of light; ſince craft and malice may ſometimes blind for a while a more perfect underſtanding; and laſtly, ſince Milton has given us an example of the like nature, when Satan appearing like a cherub to Uriel, the intelligence of the ſun, circumvented him even in his own province, and paſſed only for a curious traveller through thoſe new-created regions, that he might obſerve therein the workmanſhip of God, and praiſe him in his works.

I know not why, upon the ſame ſuppoſition, or ſome other, a fiend may not deceive a creature of more excellency than himſelf, but yet a creature; at leaſt by the connivance, or tacit permiſſion, of the omniſcient Being.

Thus, my Lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your Lordſhip, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long labouring in my imagination, and

and what I had intended to have put in practice (though far unable for the attempt of such a poem); and to have left the ſtage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This too, I had intended chiefly for the honour of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged: of two ſubjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful, whether I ſhould chooſe that of king Arthur conquering the Saxons; which, being farther diſtant in time, gives the greater ſcope to my invention: or that of Edward the Black Prince, in ſubduing Spain, and reſtoring it to the lawful prince, though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel: which, for the compaſs of time, including only the expedition of one year; for the greatneſs of the action, and its anſwerable event; for the magnanimity of the Engliſh hero, oppoſed to the ingratitude of the perſon whom he reſtored; and for the many beautiful epiſodes which I had interwoven with the principal deſign, together with the characters of the chiefeſt Engliſh perſons; wherein, after Virgil and Spenſer, I would have taken occaſion to repreſent my living friends and patrons of the nobleſt families, and alſo ſhadowed the events of future ages, in the ſucceſſion of our Imperial lines: with theſe helps, and thoſe of the machines, which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as ſome of my predeceſſors: or at leaſt chalked out a way for others to ame a like deſign.

But, being enouraged by king
Charles II. my little ſ o proſpect

of a future ſubſiſtence, I was then diſcouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more inſufferable evil, through the change of times, has wholly diſenabled me. Though I muſt ever acknowledge, to the honour of your Lordſhip, and the eternal memory of your charity, that ſince this revolution, wherein I have patiently ſuffered the ruin of my ſmall fortune, and the loſs of that poor ſubſiſtence which I had from two kings, whom I had ſerved more faithfully than profitably to myſelf; then your Lrodſhip was pleaſed, out of no other motive but your own nobleneſs, without any deſert of mine, or the leaſt ſolicitation from me, to make me a moſt bountiful preſent, which, at that time, when I was moſt in want of it, came moſt ſeaſonably and unexpectedly to my relief. That favour my Lord, is of itſelf ſufficient to bind any grateful man to a perpetual acknowledgment, and to all the future ſervice, which one of my mean condition can ever be able to perform. May the Almighty God return it for me, both in bleſſing you here, and rewarding you hereafter. I muſt not preſume to defend the cauſe for which I now ſuffer, becauſe your Lordſhip is engaged againſt it: but the more you are ſo, the greater is my obligation to you: for your laying aſide all the conſiderations of factions and parties, to do an action of pure diſintereſted charity. This is one among many of your ſhiningſt qualities, which diſtinguiſh you from others of your rank: but let me add a farther truth, that without

theſe ties of gratitude, and abſtracting from them all, I have a moſt particular inclination to honour you; and, if it were not too bold an expreſſion, to ſay, I love you. It is no ſhame to be a Poet, though it is to be a bad one. Auguſtus Cæſar of old, and Cardinal Richlieu of late, would willingly have been ſuch; and David and Solomon were ſuch. You, who without flattery, are the beſt of the preſent age in England, and would have been ſo had you been born in any other country, will receive more honour in future ages, by that one excellency, than by all thoſe honours to which your birth has intitled you, or your merits have acquired you.

" Ne, forte, pudori
" Sit tibi muſa lyræ ſoleis, & cantor Apollo."

I have formerly ſaid in this epiſtle, that I could diſtinguiſh your writings from thoſe of any others: it is now time to clear myſelf from any imputation of ſelf-conceit on that ſubject. I aſſume not to myſelf any particular lights in this diſcovery; they are ſuch only as are obvious to every man of ſenſe and judgment, who loves Poetry, and underſtands it. Your thoughts are always ſo remote from the common way of thinking, that they are, as I may ſay, of another ſpecies than the conceptions of other Poets; yet, you go not out of Nature for any of them: gold is never bred upon the ſurface of the ground; but lies ſo hidden, and ſo deep, that the mines of it are ſeldom found; but the force of waters

caſts

caſts it out from the bowels of mountains, and expoſes it amongſt the ſands of rivers: giving us of her bounty, what we could not hope for by our ſearch. This ſucceſs attends your Lordſhip's thoughts, which would look like chance, if it were not perpetual, and always of the ſame tenor. If I grant that there is care in it, it is ſuch a care as would be ineffectual and fruitleſs in other men. It is the "curioſa felicitas" which Petronius aſcribes to Horace in his Odes. We have not wherewithal to imagine ſo ſtrongly, ſo juſtly, and ſo pleaſantly: in ſhort, if we have the ſame knowledge, we cannot draw out of it the ſame quinteſſence: we cannot give it ſuch a term, ſuch a propriety, and ſuch a beauty: ſomething is deficient in the manner, or the words, but more in the nobleneſs of our conception. Yet when you have finiſhed all, and it appears in its full luſtre, when the diamond is not only found, but the roughneſs ſmoothed, when it is cut into a form, and ſet in gold, then we cannot but acknowledge, that it is the perfect work of art and nature: and every one will be ſo vain, to think he himſelf could have performed the like, till he attempts it. It is juſt the deſcription that Horace makes of ſuch a finiſhed piece: it appears ſo eaſy, "Ut ſibi quivis ſpe-"ret idem; ſudet multum, fruſtraque laboret, au-"ſus idem." And beſides all this, it is your Lordſhip's particular talent to lay your thoughts ſo cloſe together, that were they cloſer they would be crouded, and even a due connection would be wanting. We are not kept in expectation of two good lines, which

are to come after a long parentheſis of twenty bad; which is the April-poetry of other writers; a mixture of rain and ſunſhine by fits; you are always bright, even almoſt to a fault, by reaſon of the exceſs. There is continual abundance, a magazine of thought, and yet a perpetual variety of entertainment; which creates ſuch an appetite in your reader, that he is not cloyed with any thing, but ſatisfied with all. It is that which the Romans call "Cæna dubia;" where there is ſuch plenty, yet, withal, ſo much diverſity and ſo good order, that the choice is difficult betwixt one excellency and another; and yet the concluſion, by a due climax, is evermore the beſt; that is, as a concluſion ought to be, ever the moſt proper for its place. See, my Lord, whether I have not ſtudied your Lordſhip with ſome application: and ſince you are ſo modeſt, that you will not be judge and party, I appeal to the whole world, if have not drawn your picture to a great degree of likeneſs, though it is but in miniature: and, that ſome of the beſt features are yet wanting. Yet, what I have done is enough to diſtinguiſh you from many others, which is the propoſition I took upon me to demonſtrate.

And now, my Lord, to apply what I have ſaid to my preſent buſineſs. The ſatires of Juvenal and Perſius appearing in this new Engliſh dreſs, cannot ſo properly be inſcribed to any man as to your Lordſhip, who are the firſt of the age in that way of writing. Your Lordſhip, amongſt many other favours, has given me your permiſſion for this addreſs; and you have particularly

ticularly encouraged me by your peruſal and approbation of the ſixth and tenth ſatires of Juvenal, as I have tranſlated them. My fellow-labourers have likewiſe commiſſioned me to perform in their behalf this office of a dedication to you; and will acknowledge with all poſſible reſpect and gratitude, your acceptance of their work. Some of them have the honour to be known to your Lordſhip already; and they who have not yet that happineſs, deſire it now. Be pleaſed to receive our common endeavours with your wonted candour, without intitling you to the protection of our common failings, in ſo difficult an undertaking. And allow me your patience, if it be not already tired with this long epiſtle, to give you, from the beſt authors, the origin, the antiquity, the growth, the change, and the compleatment of ſatire among the Romans. To deſcribe, if not define, the nature of that Poem, with its ſeveral qualifications and virtues, together with the ſeveral ſorts of it. To compare the excellencies of Horace, Perſius, and Juvenal, and ſhew the particular manners of their ſatires. And laſtly, to give an account of this new way of verſion which is attempted in our performance. All which, according to the weakneſs of my ability, and the beſt lights which I can get from others, ſhall be the ſubject of my following diſcourſe.

The moſt perfect work of Poetry, ſays our maſter Ariſtotle, is Tragedy. His reaſon is, becauſe it is the moſt united; being more ſeverely confined within the *rules of action*, time, and place. The action is entire,

of a piece, and one, without epiſodes: the time limited to a natural day; and the place circumſcribed at leaſt within the compaſs of one town or city. Being exactly proportioned thus, and uniform in all its parts, the mind is more capable of comprehending the whole beauty of it without diſtraction.

But after all theſe advantages, an Heroic Poem is certainly the greateſt work of human nature. The beauties and perfections of the other are but mechanical; thoſe of the Epic are more noble. Though Homer has limited his place to Troy and the fields about it; his action to forty-eight natural days, whereof twelve are holidays, or ceſſation from buſineſs, during the funerals of Patroclus. To proceed, the action of the Epic is greater: the extenſion of time enlarges the pleaſure of the reader, and the epiſodes give it more ornament, and more variety. The inſtruction is equal; but in the firſt is only inſtructive, the latter forms a hero and a prince.

If it ſignifies any thing which of them is of the more ancient family, the beſt and moſt abſolute Heroic Poem was written by Homer long before Tragedy was invented: but if we conſider the natural endowments, and acquired parts, which are neceſſary to make an accompliſhed writer in either kind, Tragedy requires a leſs and more confined knowledge: moderate learning, and obſervation of the rules is ſufficient, if a genius be not wanting. But in an Epick Poet, one who is worthy of that name, beſides an univerſal genius, *is required univerſal* learning, together with all thoſe qualities

qualities and acquiſitions which I have named above, and as many more as I have, through haſte or negligence, omitted. And after all, he muſt have exactly ſtudied Homer and Virgil as his patterns, Ariſtotle and Horace as his guides, and Vida and Boſſu as their commentators, with many others, both Italian and French critics, which I want leiſure here to recommend.

In a word, what I have to ſay in relation to this ſubject, which does not particularly concern ſatire, is, that the greatneſs of an Heroic Poem, beyond that of a Tragedy, may eaſily be diſcovered, by obſerving how few have attempted that work, in compariſon of thoſe who have written drama's; and of thoſe few, how ſmall a number have ſucceeded. But, leaving the critics on either ſide, to contend about the preference due to this or that ſort of Poetry; I will haſten to my preſent buſineſs, which is the antiquity and origin of ſatire, according to thoſe informations which I have received from the learned Caſaubon, Heinſius, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the Dauphin's Juvenal; to which I ſhall add ſome obſervations of my own.

There has been a long diſpute among the modern critics, whether the Romans derived their ſatire from the Grecians, or firſt invented it themſelves. Julius Scaliger, and Heinſius, are of the firſt opinion; Caſaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the publiſher of the Dauphin's Juvenal, maintain the latter. If we take *ſatire* in the general ſignification of the word, *as it is uſed in* all modern languages for an invective

it is certain that it is almoſt as old as verſe; and, though hymns, which are praiſes of God, may be allowed to have been before it, yet the defamation of others was not long after it. After God had curſed Adam and Eve in Paradiſe, the huſband and wife excuſed themſelves, by laying the blame on one another; and gave a beginning to thoſe conjugal dialogues in proſe, which the Poets have perfected in verſe. The third chapter of Job is one of the firſt inſtances of this Poem in Holy Scripture: unleſs we will take it higher, from the latter end of the ſecond; where his wife adviſes him to curſe his Maker.

The original, I confeſs, is not much to the honour of ſatire; but here it was nature, and that depraved! When it became an art, it bore better fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that ſcoffs and revilings are of the growth of all nations; and conſequently that neither the Greek Poets borrowed from other people their art of railing, neither needed the Romans to take it from them. But conſidering ſatire as a ſpecies of Poetry, here the war begins amongſt the Critics. Scaliger the father will have it deſcend from Greece to Rome; and derives the word Satire from Satyrus, that mixt kind of animal, or, as the ancients thought him, rural god, made up betwixt a man and a goat; with a human head, hooked noſe, powting lips, a bunch or ſtruma under the chin, pricked ears, and upright horns; the body ſhagged with hair, eſpecially from the waiſt, and ending in a *goat, with the* legs and feet of that creature. But

Caſaubon,

Caſaubon, and his followers, with reaſon, condemn this derivation; and prove that from Satyrus, the word *ſatira*, as it ſignifies a poem, cannot poſſibly deſcend. For *ſatira* is not properly a ſubſtantive, but an adjective; to which the word *lanx*, in Engliſh a charger, or large platter, is underſtood: ſo that the Greek poem, made according to the manner of a ſatyr, and expreſſing his qualities, muſt properly be called ſatyrical, and not ſatyr. And thus far it is allowed that the Grecians had ſuch poems; but that they were wholly different in ſpecies from that to which the Romans gave the name of ſatyr.

Ariſtotle divides all poetry, in relation to the progreſs of it, into nature without art, art begun, and art compleated. Mankind, even the moſt barbarous, have the ſeeds of poetry implanted in them. The firſt ſpecimen of it was certainly ſhewn in the praiſes of the Deity, and prayers to him: and as they are of natural obligation, ſo they are likewiſe of divine inſtitution. Which Milton obſerving, introduces Adam and Eve every morning adoring God in hymns and prayers. The firſt poetry was thus begun, in the wild notes of natural poetry, before the invention of feet and meaſures. The Grecians and Romans had no other original of their poetry. Feſtivals and holidays ſoon ſucceeded to private worſhip, and we need not doubt but they were enjoined by the true God to his own people; as they were afterwards imitated by the heathens; who by the light of reaſon knew they were to invoke ſome *ſuperior Being* in their neceſſities, and to thank him for

for his benefits. Thus the Grecian holidays were celebrated with offerings to Bacchus and Ceres, and other deities, to whoſe bounty they ſuppoſed they were owing for their corn and wine, and other helps of life. And the ancient Romans, Horace tells us, paid their thanks to mother Earth, or Veſta, to Silvanus, and their genius, in the ſame manner. But as all feſtivals have a double reaſon of their inſtitution; the firſt of religion, the other of recreation, for the unbending of our minds: ſo both the Grecians and Romans agreed, after their ſacrifices were performed, to ſpend the remainder of the day in ſports and merriments; amongſt which, ſongs and dances, and that which they called wit (for want of knowing better), were the chiefeſt entertainments. The Grecians had a notion of ſatires, whom I have already deſcribed; and taking them, and the Sileni, that is, the young ſatyrs and the old, for the tutors, attendants, and humble companions of their Bacchus, habited themſelves like thoſe rural deities, and imitated them in their ruſtic dances, to which they joined ſongs, with ſome ſort of rude harmony, but without certain numbers; and to theſe they added a kind of chorus.

The Romans alſo (as nature is the ſame in all places) though they knew nothing of thoſe Grecian demi-gods, nor had any communication with Greece, yet had certainly young men, who, at their feſtivals, danced and ſung after their uncouth manner, to a certain kind of verſe, which they called Saturnian: what it was, we have no certain light from antiquity to diſcover; but

we

we may conclude, that, like the Grecian, it was void of art, or at leaſt with very feeble beginnings of it. Theſe ancient Romans, at theſe holidays, which were a mixture of devotion and debauchery, had a cuſtom of reproaching each other with their faults, in a ſort of extempore poetry, or rather of tunable hobbling verſe; and they anſwered in the ſame kind of groſs raillery; their wit and their muſic being of a piece. The Grecians, ſays Caſaubon, had formerly done the ſame in the perſons of their petulant ſatyrs: but I am afraid he miſtakes the matter, and confounds the ſinging and dancing of the ſatyrs, with the ruſtical entertainments of the firſt Romans. The reaſon of my opinion is this; that Caſaubon, finding little light from antiquity, of theſe beginnings of poetry, amongſt the Grecians, but only theſe repreſentations of ſatyrs, who carried caniſters and cornucopias full of ſeveral fruits in their hands, and danced with them at their public feaſts: and afterwards reading Horace, who makes mention of his homely Romans jeſting at one another in the ſame kind of ſolemnities, might ſuppoſe thoſe wanton ſatyrs did the ſame. And eſpecially becauſe Horace poſſibly might ſeem to him to have ſhewn the original of all poetry in general, including the Grecians as well as Romans. Though it is plainly otherwiſe, that he only deſcribed the beginning, and firſt rudiments of poetry in his own country. The verſes are theſe, which he cites from the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book, which was written to Auguſtus:

"Agricolæ

" Agricolæ priſci, fortes, parvoque beati,
" Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto
" Corpus & ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem;
" Cum ſociis operum pueris, & conjuge fidâ,
" Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
" Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi:
" Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
" Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit."

Our brawny clowns of old, who turn'd the ſoil,
Content with little, and inur'd to toil,
At harveſt-home, with mirth and country-cheer
Reſtor'd their bodies for another year;
Refreſh'd their ſpirits, and renew'd their hope
Of ſuch a future feaſt, and future crop.
Then, with their fellow joggers of the ploughs,
Their little children, and their faithful ſpouſe,
A ſow they ſlew to Veſta's deity
And kindly milk, Silvanus, pour'd to thee.
With flowers, and wine, their genius they ador'd
A ſhort life, and a merry, was the word.
From flowing cups, defaming rhymes enſue,
And at each other homely taunts they threw.

Yet ſince it is a hard conjecture, that ſo great a m
as Caſaubon ſhould miſapply what Horace writ co
cerning ancient Rome, to the ceremonies and manne
of ancient Greece, I will not inſiſt on this opinion, b
rat eneral, that ſince all poetry had
n, that of the Grecians and R
inning: both were invented
feſti

feſtivals of thankſgiving: and both were proſecuted with mirth and raillery, and rudiments of verſe: amongſt the Greeks, by thoſe who repreſented ſatyrs; and amongſt the Romans by real clowns.

For, indeed, when I am reading Caſaubon on theſe two ſubjects, methinks I hear the ſame ſtory told twice over with very little alteration. Of which Dacier taking notice in his interpretation of the Latin verſes which I have tranſlated, ſays plainly, that the beginning of poetry was the ſame, with a ſmall variety, in both countries: and that the mother of it, in all nations, was devotion. But what is yet more wonderful, that moſt learned critick takes notice alſo, in his illuſtrations on the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book, that as the poetry of the Romans, and that of the Grecians, had the ſame beginning, at feaſts of thankſgiving, as it has been obſerved: and the old comedy of the Greeks which was invective, and the ſatire of the Romans which was of the ſame nature, were begun on the very ſame occaſion, ſo the fortune of both, in proceſs of time, was juſt the ſame; the old comedy of the Grecians was forbidden, for its too much licence in expoſing of particular perſons, and the rude ſatire of the Romans was alſo puniſhed by a law of the Decemviri, as Horace tells us, in theſe words:

" Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
" Luſit amabiliter, donec jam ſævus apertam
" In rabiem verti cœpit jocus; & per honeſtas
" Ire domos impune minax: doluere cruento
" Dente laceſſiti; fuit intactis quoque cura

" Con-

" Conditione ſuper communi: quinetiam lex,
" Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollit carmine quemquam
" Deſcribi, vertere modum formidine fuſtis;
" Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti."

The law of the Decemviri was this; " Siquis occen-
" taſſit malum carum, ſive condidiſit, quod infamiam
" faxit, flagitiumve alteri, capital eſto." A ſtrange likeneſs, and barely poſſible: but the critics being all of the ſame opinion, it becomes me to be ſilent, and to ſubmit to better judgments than my own.

But to return to the Grecians, from whoſe ſatiric drama's, the elder Scaliger and Heinſius will have the Roman ſatire to proceed; I am to take a view of them firſt, and ſee if there be any ſuch deſcent from them as thoſe authors have pretended.

Theſpis, or whoſoever he were that invented Tragedy, (for authors differ) mingled with them a chorus and dancers of ſatyrs, which had been uſed in the celebration of their feſtivals; and there they were ever afterwards retained. The character of them was alſo kept, which was mirth and wantonneſs: and this was given, I ſuppoſe, to the folly of the common audience, who ſoon grow weary of good ſenſe; and, as we daily ſee, in our own age and country, are apt to forſake poetry, and ſtill ready to return to buffoonry and farce. From hence it came, that the Olympic Games, where the poets contended for four prizes, the ſatirique tragedy was the laſt of them; for, in the reſt, the ſatyrs were excluded from the chorus. Among the plays of

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Euripides which are yet remaining, there is one of theſe ſatiriques, which is called the Cyclops; in which we may ſee the nature of thoſe poems, and from thence conclude what likeneſs they have to the Roman ſatire.

The ſtory of this Cyclops, whoſe name was Polyphemus, ſo famous in the Grecian fables, was, that Ulyſſes, who, with his company, was driven on the coaſt of Sicily, where thoſe Cyclops inhabited, coming to aſk relief from Silenus, and the ſatyrs, who were herdſmen to that one-ey'd giant, was kindly received by them, and entertained; till, being perceived by Polyphemus, they were made priſoners againſt the rites of hoſpitality, for which Ulyſſes eloquently pleaded; were afterwards put down in the den, and ſome of them devoured; after which, Ulyſſes, having made him drunk, when he was aſleep, thruſt a great firebrand into his eye; and ſo revenging his dead followers, eſcaped with the remaining party of the living; and Silenus, and the ſatyrs, were freed from their ſervitude under Polyphemus, and remitted to their firſt liberty of attending and accompanying their patron Bacchus.

This was the ſubject of the tragedy; which being one of thoſe that end with a happy event, is therefore by Ariſtotle judged below the other ſort, whoſe ſucceſs is unfortunate. Notwithſtanding which, the ſatyrs, who were part of the "dramatis perſonæ," as well as the whole chorus, were properly introduced into the nature of the poem, which is mixed of farce and tragedy. The adventure of Ulyſſes was to entertain

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the judging part of the audience, and the uncouth perſons of Silenus, and the ſatyrs, to divert the common people with their groſs railleries.

Your Lordſhip has perceived by this time, that this ſatyric tragedy, and the Roman ſatire, have little reſemblances in any other features. The very kinds are different: for what has a paſtoral tragedy to do with a paper of verſes ſatirically written? The character and raillery of the ſatyrs, is the only thing that could pretend to a likeneſs: were Scaliger and Heinſius alive to maintain their opinion. And the firſt farces of the Romans, which were the rudiments of their poetry, were written before they had any communication with the Greeks; or, indeed, any knowledge of that people.

And here it will be proper to give the definition of the Greek ſatiric poem, from Caſaubon, before I leave this ſubject. The ſatiric, ſays he, is a dramatic poem, annexed to a tragedy; having a chorus, which conſiſts of ſatyrs: the perſons repreſented in it, are illuſtrious men: the action of it is great; the ſtyle is partly ſerious, and partly jocular; and the event of the action moſt commonly is happy.

The Grecians, beſides theſe ſatiric tragedies, had another kind of poem, which they called Silli; which were more of kin to the Roman ſatire: thoſe Silli were indeed invective poems, but of a different ſpecies from the Roman poems of Ennius, Pacuvius, Lucilius, Horace, and the reſt of their ſucceſſors. They were ſo called, ſays Caſaubon in one place, from Silenus, the *foſter-father* to Bacchus; but in another place, bethink-

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ing himſelf better, he derives their name ἀπὸ τῆ σιλλαίνειν, from their ſcoffing and petulancy. From ſome fragments of the Silli, written by Timon, we may find, that they were Satiric Poems, full of parodies; that is, of verſes patched up from great Poets, and turned into another ſenſe than their author intended them. Such among the Romans is the famous Cento of Auſonius, where the words are Virgil's: but by applying them to another ſenſe, they are made the relation of a wedding-night; and the act of conſummation fulſomely deſcribed in the very words of the moſt modeſt amongſt all Poets. Of the ſame manner are our ſongs, which are turned into burleſque, and the ſerious words of the author perverted into a ridiculous meaning. Thus in Timon's Silli, the words are generally thoſe of Homer, and the Tragic Poets; but he applies them ſatirically to ſome cuſtoms and kinds of philoſophy, which he arraigns. But the Romans not uſing any of theſe parodies in their ſatires; ſometimes, indeed, repeating verſes of other men, as Perſius cites ſome of Nero's; but not turning them into another meaning, the Silli cannot be ſuppoſed to be the original of Roman ſatire. To theſe Silli, conſiſting of parodies, we may properly add the ſatires which were written againſt particular perſons; ſuch as were the iambiques of Archilochus againſt Lycambes, which Horace undoubtedly imitated in ſome of his odes and epodes, whoſe titles bear a ſufficient witneſs of it: I might alſo name the invective of Ovid againſt Ibis, and many others: but theſe are the under-wood of ſatire, rather than the timber-

timber-tree; they are not a general extenſion, as reaching only to ſome individual perſon. And Horace ſeems to have purged himſelf from thoſe ſplenetic reflections in thoſe odes and epodes, before he undertook the noble work of ſatires, which were properly ſo called.

Thus, my Lord, I have at length diſengaged myſelf from thoſe antiquities of Greece; and have proved, I hope, from the beſt Critics, that the Roman ſatire was not borrowed from thence, but of their own manufacture: I am now almoſt gotten into my depth; at leaſt by the help of Dacier I am ſwimming towards it. Not that I will promiſe always to follow him, any more than he follows Caſaubon; but to keep him in my eye, as my beſt and trueſt guide; and where I think he may poſſibly miſlead me, there to have recourſe to my own lights, as I expect that others ſhould do by me.

Quintilian ſays, in plain words, "Satira quidem "tota noſtra eſt:" and Horace has ſaid the ſame thing before him, ſpeaking of his predeceſſor in that ſort of Poetry, "Et Græcis intacti carminis author." Nothing can be clearer than the opinion of the Poet, and the Orator, both the beſt Critics of the two beſt ages of the Roman empire, than that ſatire was wholly of Latin growth, and not tranſplanted from Athens to Rome. Yet, as I have ſaid, Scaliger the father, according to his cuſtom; that is, inſolently enough contradicts them both; and gives no better reaſon *than the* derivation of Satyrus from σαθὺς, *ſalacita*

citas; and ſo, from the letchery of thoſe fauns, thinks he has ſufficiently proved, that ſatire is derived from them. As if wantonneſs and lubricity were eſſential to that ſort of Poem, which ought to be avoided in it. His other allegation, which I have already mentioned, is as pitiful: that the ſatyrs carried platters and caniſters full of fruit, in their hands. If they had entered empty-handed, had they been ever the leſs ſatyrs? Or were the fruits and flowers, which they offered, any thing of kin to ſatire? Or any argument that this Poem was originally Grecian? Caſaubon judged better, and his opinion is grounded on ſure authority, that ſatire was derived from *ſatura*, a Roman word, which ſignifies full, and abundant, and full alſo of variety, in which nothing is wanting in its due perfection. It is thus, ſays Dacier, that we lay a full colour, when the wool has taken the whole tincture, and drunk in as much of the dye as it can receive. According to this derivation from *ſatur*, comes *ſatura*, or *ſatyra*, according to the new ſpelling; as *optumus* and *maxumus* are now ſpelled *optimus* and *maximus*. *Satura*, as I have formerly noted, is an adjective, and relates to the word *lanx*, which is underſtood. And this *lanx*, in Engliſh, a charger, or large platter, was yearly filled with all ſorts of fruits, which were offered to the gods at their feſtivals, as the premices, or firſt-gatherings. Theſe offerings of ſeveral ſorts thus mingled, it is true, were not known to the Grecians, who called them πανκάρπου θυσίαν, a ſacrifice of all ſorts of fruits;

and *παντσπμίαν*, when they offered all kinds of grain. Virgil has mentioned theſe ſacrifices in his Georgiques.

" Lancibus & pandis fumantia reddimus exta."

And in another place, " Lanceſque & liba feremus :" that is, we offer the ſmoaking entrails in great platters, and we will offer the chargers and the cakes.

This word *ſatura* has been afterwards applied to many other ſorts of mixtures; as Feſtus calls it a kind of olla, or hotchpotch, made of ſeveral ſorts of meats. Laws were alſo called *leges ſaturæ*, when they were of ſeveral heads and titles; like our tacked bills of parliament. And *per ſaturam legem ferre*, in the Roman ſenate, was to carry a law without telling the ſenators, or counting voices, when they were in haſte. Salluſt uſes the word *per ſaturam ſententias exquirere*; when the majority was viſibly on one ſide. From hence it might probably be conjectured, that the diſcourſes or ſatires of Ennius Lucilius, and Horace, as we now call them, took their name; becauſe they are full of various matters, and are alſo written on various ſubjects, as Porphyrius ſays. But Dacier affirms, that it is not immediately from thence that theſe ſatires are ſo called: for that name had been uſed formerly for other things, which bore a nearer reſemblance to thoſe diſcourſes of Horace. In explaining of which (continues Dacier) a method is to be purſued, of which Caſaubon himſelf has never thought, and which will put all things into ſo clear a light, that no farther *room* will be left for the leaſt diſpute.

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During the ſpace of almoſt four hundred years, ſince the building of their city, the Romans had never known any entertainments of the ſtate: chance and jollity firſt found out thoſe verſes which they called Saturnian, and Feſcennine: or rather human nature, which is inclined to Poetry, firſt produced them, rude and barbarous, and unpoliſhed, as all other operations of the ſoul are in their beginnings; before they are cultivated with art and ſtudy. However, in occaſions of merriment they were firſt practiſed; and this rough caſt unhewn poetry was inſtead of ſtage-plays, for the ſpace one hundred and twenty years together. They were made *extempore*, and were, as the French call them, *impromptus*; for which the Tarſians of old were much renowned; and we ſee the daily examples of them in the Italian farces of Harlequin and Scaramucha. Such was the poetry of that ſalvage people, before it was turned into numbers, and the harmony of verſe. Little of the Saturnian verſes is now remaining; we only know from authors, that they were nearer proſe than poetry, without feet or meaſure. They were ἐῤῥυθμοι, but not ἔμμετροι: perhaps they might be uſed in the ſolemn part of their ceremonies; and the Feſcennine, which were invented after them, in their afternoon's debauchery, becauſe they were ſcoffing and obſcene.

The Feſcennine and Saturnian were the ſame; for as they were called Saturnian from their ancientneſs, when Saturn reigned in Italy; they were alſo called Feſcennine, from Feſcennina, a town in the ſame country, where they were firſt practiſed. The actors, with

a groſs and ruſtic kind of raillery, reproached each other with their failing; and at the ſame time were nothing ſparing of it to their audience. Somewhat of this cuſtom was afterwards retained in their Saturnalia, or feaſts of Saturn, celebrated in December; at leaſt all kind of freedom in ſpeech was then allowed to ſlaves, even againſt their maſters; and we are not without ſome imitation of it in our Chriſtmas gambols. Soldiers alſo uſed thoſe Feſcennine verſes, after meaſure and numbers had been added to them, at the triumph of their generals: of which we have an example, in the triumph of Julius Cæſar over Gaul, in theſe expreſſions: "Cæſar Gallias "ſubegit, Nicomedes Cæſarem: ecce Cæſar nunc tri-"umphat, qui ſubegit Gallias; Nicomedes non trium-"phat, qui ſubegit Cæſarem." The vapours of wine made the firſt ſatirical poets amongſt the Romans; which, ſays Dacier, we cannot better repreſent, than by imagining a company of clowns on a holiday, dancing lubberly, and upbraiding one another in *extempore* doggrel, with their defects and vices, and the ſtories that were told of them in bake-houſes and barbers-ſhops.

When they began to be ſomewhat better bred, and were entering, as I may ſay, into the firſt rudiments of civil converſation, they left theſe hedge-notes, for another ſort of poem, ſomewhat poliſhed, which was alſo full of pleaſant raillery, but without any mixture of obſcenity. This ſort of poetry appeared under the name of ſatire, becauſe of its variety: and this ſatire was adorned with compoſitions of muſic, and with dances;

dances; but laſcivious poſtures were baniſhed from it. In the Tuſcan language, ſays Livy, the word *biſter* ſignifies a player: and therefore thoſe actors, which were firſt brought from Etruria to Rome, on occaſion of a peſtilence; when the Romans were admoniſhed to avert the anger of the gods by plays, in the year ab Urbe Condita CCCXC: thoſe actors, I ſay, were therefore called *biſtriones*: and that name has ſince remained, not only to actors Roman born, but to all others of every nation. They played not the former extempore ſtuff of Feſcennine verſes, or clowniſh jeſts; but what they acted was a kind of civil cleanly farce, with muſic and dances, and motions that were proper to the ſubject.

In this condition Livius Andronicus found the ſtage, when he attempted firſt, inſtead of farces, to ſupply it with a nobler entertainment of tragedies and comedies. This man was a Grecian born, and being made a ſlave by Livius Salinator, and brought to Rome, had the education of his patron's children committed to him. Which truſt he diſcharged ſo much to the ſatisfaction of his maſter, that he gave him his liberty.

Andronicus, thus become a freeman of Rome, added to his own name that of Livius his maſter; and, as I obſerved, was the firſt author of a regular play in that commonwealth. Being already inſtructed, in his native country, in the manners and decencies of the Athenian theatre, and converſant in the *Archæa commœdia*, or old comedy of Ariſtophanes, and the reſt of the Grecian poets; he took from that model his

own deſigning of plays for the Roman ſtage. The firſt of which was repreſented in the year CCCCCXIV ſince the building of Rome, as Tully, from the commentaries of Atticus, has aſſured us: it was after the end of the firſt Punic war, the year before Ennius was born. Dacier has not carried the matter altogether thus far; he only ſays, that one Livius Andronicus was the firſt ſtage-poet at Rome: but I will adventure on this hint, to advance another propoſition, which I hope the learned will approve. And though we have not any thing of Andronicus remaining to juſtify my conjecture, yet it is exceeding probable, that having read the works of thoſe Grecian wits, his country-men, he imitated not only the ground-work, but alſo the manner of their writing. And how grave ſoever his tragedies might be, yet in his comedies he expreſſed the way of Ariſtophanes, Eupolis, and the reſt, which was to call ſome perſons by their own names, and to expoſe their defects to the laughter of the people. The examples of which we have in the fore-mentioned Ariſtophanes, who turned the wiſe Socrates into ridicule; and is alſo very free with the management of Cleon, Alcibiades, and other miniſters of the Athenian government. Now if this be granted, we may eaſily ſuppoſe, that the firſt hint of ſatirical plays on the Roman ſtage, was given by the Greeks. Not from the Satyrica, for that has been reaſonably exploded in the former part of this diſcourſe: but from their old comedy, which was imitated firſt by Livius Andronicus. And then Quintilian and Horace muſt

be cautiouſly interpreted, where they affirm, that ſatire is wholly Roman; and a ſort of verſe, which was not touched on by the Grecians. The reconcilement of my opinion to the ſtandard of their judgment, is not, however, very difficult, ſince they ſpake of ſatire, not as in its firſt elements, but as it was formed into a ſeperate work; begun by Ennius, purſued by Lucilius, and compleated afterwards by Horace. The proof depends only on this poſtulatum: that the comedies of Andronicus, which were imitations of the Greek, were alſo imitations of their railleries, and reflections on particular perſons. For if this be granted me, which is a moſt probable ſuppoſition, it is eaſy to infer, that the firſt light which was given to the Roman theatrical ſatire, was from the plays of Livius Andronicus. Which will be more manifeſtly diſcovered, when I come to ſpeak of Ennius. In the mean time I will return to Dacier.

The people, ſays he, ran in crowds to theſe new entertainments of Andronicus, as to pieces which were more noble in their kind, and more perfect than their former ſatires, which for ſome time they neglected and abandoned. But not long after, they took them up again, and then they joined them to their comedies: playing them at the end of every drama; as the French continue at this day to act their farces; in the nature of a ſeparate entertainment from their tragedies. But more particularly they were joined to the Attellane fables, ſays Caſaubon; which were plays invented by the Oſci. Thoſe fables, ſays Valerius Maximus, out of Livy, were

were tempered with the Italian ſeverity, and free from any note of infamy or obſceneneſs; and, as an old commentator on Juvenal affirms, the Exodiarii, which were ſingers and dancers, entered to entertain the people with light ſongs, and mimical geſtures, that they might not go away oppreſſed with melancholy, from thoſe ſerious pieces of the theatre. So that the ancient ſatire of the Romans was in extemporary reproaches: the next was farce, which was brought from Tuſcany: to that ſucceeded the plays of Andronicus, from the old comedy of the Grecians: and out of all theſe, ſprung two ſeveral branches of new Roman ſatire; like different cyons from the ſame root: which I ſhall prove with as much brevity as the ſubject will allow.

A year after Andronicus had opened the Roman ſtage with his new dramas, Ennius was born; who, when he was grown to man's eſtate, having ſeriouſly conſidered the genius of the people, and how eagerly they followed the firſt ſatires, thought it would be worth his pains to refine upon the project, and to write ſatires, not to be acted on the theatre, but read. He preſerved the ground-work of their pleaſantry, their venom, and their raillery on particular perſons, and general vices: and by this means, avoiding the danger of any ill ſucceſs, in a public repreſentation, he hoped to be as well received in the cabinet as Andronicus had been upon the ſtage. The event was anſwerable to his expectation. He made diſcourſes in ſeveral ſorts of verſe, *varied often* in the ſame paper; retaining ſtill in the title

title their original name of ſatire. Both in relation to the ſubjects, and the variety of matters contained in them, the ſatires of Horace are entirely like them; only Ennius, as I ſaid, confines not himſelf to one ſort of verſe, as Horace does; but, taking example from the Greeks, and even from Homer himſelf in his Margites, which is a kind of ſatire, as Scaliger obſerves, gives himſelf the licence, when one ſort of numbers comes not eaſily, to run into another, as his fancy dictates. For he makes no difficulty to mingle hexameter with iambick tremeters; or with trochaick tetrameters; as appears by thoſe fragments which are yet remaining of him: Horace has thought him worthy to be copied; inſerting many things of his into his own ſatires, as Virgil has done in his Æneid.

Here we have Dacier making out that Ennius was the firſt ſatiriſt in that way of writing, which was of his invention; that is, ſatire abſtracted from the ſtage, and new modelled into papers of verſe, on ſeveral ſubjects. But he will have Ennius take the ground-work of ſatire from the firſt farces of the Romans, rather than from the formed plays of Livius Andronicus, which were copied from the Grecian comedies. It may poſſibly be ſo; but Dacier knows no more of it than I do. And it ſeems to me the more probable opinion, that he rather imitated the fine railleries of the Greeks, which he ſaw in the pieces of Andronicus, than the coarſeneſs of all his old countrymen, in their clowniſh extemporary way of jeering.

But, beſides this, it is univerſally granted, that Ennius, though an Italian, was excellently learned in the Greek language. His verſes were ſtuffed with fragments of it, even to a fault: and he himſelf believed, according to the Pythagorean opinion, that the ſoul of Homer was transfuſed into him: which Perſius obſerves, in his ſixth ſatire: "poſtquam deſtertuit eſſe "Mæonides." But this being only the private opinion of ſo inconſiderable a man as I am, I leave it to the farther diſquiſition of the critics, if they think it worth their notice. Moſt evident it is, that whether he imitated the Roman farce, or the Greek comedies, he is to be acknowledged for the firſt author of Roman ſatire, as it is properly ſo called, and diſtinguiſhed from any ſort of ſtage-play.

Of Pacuvius, who ſucceeded him, there is little to be ſaid, becauſe there is ſo little remaining of him: only that he is taken to be the nephew of Ennius, his ſiſter's ſon; that in probability he was inſtructed by his uncle, in his way of ſatire, which we are told he has copied; but what advances he made, we know not.

Lucilius came into the world, when Pacuvius flouriſhed moſt; he alſo made ſatires after the manner of Ennius, but he gave them a more graceful turn; and endeavoured to imitate more cloſely the Vetus Comœda of the Greeks: of the which the old original Roman ſatire had no idea, till the time of Livius Andronicus. And though Horace ſeems to have made Lucilius the *firſt author* of ſatire in verſe amongſt the Romans, in

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theſe words, "Quid cum eſt Lucilius auſus primus in "hunc operis componere carmina morem:" he is only thus to be underſtood, that Lucilius had given a more graceful turn to the ſatire of Ennius and Pacuvius; not that he invented a new ſatire of his own: and Quintilian ſeems to explain this paſſage of Horace, in theſe words: "Satira quidem tota noſtra eſt, in qua "primus inſignem laudem adeptus eſt Lucilius."

Thus, both Horace and Quintilian give a kind of primacy of honour to Lucilius, amongſt the Latin ſatiriſts. For as the Roman language grew more refined, ſo much more capable it was of receiving the Grecian beauties in his time: Horace and Quintilian could mean no more, than that Lucilius writ better than Ennius and Pacuvius: and on the ſame account we prefer Horace to Lucilius: both of them imitated the old Greek comedy; and ſo did Ennnius and Pacuvius before them. The poliſhing of the Latin tongue, in the ſucceſſion of times, made the only difference. And Horace himſelf, in two of his ſatires, written purpoſely on this ſubject, thinks the Romans of his age were too partial in their commendations of Lucilius; who writ not only looſely, and muddily, with little art, and much leſs care, but alſo in a time when the Latin tongue was not yet ſufficiently purged from the dregs of barbariſm; and many ſignificant and ſounding words, which the Romans wanted, were not admitted even in the times of Lucretius and Cicero, of which both complain.

But,

But, to proceed, Dacier juſtly taxes Caſaubon, ſaying, that the ſatires of Lucilius were wholly different in ſpecie, from thoſe of Ennius and Pacuvius. Caſaubon was led into that miſtake by Diomedes the grammarian, who in effect ſays this: ſatire, among the Romans, but not among the Greeks, was a biting invective poem, made after the model of the ancient comedy, for the reprehenſion of vices: ſuch as were the poems of Lucilius, of Horace, and of Perſius. But in former times, the name of ſatire was given to poems, which were compoſed of ſeveral ſorts of verſes: ſuch as were made by Ennius and Pacuvius: more fully expreſſing the etymology of the word ſatire, from *ſatura*, which we have obſerved. Here it is manifeſt, that Diomedes makes a ſpecifical diſtinction betwixt the ſatires of Ennius and thoſe of Lucilius. But this, as we ſay in Engliſh, is only a diſtinction, without a difference; for the reaſon of it is ridiculous, and abſolutely falſe. This was that which cozened honeſt Caſaubon, who, relying on Diomedes, had not ſufficiently examined the origin and nature of thoſe two ſatires: which were entirely the ſame, both in the matter and the form. For all that Lucilius performed beyond his predeceſſors, Ennius and Pacuvius, was only the adding of more politeneſs, and more ſalt; without any change in the ſubſtance of the poem: and though Lucilius put not together in the ſame ſatire ſeveral ſorts of verſes, as Ennius did; yet he compoſed ſeveral ſatires, of ſeveral ſorts of verſes, and mingled them with Greek verſes: *one poem* conſiſted only of hexameters; and another

was entirely of iambicks; a third of trochaicks; as is viſible, by the fragments yet remaining of his works. In ſhort, if the ſatires of Lucilius are therefore ſaid to be wholly different from thoſe of Ennius, becauſe he added much more of beauty and poliſhing to his own poems, than are to be found in thoſe before him; it will follow from hence, that the ſatires of Horace are wholly different from thoſe of Lucilius, becauſe Horace has not leſs ſurpaſſed Lucilius in the elegancy of his writing, than Lucilius ſurpaſſed Ennius in the turn and ornament of his. This paſſage of Diomedes has alſo drawn Douſa, the ſon, into the ſame error of Caſaubon, which I ſay, not to expoſe the little failings of thoſe judicious men, but only to make it appear, with how much diffidence and caution we are to read their works; when they treat a ſubject of ſo much obſcurity, and ſo very ancient, as is this of ſatire.

Having thus brought down the hiſtory of ſatire from its original, to the times of Horace, and ſhewn the ſeveral changes of it; I ſhould here diſcover ſome of thoſe graces which Horace added to it, but that I think it will be more proper to defer that undertaking, till I make the compariſon betwixt him and Juvenal. In the mean while, following the order of time, it will be neceſſary to ſay ſomewhat of another kind of ſatire, which alſo was deſcended from the ancients: it is that which we call the Varronian ſatire, but which Varro himſelf calls the Menippean; becauſe Varro, the moſt learned of the Romans, was the firſt author of it, who imitated,

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in his works, the manner of Menippus, the Gadarenian, who profeſſed the philoſophy of the Cynics.

This ſort of ſatire was not only compoſed of ſeveral ſorts of verſe, like thoſe of Ennius, but was alſo mixed with proſe; and Greek was ſprinkled amongſt the Latin. Quintilian, after he had ſpoken of the ſatire of Lucilius, adds what follows; "There is "another and former kind of ſatire, compoſed by "Terentius Varro, the moſt learned of the Romans: "in which he was not ſatisfied alone with mingling in "it ſeveral ſorts of verſe." The only difficulty of this paſſage is, that Quintilian tells us, that this ſatire of Varro was of a former kind. For how can we poſſibly imagine this to be, ſince Varro, who was contemporary to Cicero, but muſt conſequently be after Lucilius? Quintilian meant not, that the ſatire of Varro was in order of time before Lucilius; he would only give us to underſtand, that the Varronian ſatire, with mixture of ſeveral ſorts of verſes, was more after the manner of Ennius and Pacuvius, than that of Lucilius, who was more ſevere, and more correct; and gave himſelf leſs liberty in the mixture of his verſes, in the ſame poem.

We have nothing remaining of thoſe Varronian ſatires, excepting ſome inconſiderable fragments, and thoſe for the moſt part much corrupted. The titles of many of them are indeed preſerved, and they are generally double: from whence, at leaſt, we may underſtand, how many various ſubjects were treated by that author. Tully, in his Academics, introduces Varro himſelf,

giving

giving us ſome light concerning the ſcope and deſign of thoſe works. Wherein, after he had ſhewn his reaſons why he did not *ex profeſſo* write of philoſophy, he adds what follows. Notwithſtanding, ſays he, that thoſe pieces of mine, wherein I have imitated Menippus, though I have not tranſlated him, are ſprinkled with a kind of mirth and gaiety: yet many things are there inſerted, which are drawn from the very intrails of philoſophy, and many things ſeverely argued: which I have mingled with pleaſantries on purpoſe that they may more eaſily go down with the common ſort of unlearned readers. The reſt of the ſentence is ſo lame, that we can only make thus much out of it; that in the compoſition of his ſatires, he ſo tempered philology with philoſophy, that his work was a mixture of them both. And Tully himſelf confirms us in this opinion; when a little after he addreſſes himſelf to Varro in theſe words: "And you yourſelf have compoſed a moſt elegant and complete "poem; you have begun philoſophy in many places: "ſufficient to incite us, though too little to inſtruct "us." Thus it appears, that Varro was one of thoſe writers whom they called σπουδογελοῖοι, ſtudious of laughter; and that, as learned as he was, his buſineſs was more to divert his reader, than to teach him. And he intitled his own ſatires Menippean: not that Menippus had written any ſatires (for his were either dialogues or epiſtles), but that Varro imitated his ſtyle, his manner, his facetiouſneſs. All that we know farther of Menippus and his writings, which are wholly loſt, is, that by ſome he is eſteemed, as,

amongſt the reſt, by Varro: by others he is noted of Cynical impudence, and obſcenity: that he was much given to thoſe parodies, which I have already mentioned; that is, he often quoted the verſes of Homer and the Tragic Poets, and turned their ſerious meaning into ſomething that was ridiculous; whereas Varro's ſatires are by Tully called abſolute, and moſt elegant, and various poems. Lucian, who was emulous of this Menippus, ſeems to have imitated both his manners and his ſtile in many of his dialogues; where Menippus himſelf is often introduced as a ſpeaker in them, and as a perpetual buffoon: particularly his character is expreſſed in the beginning of that dialogue, which is called Νεκυομαντία. But Varro, in imitating him, avoids his impudence and filthineſs, and only expreſſes his witty pleaſantry.

This we may believe for certain, that as his ſubjects were various, ſo moſt of them were tales or ſtories of his own invention. Which is alſo manifeſt from antiquity, by thoſe authors who are acknowledged to have written Varronian ſatires, in imitation of his: of whom the chief is Petronius Arbiter, whoſe ſatire, they ſay, is now printed in Holland, wholly recovered, and made complete: when it is made public, it will eaſily be ſeen by any one ſentence, whether it be ſuppoſititious, or genuine. Many of Lucian's dialogues may alſo be properly called Varronian ſatires; particularly his True Hiſtory: and conſequently the Golden Aſs of Apuleius, which is *taken from him.* Of the ſame ſtamp is the Mock Deification *of Claudius,* by Seneca: and the Sympoſium, or

Cæſars

Cæſars of Julian the Emperor. Amongſt the moderns we may reckon the Encomium Moriæ of Eraſmus, Barclay's Euphormio, and a volume of German authors, which my ingenious friend Mr. Charles Killigrew once lent me. In the Engliſh I remember none, which are mixed with proſe, as Varro's were: but of the ſame kind is Mother Hubbard's Tale in Spenſer; and (if it be not too vain to mention any thing of my own) the poems of Abſalom and Mac Flecno.

This is what I have to ſay in general of ſatire: only, as Dacier has obſerved before me, we may take notice, that the word Satire is of a more general ſignification in Latin, than in French, or Engliſh. For amongſt the Romans it was not only uſed for thoſe diſcourſes which decried vice, or expoſed folly; but for others alſo, where virtue was recommended. But in our modern languages we apply it only to the invective poems, where the very name of ſatire is formidable to thoſe perſons, who would appear to the world, what they are not in themſelves. For in Engliſh, to ſay ſatire, is to mean reflection, as we uſe that word in the worſt ſenſe; or as the French call it, more properly, Mediſance. In the criticiſm of ſpelling, it ought to be with *i*, and not with *y*, to diſtinguiſh its true derivation from *ſatura*, not from *Satyrus*. And if this be ſo, then it is falſe ſpelled throughout this book; for here it is written ſatyr. Which having not conſidered at the firſt, I thought it not worth correcting afterwards. But the French are more nice, and never ſpell it any other way than ſatire.

I am now arrived at the moſt difficult part of my undertaking, which is, to compare Horace with Juvenal and Perſius. It is obſerved by Rigaltius, in his preface before Juvenal, written to Thuanus, that theſe three poets have all their particular partiſans and favourers: every commentator, as he has taken pains with any of them, thinks himſelf obliged to prefer his author to the other two: to find out their failings, and decry them, that he may make room for his own darling. Such is the partiality of mankind to ſet up that intereſt which they have once eſpouſed though it be to the prejudice of truth, morality, and common juſtice: and eſpecially in the productions of the brain. As authors generally think themſelves the beſt poets, becauſe they cannot go out of themſelves to judge ſincerely of their betters; ſo it is with critics who, having firſt taken a liking to one of theſe poets proceed to comment on him, and to illuſtrate him after which, they fall in love with their own labours to that degree of blind fondneſs, that at length they defend and exalt their author, not ſo much for his ſake as for their own. It is a folly of the ſame nature, with that of the Romans themſelves, in the games of the Circus; the ſpectators were divided in their factions, betwixt the Veneti and the Praſini ſome were for the charioteer in blue, and ſome for him in green. The colours themſelves were but fancy; but when once a man had taken pains to ſhout thoſe of his party, and had been at the trouble of *procuring* voices for them, the caſe was altered: I

was concerned for his own labour; and that ſo earneſtly, that diſputes and quarrels, animoſities, commotions, and bloodſhed, often happened: and in the declenſion of the Grecian empire, the very ſovereigns themſelves engaged in it, even when the Barbarians were at their doors; and ſtickled for the preference of colours, when the ſafety of their people was in queſtion. I am now myſelf on the brink of the ſame precipice; I have ſpent ſome time on the tranſlation of Juvenal and Perſius; and it behoves me to be wary, leſt, for that reaſon, I ſhould be partial to them, or take a prejudice againſt Horace. Yet, on the other ſide, I would not be like ſome of our judges, who would give the cauſe for a poor man, right or wrong: for though that be an error on the better hand, yet it is ſtill a partiality: and a rich man unheard, cannot be concluded an oppreſſor. I remember a ſaying of King Charles II. on Sir Matthew Hales, (who was doubtleſs an uncorrupt and upright man) That his ſervants were ſure to be caſt on a trial, which was heard before him: not that he thought the judge was poſſible to be bribed; but that his integrity might be too ſcrupulous; and that the cauſes of the crown were always ſuſpicious, when the privileges of ſubjects were concerned.

It had been much fairer, if the modern critics, who have embarked in the quarrels of their favourite authors, had rather given to each his proper due, without taking from another's heap, to raiſe their own. There is praiſe enough for each of them in

particular, without encroaching on his fellows, and detracting from them, or enriching themſelves with the ſpoils of others. But to come to particulars: Heinſius and Dacier are the moſt principal of thoſe, who raiſe Horace above Juvenal and Perſius. Scaliger the father, Rigaltius, and many others, debaſe Horace, that they may ſet up Juvenal: and Caſaubon, who is almoſt ſingle, throws dirt on Juvenal and Horace, that he may exalt Perſius, whom he underſtood particularly well, and better than any of the former commentators; even Stelluti, who ſucceeded him. I will begin with him, who, in my opinion, defends the weakeſt cauſe, which is that of Perſius; and labouring, as Tacitus profeſſes of his own writings, to diveſt myſelf of partiality, or prejudice, conſider Perſius, not as a poet whom I have wholly tranſlated, and who has coſt me more labour and time than Juvenal; but according to what I judge to be his own merit; which I think not equal, in the main, to that of Juvenal or Horace; and yet, in ſome things, to be preferred to both of them.

Firſt, then, for the verſe, neither Caſaubon himſelf nor any for him, can defend either his numbers, or the purity of his Latin. Caſaubon gives this point for loſt; and pretends not to juſtify either the meaſures, or the words of Perſius: he is evidently beneath Horace and Juvenal, in both.

Then, as his verſe is ſcabrous, and hobbling, and his words not every where well choſen, the purity of Latin being more corrupted than in the time of Juvenal,

venal, and conſequently of Horace, who writ when the language was in the height of its perfection; ſo his diction is hard; his figures are generally too bold and daring; and his tropes, particularly his metaphors, inſufferably ſtrained.

In the third place, notwithſtanding all the diligence of Caſaubon, Stelluti, and a Scotch gentleman (whom I have heard extremely commended for his illuſtrations of him); yet he is ſtill obſcure: whether he affected not to be underſtood, but with difficulty; or whether the fear of his ſafety under Nero, compelled him to this darkneſs in ſome places; or, that it was occaſioned by his cloſe way of thinking, and the brevity of his ſtyle, and crowding of his figures; or, laſtly, whether, after ſo long a time, many of his words have been corrupted, and many cuſtoms, and ſtories relating to them, loſt to us; whether ſome of theſe reaſons, or all, concurred to render him ſo cloudy; we may be bold to affirm, that the beſt of commentators can but gueſs at his meaning, in many paſſages: and none can be certain that he has divined rightly.

After all, he was a young man, like his friend and contemporary Lucan: both of them men of extraordinary parts, and great acquired knowledge, conſidering their youth. But neither of them had arrived to that maturity of judgment, which is neceſſary to the accompliſhing of a formed poet. And this conſideration, as on the one hand it lays ſome imperfections to their charge: ſo on the other ſide, it is a candid excuſe for thoſe failings, which are incident to

youth and inexperience; and we have more reaſon t wonder how they, who died before the thirtieth year o their age, could write ſo well, and think ſo ſtrongly than to accuſe them of thoſe faults, from which huma nature, and more eſpecially in youth, can never poſ ſibly be exempted.

To conſider Perſius yet more cloſely: he rather in ſulted over vice and folly, than expoſed them, like Ju venal and Horace. And as chaſte and modeſt as he i eſteemed, it cannot be denied, but that in ſome plac he is broad and fulſom, as the latter verſes of the fourt ſatire, and of the ſixth, ſufficiently witneſſed. And i is to be believed that he who commits the ſame crim often, and without neceſſity, cannot but do it with ſom kind of pleaſure.

To come to a concluſion: he is manifeſtly below Ho race, becauſe he borrows moſt of his greateſt beauties fro him: and Caſaubon is ſo far from denying this, th he has written a treatiſe purpoſely concerning it; where in he ſhews a multitude of his tranſlations from Horac and his imitations of him, for the credit of his autho which he calls "Imitatio Horatiana."

To the e defects, which I caſually obſerved while was tranſlating this author, Scaliger has added others he calls him, in plain terms, a ſilly writer, and trifler; full of oſtentation of learning; and after al unworthy to come into competition with Juvenal an Horace.

After ſuch terrible accuſations, it is time to hea what his patron Caſaubon can alledge in his defenc

Inſtea

Inſtead of anſwering, he excuſes for the moſt part; and when he cannot, accuſes others of the ſame crimes. He deals with Scaliger, as a modeſt ſcholar with a maſter. He compliments him with ſo much reverence, that one would ſwear he feared him as much at leaſt as he reſpected him. Scaliger will not allow Perſius to have any wit; Caſaubon interprets this in the mildeſt ſenſe; and confeſſes his author was not good at turning things into a pleaſant ridicule; or, in other words, that he was not a laughable writer. That he was *ineptus*, indeed, but that was *non aptiſſimus ad jocandum*. But that he was oſtentatious of his learning, that, by Scaliger's good favour, he denies. Perſius ſhewed his learning, but was no boaſter of it; he did *oſtendere*, but not *oſtentare*; and ſo, he ſays, did Scaliger: where, methinks, Caſaubon turns it handſomely upon that ſupercilious critic, and ſilently inſinuates that he himſelf was ſufficiently vain-glorious, and a boaſter of his own knowledge. All the writings of this venerable cenſor, continues Caſaubon, which are χρυσοῦ χρυσότερα, more golden than gold itſelf, are every where ſmelling of thyme, which, like a bee, he has gathered from ancient authors: but far be oſtentation and vain-glory from a Gentleman, ſo well born, and ſo nobly educated, as Scaliger. But, ſays Scaliger, he is ſo obſcure, that he has got himſelf the name of Scotinus, a dark writer: now, ſays Caſaubon, it is a wonder to me that any thing could be obſcure to the divine wit of Scaliger; from which nothing could be hidden. This is indeed a ſtrong compliment, but no defence.

defence. And Caſaubon, who could not but be ſenſible of his author's blind ſide, thinks it time to abandon a poſt that was untenable. He acknowledges that Perſius is obſcure in ſome places: but ſo is Plato, ſo is Thucydides, ſo are Pindar, Theocritus, and Ariſtophanes, amongſt the Greek poets; and even Horace and Juvenal, he might have added, amongſt the Romans. The truth is, Perſius is not ſometimes, but generally obſcure; and therefore Caſaubon, at laſt, is forced to excuſe him, by alledging, that it was *ſe defendendo*, for fear of Nero; and that he was commanded to write ſo cloudily by Cornutus, in virtue of holy obedience to his maſter. I cannot help my own opinion; I think Cornutus needed not to have read many lectures to him on that ſubject. Perſius was an apt ſcholar; and when he was bidden to be obſcure in ſome places, where his life and ſafety were in queſtion, took the ſame counſel for all his books; and never afterwards wrote ten lines together clearly. Caſaubon, being upon this chapter, has not failed, we may be ſure, of making a compliment to his own dear comment. If Perſius, ſays he, be in himſelf obſcure, yet my interpretation has made him intelligible. There is no queſtion but he deſerves that praiſe, which he has given to himſelf: but the nature of the thing, as Lucretius ſays, will not admit of a perfect explanation. Beſides many examples which I could urge, the very laſt verſe of his laſt ſatire, upon which he particularly values himſelf in his preface, is not yet ſufficiently explicated. *It is true*, Holiday has endeavoured to juſtify his conſtruction;

ſtruction; but Stelluti is againſt it: and for my part, I can have but a very dark notion of it. As for the chaſtity of his thoughts, Caſaubon denies not but that one particular paſſage, in the fourth ſatire, "At ſi "unctus ceſſes," &c. is not only the moſt obſcure, but the moſt obſcene of all his works: I underſtood it; but, for that reaſon, turned it over. In defence of his boiſterous metaphors, he quotes Longinus, who accounts them as inſtruments of the ſublime; fit to move and ſtir up the affections, particularly in narration. To which it may be replied, that where the trope is far fetched, and hard, it is fit for nothing but to puzzle the underſtanding; and may be reckoned amongſt theſe things of Demoſthenes which Æſchines called θαύματα not ῥήματα, that is, prodigies, not words. It muſt be granted to Caſaubon, that the knowledge of many things is loſt in our modern ages, which were of familiar notice to the ancients; and that ſatire is a poem of a difficult nature in itſelf, and is not written to vulgar readers. And, through the relation which it has to comedy, the frequent change of perſons makes the ſenſe perplexed, when we can but divine who it is that ſpeaks; whether Perſius himſelf, or his friend and monitor; or, in ſome places, a third perſon. But Caſaubon comes back always to himſelf, and concludes, that if Perſius had not been obſcure, there had been no need of him for an interpreter. Yet when he had once enjoined himſelf ſo hard a taſk, he then conſidered the Greek proverb, that he muſt χελώνης φαγεῖν ἢ μὴ φαγεῖν· either eat the whole ſnail,

or

or let it quite alone; and ſo he went through with hi laborious taſk, as I have done with my difficult tranſ lation.

Thus far, my lord, you ſee it has gone very har with Perſius: I think he cannot be allowed to ſtand i competition, either with Juvenal or Horace. Yet, fo once, I will venture to be ſo vain, as to affirm, tha none of his hard metaphors, or forced expreſſions, ar in my tranſlation: but more of this in its proper place where I ſhall ſay ſomewhat in particular of our genera performance, in making theſe two authors Engliſh In the mean time, I think myſelf obliged to give Per ſius his undoubted due, and to acquaint the world with Caſaubon, in what he has equalled, and in wha excelled, his two competitors.

A man who is reſolved to praiſe an author, with an appearance of juſtice, muſt be ſure to take him on th ſtrongeſt ſide, and where he is leaſt liable to exceptions He is therefore obliged to chuſe his mediums accord ingly; Caſaubon, who ſaw that Perſius could nc laugh with a becoming grace, that he was not mad for jeſting, and that a merry conceit was not his talen turned his feather, like an Indian, to another ligh that he might give it the better gloſs. Moral doctrine ſays he, and urbanity, or well-mannered wit, are th two things which conſtitute the Roman ſatire. But c the two, that which is moſt eſſential to this poem, an is, as it were, the very ſoul which animates it, is th ſcourging of vice, and exhortation to virtue. Thi wit, for a good reaſon, is already almoſt out of doors

and allowed only for an inſtrument, a kind of tool, or a weapon, as he calls it, of which the ſatyriſt makes uſe, in the compaſſing of his deſign. The end and aim of our three rivals, is conſequently the ſame. By what methods they have proſecuted their intention, is farther to be conſidered. Satire is of the nature of moral philoſophy, as being inſtructive: he, therefore, who inſtructs moſt uſefully, will carry the palm from his two antagoniſts. The philoſophy in which Perſius was educated, and which he profeſſes through his whole book, is the ſtoick: the moſt noble, moſt generous, moſt beneficial to human kind, amongſt all the ſects, who have given us the rules of ethicks, thereby to form a ſevere virtue in the ſoul; to raiſe in us an undaunted courage, againſt the aſſaults of fortune; to eſteem as nothing the things that are without us, becauſe they are not in our power; not to value riches, beauty, honors, fame, or health, any farther than as conveniencies, and ſo many helps to living as we ought, and doing good in our generation. In ſhort, to be any ways happy, while we poſſeſs our minds with a good conſcience, are free from the ſlavery of vices, and conform our actions and converſations to the rules of right reaſon. See here, my lord, an epitome of Epictetus; the doctrine of Zeno, and the education of our Perſius. And this he expreſſed, not only in all his ſatires, but in the manner of his life. I will not leſſen this commendation of the ſtoick philoſophy, by giving you an account of ſome abſurdities in their doctrine, and ſome, *perhaps*, impieties, if we conſider them by the

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ſtandard of chriſtian faith: Perſius has fallen into non of them; and therefore is free from thoſe imputations What he teaches might be taught from pulpits, with more profit to the audience, than all the nice ſpecula tions of divinity, and controverſies concerning faith which are more for the profit of the ſhepherd, than fo the edification of the flock. Paſſion, intereſt, ambition and all their bloody conſequences of diſcord and c war, are baniſhed from this doctrine. Here is nothin propoſed but the quiet and tranquillity of the mind virtue lodged at home, and afterwards diffuſed in he general effects, to the improvement and good of huma kind. And therefore I wonder not that the prefe Biſhop of Saliſbury has recommended this our author and the tenth ſatire of Juvenal, in his Paſtoral Lette to the ſerious peruſal and practice of the divines in h dioceſe, as the beſt common-places for their ſermon as the ſtore-houſes and magazines of moral virtue from whence they may draw out, as they have occaſion all manner of aſſiſtance for the accompliſhment of virtuous life, which the ſtoicks have aſſigned for th great end and perfection of mankind. Herein then is, that Perſius has excelled both Juvenal and Horace He ſticks to his own philoſophy: he ſhifts not ſide like Horace, who is ſometimes an Epicurean, ſome times a Stoick, ſometimes an Eclectick, as his prefe humour leads him; nor declaims, like Juvenal, again vices, more like an orator, than a philoſopher. Per ſius is every where the ſame; true to the dogmas of hi *maſter.* What he has learnt, he teaches vehemently

and what he teaches, that he practiſes himſelf. There is a ſpirit of ſincerity in all he ſays: you may eaſily diſcern that he is in earneſt, and is perſuaded of that truth which he inculcates. In this I am of opinion, that he excells Horace, who is commonly in jeſt, and laughs while he inſtructs: and is equal to Juvenal, who was as honeſt and ſerious as Perſius, and more he could not be.

Hitherto I have followed Caſaubon, and enlarged upon him; becauſe I am ſatisfied that he ſays no more than truth; the reſt is almoſt all frivolous. For he ſays, that Horace, being the ſon of a tax-gatherer, or a collector, as we call it, ſmells every where of the meanneſs of his birth and education: his conceits are vulgar, like the ſubjects of his ſatires; that he does *plebeium ſapere*; and writes not with that elevation which becomes a ſatiriſt: that Perſius being nobly born, and of an opulent family, had likewiſe the advantage of a better maſter; Cornutus being the moſt learned of his time, a man of the moſt holy life, the chief of the ſtoick ſect at Rome; and not only a great philoſopher, but a poet himſelf; and in probability a coadjutor of Perſius. That, as for Juvenal, he was long a declaimer, came late to poetry, and has not been much converſant in philoſophy.

It is granted that the father of Horace was Libertinus, that is, one degree removed from his grandfather, who had been once a ſlave: but Horace, ſpeaking of him, gives him the beſt character of a father, which I *ever read in hiſtory*; and I wiſh a witty friend of mine,

mine, now living, had ſuch another. He bred him the beſt ſchool, and with the beſt company of you noblemen. And Horace, by his gratitude to his m mory, gives a certain teſtimony that his educati was ingenuous. After this, he formed himſelf abroa by the converſation of great men. Brutus found hi at Athens, and was ſo pleaſed with him, that he to him thence into the army, and made him "tribun "militum," a colonel in a legion, which was the pr ferment of an old ſoldier. All this was before h acquaintance with Mæcenas, and his introduction in the court of Auguſtus, and the familiarity of th great emperor; which, had he not been well-bred b fore, had been enough to civilize his converſation, a render him accompliſhed and knowing in all the a of complacency and good behaviour; and, in ſho an agreeable companion for the retired hours and p vacies of a favourite, who was firſt miniſter. So th upon the whole matter, Perſius may be acknowledg to be equal with him in thoſe reſpects, though bet born, and Juvenal inferior to both. If the advanta be any where, it is on the ſide of Horace; as mu as the court of Auguſtus Cæſar was ſuperior to th of Nero. As for the ſubjects which they treated, will appear hereafter, that Horace writ not vulgar on vulgar ſubjects, nor always choſe them. His ſt is conſtantly accommodated to his ſubject, either hi or low: if his fault be too much lowneſs, that Perſius is the fault of the hardneſs of his metapho and obſcurity: and ſo they are equal in the failings

their ſtile; where Juvenal manifeſtly triumphs over both of them.

The compariſon betwixt Horace and Juvenal is more difficult; becauſe their forces were more equal: a diſpute has always been, and ever will continue, betwixt the favourers of the two poets. "Non noſ-"trum eſt tantas componere lites." I ſhall only venture to give my opinion, and leave it for better judges to determine. If it be only argued in general, which of them was the better poet, the victory is already gained on the ſide of Horace. Virgil himſelf muſt yield to him in the delicacy of his turns, his choice of words, and perhaps the purity of his Latin. He who ſays that Pindar is inimitable, is himſelf inimitable in his odes. But the contention betwixt theſe two great maſters, is for the prize of ſatire: in which controverſy, all the odes and epodes of Horace are to ſtand excluded. I ſay this, becauſe Horace has written many of them ſatirically, againſt his private enemies: yet theſe, if juſtly conſidered, are ſomewhat of the nature of the Greek Silli, which were invectives againſt particular ſects and perſons. But Horace has purged himſelf of this choler, before he entered on thoſe diſcourſes, which are more properly called the Roman ſatire: he has not now to do with a Lyce, a Canidia, a Caſſius Severus, or a Menas; but is to correct the vices and the follies of his time, and to give the rules of a happy and virtuous life. In a word, that former ſort of ſatire, which is known in *England by the* name of lampoon, is a dangerous ſort of

of weapon, and for the moſt part unlawful. We have no moral right on the reputation of other men. It is taking from them what we cannot reſtore to them. There are only two reaſons, for which we may be permitted to write lampoons; and I will not promiſe that they can always juſtify us: the firſt is revenge, when we have been affronted in the ſame nature, or have been any ways notoriouſly abuſed, and can make ourſelves no other reparation. And yet we know, that, in chriſtian charity, all offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like pardon for thoſe which we daily commit againſt Almighty God. And this conſideration has often made me tremble when I was ſaying our Saviour's prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveneſs which we beg, is the pardoning of others the offences which they have done to us: for which reaſon I have many times avoided the commiſſion of that fault, even when I have been notoriouſly provoked. Let not this, my lord, paſs for vanity in me; for it is truth. More libels have been written againſt me, than almoſt any man now living: and I had reaſon on my ſide, to have defended my own innocence: I ſpeak not on my poetry, which I have wholly given up to the critics; let them uſe it as they pleaſe; poſterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me: for intereſt and paſſion will lie buried in another age; and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I ſpeak of my morals, which have been ſufficiently aſperſed; that any ſort of reputation ought to be dear to every *honeſt man*, and is to me. But let the world witneſs

for me, that I have been often wanting to myſelf in that particular; I have ſeldom anſwered any ſcurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have expoſed my enemies: and, being naturally vindicative, have ſuffered in ſilence, and, poſſeſſed my ſoul in quiet.

Any thing, though never ſo little, which a man ſpeaks of himſelf, in my opinion, is ſtill too much; and therefore I will wave this ſubject, and proceed to give the ſecond reaſon, which may juſtify a poet, when he writes againſt a particular perſon: and that is, when he is become a public nuiſance. And thoſe, whom Horace in his ſatires, and Perſius and Juvenal have mentioned in theirs, with a brand of infamy, are wholly ſuch. It is an action of virtue to make examples of vicious men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their crimes and follies: both for their own amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible, and for the terror of others, to hinder them from falling into thoſe enormities, which they ſee are ſo ſeverely puniſhed in the perſons of others. The firſt reaſon was only an excuſe for revenge; but this ſecond is abſolutely of a poet's office to perform: but how few lampooners are there now living, who are capable of this duty! When they come in my way, it is impoſſible ſometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are, in common juſtice, from the choice of ſuch perſons as are the proper ſubject of ſatire! and how little wit they bring, for the ſupport of their injuſtice! The weaker ſex is their moſt *ordinary theme*; and the beſt and faireſt are ſure to

to be the moſt ſeverely handled. Amongſt men, th
who are proſperouſly unjuſt, are intitled to panegyr
but afflicted virtue is inſolently ſtabbed with all m
ner of reproaches; no decency is conſidered, no f
ſomeneſs omitted; no venom is wanting, as far
dulneſs can ſupply it: for there is a perpetual dea
of wit; a barrenneſs of good ſenſe and entertainme
The neglect of the readers will ſoon put an end
this ſort of ſcribbling. There can be no pleaſan
where there is no wit: no impreſſion can be ma
where there is no truth for the foundation. To cc
clude, they are like the fruits of the earth in this u
natural ſeaſon: the corn which held up its head,
ſpoiled with rankneſs; but the greater part of
harveſt is laid along, and little of good income a
wholſome nouriſhment is received into the bar
This is almoſt a digreſſion, I confeſs to your Lordſhi
but a juſt indignation forced it from me. Now
have removed this rubbiſh, I will return to the co
pariſon of Juvenal and Horace.

I would willingly divide the palm betwixt the
upon the two heads of profit and delight, which
the two ends of poetry in general. It muſt be grant
by the favourers of Juvenal, that Horace is the m
copious and profitable in his inſtructions of hum
life: but in my particular opinion, which I ſet
up for a ſtandard to better judgments, Juvenal is t
more delightful author. I am profited by both, I a
pleaſed with both; but I owe more to Horace, for
inſtruction; and more to Juvenal, for my pleaſu

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This, as I ſaid, is my particular taſte of theſe two authors: they who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can ſcarce give better reaſons for their opinion, than I for mine: but all unbiaſſed readers will conclude, that my moderation is not to be condemned: to ſuch impartial men I muſt appeal: for they who have already formed their judgments, may juſtly ſtand ſuſpected of prejudice; and though all who are my readers, will ſet up to be my judges, I enter my Caveat againſt them, that they ought not ſo much as to be of my jury: or, if they be admitted, it is but reaſon that they ſhould firſt hear what I have to urge in the defence of my opinion.

That Horace is ſomewhat the better inſtructor of the two, is proved from hence; that his inſtructions are more general: Juvenal's more limited. So that granting, that the counſels which they give are equally good for moral uſe; Horace, who gives the moſt various advice, and moſt applicable to all occaſions which can occur to us in the courſe of our lives; as including in his diſcourſes not only all the rules of morality, but alſo of civil converſation; is undoubtedly to be preferred to him, who is more circumſcribed in his inſtructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occaſions, than the other. I may be pardoned for uſing an old ſaying, ſince it is true, and to the purpoſe, "Bonum quo communis, eo melius." Juvenal, excepting only his firſt ſatire, is in all the reſt confined, to the expoſing of ſome *particular vice; that* he laſhes, and there he ſticks. His

ſentences, are truly ſhining and inſtructive: but th
are ſprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching
in every line, and is perpetually moral; he had fou
out the ſkill of Virgil, to hide his ſentences: to give y
the virtue of them, without ſhewing them in their fi
extent: which is the oſtentation of a poet, and n
his art: and this Petronius charges on the authors
his time, as a vice of writing, which was then gro
ing on the age. "Ne ſententiæ extra corpus orati
"nis emineant:" he would have them weaved ir
the body of the work, and not appear emboſſed up
it, and ſtriking directly on the reader's view. Fo
was the proper quarry of Horace, and not vice: ar
as there are but few notoriouſly wicked men, in co
pariſon with a ſhoal of fools and fops; ſo it is a hart
thing to make a man wiſe, than to make him hone
for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one; b
the underſtanding is to be informed in the oth
There are blind ſides and follies, even in the profe
ſors of moral philoſophy; and there is not any o
fect of them that Horace has not expoſed. Whic
as it was not the deſign of Juvenal, who was wh
ly employed in laſhing vices, ſome of them the m
enormous that can be imagined; ſo perhaps, it w
not ſo much his talent. "Omne vafer vitium ride
"Flaccus amico, tangit, & admiſſus circum præcc
"dia ludit." This was the commendation whi
Perſius gave him; where by *vitium*, he means th
little vices, which we call follies, the defects of h
man underſtanding, or at moſt the peccadillos of li

rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried by their unruly paſſions and exorbitant deſires. But in the word *omne*, which is *univerſal*, he concludes with me, that the divine wit of Horace left nothing untouched; that he entered into the inmoſt receſſes of nature; found out the imperfections even of the moſt wiſe and grave, as well as of the moſt common people; diſcovering, even in the great Trebatius, to whom he addreſſes the firſt ſatire, his hunting after buſineſs, and following the court, as well as in the perſecutor Criſpinus, his impertinence and importunity. It is true, he expoſes Criſpinus openly, as a common nuiſance: but he raillies the other as a friend, more finely. The exhortations of Perſius are confined to noblemen: and the ſtoick philoſophy is that alone which he recommends to them: Juvenal exhorts to particular virtues, as they are oppoſed to thoſe vices againſt which he declaims: but Horace laughs to ſhame all follies, and inſinuates virtue, rather by familiar examples, than by the ſeverity of precepts.

This laſt conſideration ſeems to incline the balance on the ſide of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleaſure. But, after all, I muſt confeſs that the delight which Horace gives me, is but languiſhing. Be pleaſed ſtill to underſtand, that I ſpeak of my own taſte only: he may raviſh other men; but I am too ſtupid and inſenſible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himſelf, and as Scaliger ſays, only ſhews his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his

his good manners, are to be commended: but his wit is faint; and his ſalt, if I may dare to ſay ſo, almoſt inſipid. Juvenal is of a more vigorous and maſculine wit; he gives me as much pleaſure as I can bear: he fully ſatisfies my expectation; he treats his ſubject home: his ſpleen is raiſed, and he raiſes mine: I have the pleaſure of concernment in all he ſays: he drives his reader along with him; and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly ſtop with him. If he went another ſtage, it would be too far, it would make a journey of a progreſs, and turn delight into fatigue. When he gives over, it is a ſign the ſubject is exhauſted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can juſtly be found in him, it is that he is ſometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; ſays more than he needs, like my friend the Plain-Dealer, but never more than pleaſes. Add to this, that his thoughts are as juſt as thoſe of Horace, and much more elevated. His expreſſions are ſonorous and more noble; his verſe more numerous, and his words are ſuitable to his thoughts, ſublime and lofty. All theſe contribute to the pleaſure of the reader: and the greater the ſoul of him who reads, his tranſports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on carpet-ground. He goes with more impetuoſity than Horace, but as ſecurely; and the ſwiftneſs adds a more lively agitation to the ſpirits. The low ſtile of Horace is according to his ſubject, that is generally grave: I queſtion not but he could have

raiſed

raiſed it: for the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book, which he writes to Auguſtus, (a moſt inſtructive ſatire, concerning poetry,) is of ſo much dignity in the words, and of ſo much elegancy in the numbers, that the author plainly ſhews, the *ſermo pedeſtris*, in his other ſatires, was rather his choice than his neceſſity. He was a rival to Lucilius, his predeceſſor, and was reſolved to ſurpaſs him in his own manner. Lucilius, as we ſee by his remaining fragments, minded neither his ſtyle nor his numbers, nor his purity of words, nor his run of verſe: Horace therefore copes with him in that humble way of ſatire, writes under his own force, and carries a dead weight, that he may match his competitor in the race. This I imagine was the chief reaſon, why he minded only the clearneſs of his ſatire, and the cleanneſs of expreſſion, without aſcending to thoſe heights, to which his own vigour might have carried him. But limiting his deſires only to the conqueſt of Licilius, he had the ends of his rival, who lived before him; but made way for a new conqueſt over himſelf, by Juvenal his ſucceſſor. He could not give an equal pleaſure to his reader, becauſe he uſed not equal inſtruments. The fault was in the tools, and not in the workman. But verſifications and numbers are the greateſt pleaſures of poetry: Virgil knew it, and practiſed both ſo happily, that, for aught I know, his greateſt excellency is in his diction. In all other parts of poetry, he is faultleſs; but in this he placed his chief perfection. And, give me leave, my lord, ſince I have here an apt occaſion, to ſay, that Virgil could have written

written ſharper ſatires, than either Horace or Juvenal, if he would have employed his talent that way. I will produce a verſe and half of his, in one of his eclogues, to juſtify my opinion; and with commas after every word, to ſhew, that he has given almoſt as many laſhes, as he has written ſyllables; it is againſt a bad poet, whoſe ill verſes he deſcribes: "Non tu, in triviis "indocte, ſolebas, ſtridenti, miſerum, ſtipula, diſ- "perdere, carmen?" But to return to my purpoſe: when there is any thing deficient in numbers and ſound, the reader is uneaſy and unſatisfied; he wants ſomething of his complement, deſires ſomewhat which he finds not: and this being the manifeſt defect of Horace, it is no wonder that, finding it ſupplied in Juvenal, we are more delighted with him. And beſides this, the ſauce of Juvenal is more poignant, to create in us an appetite of reading him. The meat of Horace is more nouriſhing; but the cookery of Juvenal more exquiſite; ſo that, granting Horace to be the more general philoſopher, we cannot deny that Juvenal was the greater poet, I mean in ſatire. His thoughts are ſharper, his indignation againſt vice is more vehement; his ſpirit has more of the commonwealth genius; he treats tyranny, and all the vices attending it, as they deſerve, with the utmoſt rigour: and conſequently a noble ſoul is better pleaſed with a zealous vindicator of Roman liberty than with a temporizing poet, a well-mannered court-ſlave, and a man who is often afraid of laughing in the right place; who is ever decent, becauſe he is naturally ſervile. After all, Horace had the diſadvantage of the times in which he lived; they were better

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for the man, but worſe for the ſatiriſt. It is generally ſaid, that thoſe enormous vices which were practiſed under the reign of Domitian, were not known in the time of Auguſtus Cæſar: that therefore Juvenal had a larger field than Horace. Little follies were out of doors, when oppreſſion was to be ſcourged inſtead of avarice; it was no longer time to turn into ridicule the falſe opinions of philoſophers, when the Roman liberty was to be aſſerted. There was more need of a Brutus in Domitian's days, to redeem or mend, than of a Horace, if he had then been living, to laugh at a fly-catcher. This reflection at the ſame time excuſes Horace, but exalts Juvenal. I have ended, before I was aware, the compariſon of Horace and Juvenal, upon the topics of pleaſure and delight; and, indeed, I may ſafely here conclude that common-place; for if we make Horace our miniſter of ſtate in ſatire, and Juvenal of our private pleaſures; I think the latter has no ill bargain of it. Let profit have the preheminence of honour, in the end of poetry. Pleaſure, though but the ſecond in degree, is the firſt in favour. And who would not chuſe to be loved better, rather than to be more eſteemed? But I am entered already upon another topic; which concerns the particular merits of theſe two ſatiriſts. However, I will purſue my buſineſs where I left it; and carry it farther than that common obſervation of the ſeveral ages in which theſe authors flouriſhed. When Horace writ his ſatires, the monarchy of his Cæſar was in its newneſs, and the government but juſt made eaſy to the conquered people.

The

They could not poſſibly have forgotten the uſurpation of that prince upon their freedom, nor the violent methods which he had uſed, in the compaſſing that vaſt deſign: they yet remembered his proſcriptions, and the ſlaughter of ſo many noble Romans, their defenders. Amongſt the reſt, that horrible action of his, when he forced Livia from the arms of her huſband, who was conſtrained to ſee her married, as Dion relates the ſtory, and, big with child as ſhe was, conveyed to the bed of his inſulting rival. The ſame Dion Caſſius gives us another inſtance of the crime before mentioned: that Cornelius Siſenna, being reproached in full ſenate, with the licentious conduct of his wife, returned this anſwer; That he had married her by the counſel of Auguſtus: intimating, ſays my author, that Auguſtus had obliged him to that marriage, that he might, under that covert, have the more free acceſs unto her. His adulteries were ſtill before their eyes, but they muſt be patient, where they had not power. In other things that emperor was moderate enough: propriety was generally ſecured; and the people entertained with public ſhows, and donatives, to make them more eaſily digeſt their loſt liberty. But Auguſtus, who was conſcious to himſelf of ſo many crimes which he had committed, thought in the firſt place to provide for his own reputation, by making an edict againſt lampoons and ſatires, and the authors of thoſe defamatory writings, which my author Tacitus, from the law-term, calls "famoſos libellos."

In

In the firſt book of his Annals, he gives the following account of it, in theſe words: "Primus Auguſtus "cognitionem de famoſis libellis ſpecie legis ejus, "tractavit; commotus Caſſii Severi libidini, quâ viros "fœminaſque illuſtres, procacibus ſcriptis diffama-"verat." Thus, in Engliſh: "Auguſtus was the firſt, "who under the colour of that law took cognizance "of lampooms; being provoked to it, by the petulancy "of Caſſius Severus, who had defamed many illuſ-"trious perſons of both ſexes, in his writings." The law to which Tacitus refers, was "Lex læſæ "Majeſtatis;" commonly called, for the ſake of brevity, "Majeſtas;" or, as we ſay, high treaſon: he means not that this law had not been enacted formerly: for it had been made by the Decemviri, and was inſcribed amongſt the reſt in the twelve tables: to prevent the aſperſion of the Roman majeſty, either of the people themſelves, or their religion, or their magiſtrates: and the infringement of it was capital; that is, the offender was whipt to death with the faſces, which were borne before their chief officers of Rome. But Auguſtus was the firſt, who reſtored that intermitted law: by the words, "under colour of "that law," he inſinuates that Auguſtus cauſed it to be executed, on pretence of thoſe libels, which were written by Caſſius Severus, againſt the nobility: but, in truth, to ſave himſelf from ſuch defamatory verſes. Suetonius likewiſe makes mention of it thus: "Sparſos "de ſe in Curiâ famoſos libellos, nec exquavit, & "magnâ curâ redarguit. Ac ne requiſitis quidem

"auctorib

"auctoribus, id modo cenſuit, cognoſcendum poſt hac, "de iis qui libellos aut carmina ad infamiam cujuſ-"piam ſub alieno nomine edant." Auguſtus was not afraid of libels, ſays that author: yet he took all care imaginable to have them anſwered; and then decreed, that for the time to come, the authors of them ſhould be puniſhed. But Aurelius makes it yet more clear, according to my ſenſe, that this emperor, for his own ſake, durſt not permit them: "Fecit id Auguſtus in "ſpeciem, & quaſi gratificaretur populo Romano, & "primoribus urbis; ſed revera ut ſibi conſideret: nam "habuit in animo, comprimere nimiam quorundam "procacitatem in loquendo, à quâ nec ipſe exemptus "fuit. Nam ſuo nomine compeſcere erat invidioſum, "ſub alieno facile & utile. Ergò ſpecie legis tractavit, "quaſi populi Romani Majeſtas infamaretur." This, I think, is a ſufficient comment on that paſſage of Tacitus; I will add only, by the way, that the whole family of the Cæſars, and all their relations, were included in the law; becauſe the Majeſty of the Romans, in the time of the empire, was wholly in that houſe; "omnia Cæſar erat:" they were all accounted ſacred who belonged to him. As for Caſſius Severus, he was contemporary with Horace; and was the ſame poet againſt whom he writes in his Epodes, under this title, "In Caſſium Severum maledicum poetam;" perhaps intending to kill two crows, according to our proverb, with one ſtone, and revenge both himſelf and his emperor together.

From

From hence I may reaſonably conclude, that Auguſtus, who was not altogether ſo good as he was wiſe, had ſome by-reſpect in the enacting of this law: for to do any thing for nothing, was not his maxim. Horace, as he was a courtier, complied with the intereſt of his maſter; and avoiding the laſhing of greater crimes, confined himſelf to the ridiculing of petty vices, and common follies; excepting only ſome reſerved caſes, in his Odes and Epodes, of his own particular quarrels, which, either with permiſſion of the magiſtrate, or without it, every man will revenge, though I ſay not that he ſhould; for *prior læſit*, is a good excuſe in the civil law, if chriſtianity had not taught us to forgive. However, he was not the proper man to arraign great vices, at leaſt if the ſtories which we hear of him are true, that he practiſed ſome, which I will not here mention, out of honour to him. It was not for a Clodius to accuſe adulterers, eſpecially when Auguſtus was of that number: ſo that though his age was not exempted from the worſt of villainies, there was no freedom left to reprehend them, by reaſon of the edict. And our poet was not fit to repreſent them in an odious character, becauſe himſelf was dipt in the ſame actions. Upon this account, without farther inſiſting on the different tempers of Juvenal and Horace, I conclude, that the ſubjects which Horace choſe for ſatire, are of a lower nature than thoſe of which Juvenal has written.

Thus I have treated, in a new method, the compariſon betwixt Horace, Juvenal, and Perſius; ſomewhat of their particular manner belonging to all of them is yet

yet remaining to be conſidered. Perſius was grave, and particularly oppoſed his gravity to lewdneſs, which was the predominant vice in Nero's court, at the time when he publiſhed his ſatires, which was before that emperor fell into the exceſs of cruelty. Horace was a mild admoniſher, a court ſatiriſt, fit for the gentle times of Auguſtus, and more fit, for the reaſons which I have already given. Juvenal was as proper for his times, as they for theirs: his was an age that deſerved a more ſevere chaſtiſement: vices were more groſs and open, more flagitious, more encouraged by the example of a tyrant, and more protected by his authority. Therefore, whereſoever Juvenal mentions Nero, he means Domitian, whom he dares not attack in his own perſon, but ſcourges him by proxy. Heinſius urges in praiſe of Horace, that, according to the ancient art and law of ſatire, it ſhould be nearer to comedy than tragedy; not declaiming againſt vice, but only laughing at it. Neither Perſius nor Juvenal were ignorant of this, for they had both ſtudied Horace. And the thing itſelf is plainly true. But as they had read Horace, they had likewiſe read Lucilius, of whom Perſius ſays, "ſecuit "Urbem; & genuinum fregit in illis;" meaning Mutius and Lupus: and Juvenal alſo mentions him in theſe words: "Enſe velut ſtricto, quoties Lucilius "ardens infremuit," &c. So that they thought the imitation of Lucilius was more proper to their purpoſe than that of Horace. They changed ſatire, ſays Holiday; but they changed it for the better: for the buſineſs being to reform great vices, chaſtiſement goes far-

ther

ther than admonition; whereas a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, does rather anger than amend a man.

Thus far that learned critic, Barten Holiday, whoſe interpretation and illuſtrations of Juvenal are as excellent, as the verſe of his tranſlation and his Engliſh are lame and pitiful. For it is not enough to give us the meaning of a poet, which I acknowledge him to have performed moſt faithfully, but he muſt alſo imitate his genius, and his numbers, as far as the Engliſh will come up to the elegance of the original. In few words, it is only for a poet to tranſlate a poet. Holiday and Stapylton had not enough conſidered this, when they attempted Juvenal: but I forbear reflections; only I beg leave to take notice of this ſentence, where Holiday ſays, "a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, rather "angers than amends a man." I cannot give him up the manner of Horace, in low ſatire, ſo eaſily: let the chaſtiſement of Juvenal be never ſo neceſſary for his new kind of ſatire; let him declaim as wittily and ſharply as he pleaſes, yet ſtill the niceſt and moſt delicate touches of ſatire conſiſt in fine raillery. This, my lord, is your particular talent, to which even Juvenal could not arrive. It is not reading, it is not imitation of an author, which can produce his fineneſs: it muſt be inborn, it muſt proceed from a genius, and particular way of thinking, which is not to be taught; and therefore not to be imitated by him who has it not from nature: how eaſy is it to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a man appear a *fool, a blockhead*, or a knave, without uſing any of the

thoſe opprobrious terms! To ſpare the groſſneſs of the names, and to do the thing yet more ſeverely, is to draw a full face, and to make the noſe and cheeks ſtand out, and yet not to employ any depth of ſhadowing. This is the myſtery of that noble trade, which yet no maſter can teach to his apprentice: he may give the rules, but the ſcholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineneſs of railery is offenſive. A witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner; and a fool feels it not. The occaſion of an offence may poſſibly be given, but he cannot take it. If it be granted, that in effect this way does more miſchief; that a man is ſecretly wounded, and though he be not ſenſible himſelf, yet the malicious world will find it out for him: yet there is ſtill a vaſt difference betwixt the ſlovenly butchering of a man, and the fineneſs of a ſtroke that ſeparates the head from the body, and leaves it ſtanding in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife ſaid of his ſervant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die ſweetly, was only belonging to her huſband. I wiſh I could apply it to myſelf; if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri in my Abſalom, is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: it is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough: and he for whom it was intended, was too witty to reſent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have ſuffered for it juſtly; but I managed mine own works more happily, perhaps more dextrouſly. I avoided the men-

tion of great crimes, and applied myſelf to the repreſenting of blind-ſides, and little extravagancies: to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It ſucceeded as I wiſhed; the jeſt went round, and he was laughed at in his turn who began the frolick.

And thus, my lord, you ſee I have preferred the manner of Horace, and of your Lordſhip, in the kind ſatire, to that of Juvenal; and I think, reaſonably. Holiday ought not to have arraigned ſo great an author, for that which was his excellency and his merit: or if he did, on ſuch a palpable miſtake, he might expect that ſome one might poſſibly ariſe, either in his own time, or after him, to rectify his error, and reſtore to Horace that commendation, of which he has ſo unjuſtly robbed him. And let the manes of Juvenal forgive me, if I ſay, that this way of Horace was the beſt for amending manners, as it is the moſt difficult. His was, an "enſe reſcinden-"dum;" but that of Horace was a pleaſant cure, with all the limbs preſerved entirely; and, as our mountebanks tell us in their bills, without keeping the patient within doors for a day. What they promiſe only, Horace has effectually performed: yet I contradict not the propoſition which I formerly advanced: Juvenal's times required a more painful kind of operation: but if he had lived in the age of Horace, I muſt needs affirm, that he had it not about him. He took the method which was preſcribed him by his own genius; *which* was ſharp and eager; he could not rally,

but he could declaim; and as his provocations were great, he has revenged them tragically. This notwithſtanding, I am to ſay another word, which, as true as it is, will yet diſpleaſe the partial admirers of our Horace. I have hinted it before; but it is time for me now to ſpeak more plainly.

This manner of Horace is indeed the beſt; but Horace has not executed it altogether ſo happily, at leaſt not often. The manner of Juvenal is confeſſed to be inferior to the former; but Juvenal has excelled him in his performance. Juvenal has railed more wittily than Horace has raillied. Horace meant to make his reader laugh; but he is not ſure of his experiment. Juvenal always intends to move your indignation; and he always brings about his purpoſe. Horace, for aught I know, might have tickled the people of his age; but amongſt the moderns he is not ſo ſucceſsful. They who ſay he entertains ſo pleaſantly, may perhaps value themſelves on the quickneſs of their own underſtandings, that they can ſee a jeſt farther off than other men: they may find occaſion of laughter in the wit-battle of the two buffoons, Sarmentus and Cicerrus; and hold their ſides for fear of burſting, when Rupilius and Perſius are ſcolding. For my own part, I can only like the characters of all four, which are judiciouſly given: but for my heart I cannot ſo much as ſmile at their inſipid raillery. I ſee not why Perſius ſhould call upon Brutus to revenge him on his adverſary; and that becauſe he had killed Julius Cæſar *for endeavouring* to be a king; therefore he ſhould

be

be deſired to murder Rupilius, only becauſe his name was Mr. King. A miſerable clench, in my opinion, for Horace to record: I have heard honeſt Mr. Swan make many a better, and yet have had the grace to hold my countenance. But it may be punns were then in faſhion, as they were wit in the ſermons of the laſt age, and in the court of King Charles II. I am ſorry to ſay it, for the ſake of Horace; but certain it is, that he has no fine palate who can feed ſo heartily on garbage.

But I have already wearied myſelf, and doubt not but I have tired your Lordſhip's patience, with this long, rambling, and I fear trivial diſcourſe. Upon the one half of the merits, that is, pleaſure, I cannot but conclude that Juvenal was the better ſatiriſt: they who will deſcend into his particular praiſes, may find them at large in the diſſertation of the learned Rigaltius to Thuanus. As for Perſius, I have given the reaſons why I think him inferior to both of them: yet I have one thing to add on that ſubject.

Barten Holiday, who tranſlated both Juvenal and Perſius, has made this diſtinction betwixt them, which is no leſs true than witty; That, in Perſius, the difficulty is to find a meaning; in Juvenal to chuſe a meaning: ſo crabbed is Perſius, and ſo copious is Juvenal: ſo much the underſtanding is employed in one, and ſo much the judgment in the other. So difficult it is to find any ſenſe in the former, and the beſt ſenſe of the latter.

If, on the other ſide, any one ſuppoſe I have commended Horace below his merit, when I have allowed him but the ſecond place, I deſire him to conſider, if Juvenal, a man of excellent natural endowments, beſides the advantages of diligence and ſtudy, and coming after him, and building upon his foundations, might not probably, with all theſe helps, ſurpaſs him? And whether it be any diſhonour to Horace to be thus ſurpaſſed; ſince no art, or ſcience, is at once begun and perfected, but that it muſt paſs firſt through many hands, and even through ſeveral ages? If Lucilius could add to Ennius, and Horace to Lucilius, why, without any diminution to the fame of Horace, might not Juvenal give the laſt perfection to that work? Or rather, what diſreputation is it to Horace, that Juvenal excels in the tragical ſatire, as Horace does in the comical? I have read over attentively both Heinſius and Dacier, in their commendations of Horace; but I can find no more in either of them, for the preference of him to Juvenal, than the inſtructive part; the part of wiſdom, and not that of pleaſure; which therefore is here allowed him, notwithſtanding what Scaliger and Rigaltius have pleaded to the contrary for Juvenal. And, to ſhew that I am impartial, I will here tranſlate what Dacier has ſaid on that ſubject.

I cannot give a more juſt idea of the two books of ſatires made by Horace, than by comparing them to the ſtatues of the Sileni, to which Alcibiades compares Socrates, in the Sympoſium. They were figures, which

which had nothing of agreeable, nothing of beauty on their out-ſide: but when any one took the pains to open them, and ſearch into them, he there found the figures of all the deities. So, in the ſhape that Horace preſents himſelf to us, in his ſatires, we ſee nothing at the firſt view which deſerves our attention. It ſeems that he is rather an amuſement for children, than for the ſerious conſideration of men: but when we take away his cruſt, and that which hides him from our ſight, when we diſcover him to the bottom, then we find all the divinities in a full aſſembly: that is to ſay, all the virtues which ought to be the continual exerciſe of thoſe, who ſeriouſly endeavour to correct their vices.

It is eaſy to obſerve, that Dacier, in this noble ſimilitude, has confined the praiſe of his author wholly to the inſtructive part: the commendation turns on this, and ſo does that which follows.

In theſe two books of ſatire, it is the buſineſs of Horace to inſtruct us how to combat our vices, to regulate our paſſions, to follow nature, to give bounds to our deſires, to diſtinguiſh betwixt truth and falſehood, and betwixt our conception of things, and things themſelves: to come back from our prejudicate opinions, to underſtand exactly the principles and motives of all our actions; and to avoid the ridicule, into which all men neceſſarily fall, who are intoxicated with thoſe notions which they have received from their maſters; and which they obſtinately retain, without examining whether or no they be founded on right reaſon.

In a word, he labours to render us happy in relation to ourſelves, agreeable and faithful to our friends, and diſcreet, ſerviceable, and well-bred in relation to thoſe with whom we are obliged to live, and to converſe. To make his figures intelligible, to conduct his readers through the labyrinth of ſome perplexed ſentence, or obſcure parentheſis, is no great matter: and, as Epictetus ſays, there is nothing of beauty in all this, or what is worthy of a prudent man. The principal buſineſs, and which is of moſt importance to us, is to ſhew the uſe, the reaſon, and the proof of his precepts.

They who endeavour not to correct themſelves, according to ſo exact a model, are juſt like the patients, who have open before them a book of admirable receipts for their diſeaſes, and pleaſe themſelves with reading it, without comprehending the nature of the remedies, or how to apply them to their cure.

Let Horace go off with theſe encomiums, which he has ſo well deſerved.

To conclude the contention betwixt our three poets, I will uſe the words of Virgil, in his fifth Æneid, where Æneas propoſes the rewards of the foot-race, to the three firſt who ſhould reach the goal. "Tres "præmia primi accipient, flavaque caput nectentur "olivâ:" Let theſe three ancients be preferred to all the moderns; as firſt arriving at the goal: let them all be crowned as victors, with the wreath that properly belongs to ſatire. But, after that, with this diſtinction amongſt themſelves, "Primus equum pha-

"leris

"leris inſignem victor habeto." Let Juvenal ride firſt in triumph. "Alter Amazoniam pharetram, ple-"namque ſagittis Threiciis, lato quam circumplectitur "auro balteus, & tereti ſubnectit figula gemma." Let Horace, who is the ſecond, and but juſt the ſecond, carry off the quivers and the arrows, as the badges of his ſatire; and the golden-belt, and the diamond-button. "Tertius, Argolico hoc Clypeo contentus "abito." And let Perſius, the laſt of the firſt three worthies, be contented with this Grecian ſhield, and with victory, not only over all the Grecians, who were ignorant of the Roman ſatire, but over all the moderns in ſucceeding ages; excepting Boileau and your Lordſhip.

And thus I have given the hiſtory of ſatire, and derived it from Ennius, to your Lordſhip; that is, from its firſt rudiments of barbarity, to its laſt poliſhing and perfection: which is, with Virgil, in his addreſs to Auguſtus,

"—— nomen famâ tot ferre per annos,
"Tithoni primâ quot abeſt ab origine Cæſar."

I ſaid only from Ennius; but I may ſafely carry it higher, as far as Livius Andronicus; who, as I have ſaid formerly, taught the firſt play at Rome, in the year "ab urbe conditâ CCCCXIV." I have ſince deſired my learned friend, Mr. Maidwell, to compute the difference of times, betwixt Ariſtophanes and Livius Andronicus; and he aſſures me from the beſt chronologers, that Plutus, the laſt of Ariſtophanes's

plays

plays, was repreſented at Athens, in the year of the 97th olympiad; which agrees with the year *Urbis conditæ* CCCLXIV. So that the difference of years betwixt Ariſtophanes and Andronicus is 150; from whence I have probably deduced, that Livius Andronicus, who was a Grecian, had read the plays of the old comedy, which were ſatirical, and alſo of the new; for Menander was fifty years before him, which muſt needs be a great light to him, in his own plays, that were of the ſatirical nature. That the Romans had farces before this, it is true; but then they had no communication with Greece: ſo that Andronicus was the firſt who wrote after the manner of the old comedy, in his plays; he was imitated by Ennius, about thirty years afterwards. Though the former writ fables; the latter, ſpeaking properly, began the Roman ſatire. According to that deſcription, which Juvenal gives of it in his firſt; "quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, "ira, voluptas, gaudia, diſcurſus, noſtri eſt farrago "libelli." This is that in which I have made bold to differ from Caſaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and indeed from all the modern critics, that not Ennius, but Andronicus was the firſt, who by the *Archæa Comædia* of the Greeks, added many beauties to the firſt rude and barbarous Roman ſatire: which ſort of poem, though we had not derived from Rome, yet nature teaches it mankind, in all ages, and in every country.

It is but neceſſary, that, after ſo much has been ſaid of ſatire, ſome definition of it ſhould be given. Heinſius,

ſius, in his diſſertations on Horace, makes it for me, in theſe words; "Satire is a kind of poetry, without "a ſeries of action, invented for the purging of our "minds; in which human vices, ignorance, and "errors, and all things beſides, which are produced "from them, in every man, are ſeverely reprehended; "partly dramatically, partly ſimply, and ſometimes "in both kinds of ſpeaking; but for the moſt part "figuratively, and occultly; conſiſting in a low fami-"liar way, chiefly in a ſharp and pungent manner of "ſpeech; but partly, alſo, in a facetious and civil "way of jeſting; by which either hatred, or laughter, "or indignation, is moved."—Where I cannot but obſerve, that this obſcure and perplexed definition, or rather deſcription of ſatire, is wholly accommodated to the Horatian way; and excluding the works of Juvenal and Perſius, as foreign from that kind of poem: the clauſe in the beginning of it ("without a ſeries of "action") diſtinguiſhes ſatire properly from ſtage-plays, which are all of one action, and one continued ſeries of action. The end or ſcope of ſatire is to purge the paſſions; ſo far it is common to the ſatires of Juvenal and Perſius: the reſt which follows, is alſo generally belonging to all three; till he comes upon us, with the excluding clauſe "conſiſting in a low familiar "way of ſpeech," which is the proper character of Horace; and from which, the other two, for their honour be it ſpoken, are far diſtant: but how come lowneſs of ſtyle, and the familiarity of words, to be ſo much the propriety of ſatire, that without them, a

poet

poet can be no more a ſatiriſt, than without riſibility he can be a man? Is the fault of Horace to be made the virtue and ſtanding rule of this poem? Is the *grande ſophos* of Perſius, and the ſublimity of Juvenal to be circumſcribed, with the meanneſs of words, and vulgarity of expreſſion? If Horace refuſed the pains of numbers, and the loftineſs of figures, are they bound to follow ſo ill a precedent? Let him walk a-foot with his pad in his hand, for his own pleaſure; but let not them be accounted no poets, who chuſe to mount, and ſhew their horſemanſhip. Holiday is not afraid to ſay, that there never was ſuch a fall, as from his odes to his ſatires, and that he, injuriouſly to himſelf, untuned his harp. The majeſtic way of Perſius and Juvenal was new when they began it, but it is old to us; and what poems have not, with time, received an alteration in their faſhion? Which alteration, ſays Holiday, is to after-times, as good a warrant as the firſt. Has not Virgil changed the manners of Homer's heroes in his Æneid? Certainly he has, and for the better. For Virgil's age was more civilized, and better bred: and he writ according to the politeneſs of Rome, under the reign of Auguſtus Cæſar; not to the rudeneſs of Agamemnon's age, or the times of Homer. Why ſhould we offer to confine free ſpirits to one form, when we cannot ſo much as confine our bodies to one faſhion of apparel? Would not Donne's ſatires, which abound with ſo much wit, appear more charming, if he had taken care of his words, and of his numbers? But he followed Horace ſo very cloſe, that of neceſſity he muſt

fall

fall with him: and I may ſafely ſay it of this preſent age, that if we are not ſo great wits as Donne, yet, certainly, we are better poets.

But I have ſaid enough, and it may be too much, on this ſubject. Will your lordſhip be pleaſed to prolong my audience, only ſo far, till I tell you my own trivial thoughts how a modern ſatire ſhould be made. I will not deviate in the leaſt from the precepts and examples of the ancients, who were always our beſt maſters. I will only illuſtrate them, and diſcover ſome of the hidden beauties in their deſigns, that we thereby may form our own in imitation of them. Will you pleaſe but to obſerve, that Perſius, the leaſt in dignity of all the three, has notwithſtanding been the firſt, who has diſcovered to us this important ſecret, in the deſigning of a perfect ſatire, that it ought only to treat of one ſubject; to be confined to one particular theme; or, at leaſt, to one principally. If other vices occur in the management of the chief, they ſhould only be tranſiently laſhed, and not be inſiſted on, ſo as to make the deſign double. As in a play of the Engliſh faſhion, which we call a tragi-comedy, there is to be but one main deſign: and though there be an underplot, or ſecond walk of comical characters and adventures, yet they are ſubſervient to the chief fable, carried along under it, and helping to it; ſo that the drama may not ſeem a monſter with two heads. Thus the Copernican ſyſtem of the planets makes the moon to be moved by the motion of the earth, and carried about her orb, as a dependent of hers. Maſcardi, in his diſcourſe of

the " Doppia favola," or double tale, in plays, giv an inſtance of it, in the famous paſtoral of Guarin called " Il Paſtor Fido ;" where Coriſca and the ſati are the under-parts: yet we may obſerve, that Coriſ is brought into the body of the plot, and made ſubſe vient to it. It is certain that the divine wit of Hora was not ignorant of this rule, that a play, though conſiſts of many parts, muſt yet be one in the action, a muſt drive on the accompliſhment of one deſign; f he gives this very precept, " Sit quodvis ſimplex du " taxat & unum ;" yet he ſeems not much to mind in his ſatires, many of them conſiſting of more arg ments than one; and the ſecond without dependan on the firſt. Caſaubon has obſerved this before me, his preference of Perſius to Horace: and will have h own beloved author to be the firſt, who found ou and introduced this method of confining himſelf to o ſubject. I know it may be urged in defence of Horac that this unity is not neceſſary; becauſe the very wo *ſatura* ſignifies a diſh plentifully ſtored with all varie of fruit and grains. Yet Juvenal, who calls h poems a *farrago*, which is a word of the ſame ſi nification with *ſatura*, has choſen to follow the ſar method of Perſius, and not of Horace. And Boilea whoſe example alone is a ſufficient authority, h wholly confined himſelf, in all his ſatires, to this uni of deſign. That variety which is not to be found any one ſatire, is, at leaſt, in many, written on ſeve occaſions. And if variety be of abſolute neceſſity *every one of* them, according to the etymology of ſ

word; yet it may ariſe naturally from one ſubject, as it is diverſly treated in the ſeveral ſubordinate branches of it; all relating to the chief. It may be illuſtrated accordingly with variety of examples in the ſubdiviſions of it; and with as many precepts as there are members of it; which all together may complete that *olla*, or hotch-potch, which is properly a ſatire.

Under this unity of theme, or ſubject, is comprehended another rule for perfecting the deſign of true ſatire. The poet is bound, and that *ex officio*, to give his reader ſome one precept of moral virtue; and to caution him againſt ſome one particular vice or folly. Other virtues, ſubordinate to the firſt, may be recommended, under that chief head; and other vices or follies may be ſcourged, beſides that which he principally intends. But he is chiefly to inculcate one virtue, and inſiſt on that. Thus Juvenal, in every ſatire, excepting the firſt, ties himſelf to one principal inſtructive point, or to the ſhunning of moral evil. Even in the ſixth, which ſeems only an arraignment of the whole ſex of womankind, there is a latent admonition to avoid ill women, by ſhewing how very few, who are virtuous and good, are to be found amongſt them. But this, though the wittieſt of all his ſatires, has yet the leaſt of truth or inſtruction in it. He has run himſelf into his old declamatory way, and almoſt forgotten that he was now ſetting up for a moral poet.

Perſius is never wanting to us in ſome profitable doctrine, and in expoſing the oppoſite vices to it. His *kind of philoſophy* is one, which is the ſtoick; and every

every ſatire is a comment on one particular dogma of that ſect; unleſs we will except the firſt, which is againſt bad writers; and yet even there he forgets not the precepts of the porch. In general, all virtues are every where to be praiſed and recommended to practice; and all vices to be reprehended, and made either odious or ridiculous; or elſe there is a fundamental error in the whole deſign.

I have already declared who are the only perſons that are the adequate object of private ſatire, and who they are that may properly be expoſed by name for public examples of vices and follies: and therefore I will trouble your lordſhip no farther with them. Of the beſt and fineſt manner of ſatire, I have ſaid enough in the compariſon betwixt Juvenal and Horace: it is that ſharp, well-mannered way of laughing a folly out of countenance, of which your lordſhip is the beſt maſter in this age. I will proceed to the verſification, which is moſt proper for it, and add ſomewhat to what I have ſaid already on that ſubject. The ſort of verſe which is called burleſque, conſiſting of eight ſyllables, or four feet, is that which our excellent Hudibras has choſen. I ought to have mentioned him before, when I ſpake of Donne; but by a ſlip of an old man's memory, he was forgotten. The worth of his poem is too well known to need any commendation, and he is above my cenſure: his ſatire is of the Varronian kind, though unmixed with proſe. The choice of his numbers is ſuitable enough to his deſign, as he has managed it: but in any other hand, the ſhortneſs of his verſe, and the quick returns of rhyme, had debaſed the

the dignity of ſtyle. And beſides, the double rhyme (a neceſſary companion of burleſque writing) is not ſo proper for manly ſatire, for it turns earneſt too much to jeſt, and gives us a boyiſh kind of pleaſure. It tickles aukwardly with a kind of pain, to the beſt ſort of readers; we are pleaſed ungratefully, and, if I may ſay ſo, againſt our liking. We thank him not for giving us that unſeaſonable delight, when we know he could have given us a better, and more ſolid. He might have left that taſk to others, who, not being able to put in thought, can only make us grin with the excreſcence of a word of two or three ſyllables in the cloſe. It is, indeed, below ſo great a maſter to make uſe of ſuch a little inſtrument. But his good ſenſe is perpetually ſhining through all he writes; it affords us not the time of finding faults. We paſs through the levity of his rhyme, and are immediately carried into ſome admirable uſeful thought. After all, he has choſen this kind of verſe; and has written the beſt in it: and had he taken another, he would always have excelled. As we ſay of a court-favourite, that whatſoever his office be, he ſtill makes it uppermoſt, and moſt beneficial to himſelf.

The quickneſs of your imagination, my Lord, has already prevented me; and you know beforehand, that I would prefer the verſe of ten ſyllables, which we call the Engliſh heroic, to that of eight. This is truly my opinion: for this ſort of number is more roomy: the thought can turn itſelf with greater eaſe in a larger compaſs. When the rhyme comes too thick upon us, it ſtraitens the expreſſion; we are thinking

of the cloſe, when we ſhould be employed in adorning the thought. It makes a poet giddy with turning in a ſpace too narrow for his imagination; he loſes many beauties, without gaining one advantage. For a burleſque rhyme, I have already concluded to be none; or if it were, it is more eaſily purchaſed in ten ſyllables than in eight: in both occaſions it is as in a tennis-court, when the ſtrokes of greater force are given, when we ſtrike out and play at length. Taſſone and Boileau have left us the beſt examples of this way, in the Secchia Rapita, and the Lutrin. And next them Merlin Coccajus in his Baldus. I will ſpeak only of the two former, becauſe the laſt is written in Latin verſe. The Secchia Rapita is an Italian poem, a ſatire of the Varronian kind. It is written in the ſtanza of eight, which is their meaſure for heroique verſe. The words are ſtately, the numbers ſmooth, the turn both of thoughts and words is happy. The firſt ſix lines of the ſtanza ſeem majeſtical and ſevere; but the two laſt turn them all into a pleaſant ridicule. Boileau, if I am not much deceived, has modeled from hence his famous Lutrin. He had read the burleſque poetry of Scarron, with ſome kind of indignation, as witty as it was, and found nothing in France that was worthy of his imitation. But he copied the Italian ſo well, that his own may paſs for an original. He writes it in the French heroic verſe, and calls it an heroic poem: his ſubject is trivial, but his verſe is noble. I doubt not but he had Virgil in his eye, for we find many admirable imitations of him, and ſome

parodies;

parodies; as particularly this paſſage in the fourth of the Æneids:

" Nec tibi Diva parens; generis nec Dardanus auctor,
" Perfide; ſet duris genuit te cautibus horrens
" Caucaſus; Hyrcanæque admorûnt ubera tigres."

Which he thus tranſlates, keeping to the words, but altering the ſenſe:

" Non, ton Pere a Paris, ne fut point Boulanger:
" Et tu n'es point du ſang de Gervais Horologer:
" Ta Mere ne fut point la Maitreſſe d'un Coche;
" Caucaſe dans ſes flancs, te forma d'une Roché:
" Une Tigreſſe affreuſe, en quelque Antre écarté,
" Te fit, avec ſon laict, ſuccer ſa Cruauté."

And, as Virgil in his fourth Georgique of the Bees, perpetually raiſes the lowneſs of his ſubject, by the loftineſs of his words; and enobles it by compariſons drawn from empires, and from monarchs.

" Admiranda tibi levium ſpectacula rerum,
" Magnanimoſque Duces, totumque ordine gentis
" Mores & ſtudia, & populos, & prælia dicam."

And again:

" Sic Genuus immortale manent; multoſque per annos
" Stat fortuna domus, & avi numerantur avorum."

We ſee Boileau purſuing him in the ſame flights; and ſcarcely yielding to his maſter. This, I think, my Lord, to be the moſt beautiful, and moſt noble kind of ſatire. Here is the majeſty of the heroic, finely mixed with

with the venom of the other; and raiſing the delight which otherwiſe would be flat and vulgar, by the ſublimity of the expreſſion. I could ſay ſomewhat more of the delicacy of this and ſome other of his ſatires; but it might turn to his prejudice, if it were carried back to France.

I have given your Lordſhip but this bare hint, in what manner this ſort of ſatire may beſt be managed. Had I time, I could enlarge on the beautiful turns of words and thoughts; which are as requiſite in this, as in heroic poetry itſelf; of which the ſatire is undoubtedly a ſpecies. With theſe beautiful turns I confeſs myſelf to have been unacquainted, till about twenty years ago, in a converſation which I had with that noble wit of Scotland, Sir George Mackenzie: he aſked me why I did not imitate in my verſes the turns of Mr. Waller and Sir John Denham; of which he repeated many to me. I had often read with pleaſure, and with ſome profit, thoſe two fathers of our Engliſh poetry; but had not ſeriouſly enough conſidered thoſe beauties which give the laſt perfection to their works. Some ſprinklings of this kind I had alſo formerly in my plays; but they were caſual, and not deſigned. But this hint, thus ſeaſonably given me, firſt made me ſenſible of my own wants, and brought me afterwards to ſeek for the ſupply of them in other Engliſh authors. I looked over the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley; there I found, inſtead of them, the points of wit, and quirks of epigram, even in the Davideis, an heroic poem, which is of an oppoſite nature

ture to thoſe puerilities; but no elegant turns either on the word or on the thought. Then I conſulted a greater genius (without offence to the manes of that noble author) I mean Milton; but, as he endeavours every where to expreſs Homer, whoſe age had not arrived to that fineneſs, I found in him a true ſublimity, lofty thoughts, which were clothed with admirable Greciſms, and ancient words, which he had been digging from the mines of Chaucer and Spenſer, and which, with all their ruſticity, had ſomewhat of venerable in them. But I found not there neither that for which I looked. At laſt I had recourſe to his maſter, Spenſer, the author of that immortal poem called The Fairy Queen; and there I met with that which I had been looking for ſo long in vain. Spenſer had ſtudied Virgil to as much advantage as Milton had done Homer; and amongſt the reſt of his excellencies had copied that. Looking farther into the Italian, I found Taſſo had done the ſame; nay more, that all the ſonnets in that language, are on the turn of the firſt thought; which Mr. Walſh, in his late ingenious preface to his poems, has obſerved. In ſhort, Virgil and Ovid are the two principal fountains of them in Latin poem. And the French at this day are ſo fond of them, that they judge them to be the firſt beauties. "Delicate & bien tourné," are the higheſt commendations which they beſtow on ſomewhat which they think a maſter-piece.

An example on the turn of words, amongſt a thouſand others, is that in the laſt book of Ovid's Metamorphoſes:

" Heu quantum ſcelus eſt, in viſcera, viſcera condi
" Congeſtoque avidum pingueſcere corpore corpus;
" Alteriuſque animantem animantis vivere lèto!"

An example on the turn both of thoughts and words, is to be found in Catullus; in the complaint of Ariadne, when ſhe was left by Theſeus:

" Tum jam nulla viro juranti fœmina credat;
" Nulla viri ſperet ſermones eſſe fideles:
" Qui dum aliquid cupiens animus prægeſtît apiſci,
" Nil metuunt jurare; nihil promittere parcunt.
" Sed ſimul ac cupidæ mentis ſatiata libido eſt,
" Dicta nihil metuere; nihil perjuria curant"

An extraordinary turn upon the words, is that in Ovid's Epiſtolæ Heroidum, of Sappho to Phaon:

" Si niſi quæ formâ poterit te digna videri,
" Nulla futura tua eſt; nulla futura tua eſt."

Laſtly, a turn which I cannot ſay is abſolutely on words, for the thought turns with them, is in the fourth Georgique of Virgil; where Orpheus is to receive his wife from hell, on expreſs condition not to look on her till ſhe was come on earth:

" Cùm ſubita incautum dementia cepit Amantem;
" Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere manes."

I will not burden your Lordſhip with more of them; for I write to a maſter, who underſtands them better than myſelf. But I may ſafely conclude them to be great beauties: I might deſcend alſo to the mechanic

beauties

beauties of heroic verſe; but we have yet no Engliſh proſodia, not ſo much as a tolerable dictionary, or a grammar; ſo that our language is in a manner barbarous; and what government will encourage any one, or more, who are capable of refining it, I know not: but nothing under a public expence can go through with it. And I rather fear a declination of the language, than hope an advancement of it in the preſent age.

I am ſtill ſpeaking to you, my Lord: though, in all probability, you are already out of hearing. Nothing, which my meanneſs can produce, is worthy of this long attention. But I am come to the laſt petition of Abraham: if there be ten righteous lines, in this vaſt preface, ſpare it for their ſake; and alſo ſpare the next city, becauſe it is but a little one.

I would excuſe the performance of this tranſlation, if it were all my own; but the better, though not the greater part being the work of ſome gentlemen, who have ſucceeded very happily in their undertaking; let their excellencies atone for my imperfections, and thoſe of my ſons. I have peruſed ſome of the ſatires, which are done by other hands; and they ſeem to me as perfect in their kind, as any thing I have ſeen in Engliſh verſe. The common way which we have taken, is not a literal tranſlation, but a kind of paraphraſe; or ſomewhat which is yet more looſe, betwixt a paraphraſe and imitation. It was not poſſible for us, or any men, to have made it pleaſant any other way. If rendering the exact ſenſe of thoſe authors,

almoſt line for line, had been our buſineſs, Barten Holiday had done it already to our hands: and, by the help of his learned notes and illuſtrations, not only Juvenal and Perſius, but what is yet more obſcure, his own verſes, might be underſtood.

But he wrote for fame, and wrote to ſcholars: we write only for the pleaſure and entertainment of thoſe gentlemen and ladies, who, though they are not ſcholars, are not ignorant: perſons of underſtanding good ſenſe; who not having been converſant in the original, or at leaſt not having made Latin verſe ſo much their buſineſs as to be critics in it, would be glad to find, if the wit of our two great authors be anſwerable to their fame and reputation in the world. We have therefore endeavoured to give the publick all the ſatisfaction we are able in this kind.

And if we are not altogether ſo faithful to our author, as our predeceſſors, Holiday and Stapylton; yet we may challenge to ourſelves this praiſe, that we ſhall be far more pleaſing to our readers. We have followed our authors at greater diſtance, though not ſtep by ſtep, as they have done. For oftentimes they have gone ſo cloſe, that they have trod on the heels of Juvenal and Perſius, and hurt them by their too near approach. A noble author would not be purſued too cloſe by a tranſlator. We loſe his ſpirit, when we think to take his body. The groſſer part remains with us, but the ſoul is flown away, in ſome noble expreſſion, or ſome delicate turn of words, or thought. Thus Holiday, who made this way his choice, ſeized

the

the meaning of Juvenal; but the poetry has always ſcaped him.

They who will not grant me, that pleaſure is one of the ends of poetry, but that it is only a means of compaſſing the only end, which is inſtruction; muſt yet allow, that without the means of pleaſure, the inſtruction is but a bare and dry philoſophy; a crude preparation of morals, which we may have from Ariſtotle and Epictetus, with more profit than from any poet: neither Holiday nor Stapylton have imitated Juvenal, in the poetical part of him, his diction and his elocution. Nor had they been poets, as neither of them were; yet in the way they took, it was impoſſible for them to have ſucceeded in the poetic part.

The Engliſh verſe, which we call heroic, conſiſts of more than ten ſyllables; the Latin hexameter ſometimes riſes to ſeventeen; as for example, this verſe in Virgil:

"Pulverulenta putrem ſonitu quatit ungula campum."

Here is the difference of no leſs than ſeven ſyllables in a line betwixt the Engliſh and the Latin. Now the medium of theſe, is about fourteen ſyllables; becauſe the dactyle is a more frequent foot in hexameters than the ſpondee.

But Holiday, without conſidering that he writ with the diſadvantage of four ſyllables leſs in every verſe, endeavours to make one of his lines to comprehend the ſenſe of one of Juvenal's. According to the falſity of the propoſition was the ſucceſs. He was forced to crowd his verſe with ill-ſounding monoſyllables, of *which our* barbarous language affords him a wild

plenty

plenty: and by that means he arrived at his pedantic end, which was to make a literal tranſlation: his verſes have nothing of verſe in them, but only the worſt part of it, the rhyme; and that, into the bargain, is far from good. But, which is more intolerable, by cramming his ill-choſen, and worſe-ſounding monoſyllables ſo cloſe together; the very ſenſe which he endeavours to explain, is become more obſcure than that of his author. So that Holiday himſelf cannot be underſtood, without as large a commentary, as that which he makes on his two authors. For my own part, I can make a ſhift to find the meaning of Juvenal without his notes: but his tranſlation is more difficult than his author. And I find beauties in the Latin to recompenſe my pains; but in Holiday and Stapylton, my ears, in the firſt place, are mortally offended; and then their ſenſe is ſo perplexed, that I return to the original, as the more pleaſing taſk, as well as the more eaſy.

This muſt be ſaid for our tranſlation, that if we give not the whole ſenſe of Juvenal, yet we give the moſt conſiderable part of it: we give it, in general, ſo clearly, that few notes are ſufficient to make us intelligible. We make our author at leaſt appear in a poetic dreſs. We have actually made him more ſounding, and more elegant, than he was before in Engliſh: and have endeavoured to make him ſpeak that kind of Engliſh, which he would have ſpoken had he lived in England, and had written to this age. If ſometimes any of us (and it is but ſeldom) make him expreſs the cuſtoms

and

and manners of our native country, rather than of Rome, it is, either when there was ſome kind of analogy, betwixt their cuſtoms and ours; or when, to make him more eaſy to vulgar underſtandings, we give him thoſe manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this innovation, it is enough if I can excuſe it. For, to ſpeak ſincerely, the manners of nations and ages are not to be confounded: we ſhould either make them Engliſh, or leave them Roman. If this can neither be defended, nor excuſed, let it be pardoned, at leaſt, becauſe it is acknowledged: and ſo much the more eaſily, as being a fault which is never committed without ſome pleaſure to the reader.

Thus, my lord, having troubled you with a tedious viſit, the beſt manners will be ſhewn in the leaſt ceremony. I will ſlip away while your back is turned, and while you are otherwiſe employed: with great confuſion, for having entertained you ſo long with this diſcourſe; and for having no other recompence to make you, than the worthy labours of my fellow-undertakers in this work, and the thankful acknowledgments, prayers, and perpetual good wiſhes, of,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Obliged, Moſt Humble,

and Moſt Obedient Servant,

Aug. 18, 1692. JOHN DRYDEN.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet gives us firſt a kind of humorous reaſon for his writing: that, being provoked by hearing ſo many ill poets rehearſe their works, he does himſelf juſtice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But, ſince no man will rank himſelf with ill writers, it is eaſy to conclude, that if ſuch wretches could draw an audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater eſteem with the public. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addicts himſelf to ſatire, than any other kind of poetry. And here he diſcovers that it is not ſo much his indignation to ill poets, as to ill men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a ſummary and general view of the vices and follies reigning in his time. So that this firſt ſatire is the natural ground-work of all the reſt. Herein he confines himſelf to no one ſubject, but ſtrikes indifferently at all men in his way: in every following *ſatire he has* choſen ſome particular moral which he would

would inculcate; and laſhes ſome particular vice or folly (an art with which our lampooners are not much acquainted). But our poet being deſirous to reform his own age, but not daring to attempt it by an overt-act of naming living perſons, inveighs only againſt thoſe who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to great men, that their memory lies at the mercy of future poets and hiſtorians, but alſo, with a finer ſtroke of his pen, brands even the living, and perſonates them under dead mens names.

I have avoided as much as I could poſſibly the borrowed learning of marginal notes and illuſtrations, and for that reaſon have tranſlated this ſatire ſomewhat largely. And freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewiſe omitted moſt of the proper names, becauſe I thought they would not much edify the reader. To conclude, if in two or three places I have deſerted all the commentators, it is becauſe they firſt deſerted my author, or at leaſt have left him in ſo much obſcurity, that too much room is left for gueſſing.

STILL ſhall I hear, and never quit the ſcore,
Stunn'd with hoarſe Codrus' Theſeid, o'er and o'er?
Shall this man's elegies and t'other's play
Unpuniſh'd murder a long ſummer's day?
Huge Telephus, a formidable page,
Cries vengeance; and Oreſtes' bulky rage

Unſatisfy'd

Unſatisfy'd with margins cloſely writ,
Foams o'er the covers, and not finiſh'd yet.
No man can take a more familiar note
Of his own home, than I of Vulcan's grot,
Or Mars his grove, or hollow winds that blow
From Ætna's top, or tortur'd ghoſts below.
I know by rote the fam'd exploits of Greece;
The Centaurs' fury, and the golden fleece;
Through the thick ſhades th' eternal ſcribbler bauls,
And ſhades the ſtatues on their pedeſtals.
The beſt and worſt on the ſame theme employs
His Muſe, and plagues us with an equal noiſe.
Provok'd by theſe incorrigible fools,
I left declaiming in pedantic ſchools;
Where, with men-boys, I ſtrove to get renown,
Adviſing Sylla to a private gown.
But, ſince the world with writing is poſſeſt,
I 'll verſify in ſpite; and do my beſt,
To make as much waſte paper as the reſt.
But why I lift aloft the Satire's rod,
And tread the path which fam'd Lucilius trod,
Attend the cauſes which my Muſe have led:
When ſapleſs eunuchs mount the marriage-bed,
When manniſh Mevia, that two handed whore,
Aſtride on horſe-back hunts the Tuſcan boar,
When all our lords are by his wealth outvy'd,
Whoſe razor on my callow beard was try'd;
When I behold the ſpawn of conquer'd Nile,
Criſpinus, both in birth and manners vile,

Pacing

Pacing in pomp, with cloak of Tyrian dye,
Chang'd oft a-day for needleſs luxury;
And finding oft occaſion to be fann'd,
Ambitious to produce his lady-hand;
Charg'd with light ſummer-rings his fingers ſweat,
Unable to ſupport a gem of weight:
Such fulſom objects meeting every where,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
To view ſo lewd a town, and to refrain,
What hoops of iron could my ſpleen contain!
When pleading Matho, borne abroad for air,
With his fat paunch fills his new-faſhion'd chair,
And, after him, the wretch in pomp convey'd,
Whoſe evidence his lord and friend betray'd,
And but the wiſh'd occaſion does attend,
From the poor nobles the laſt ſpoils to rend,
Whom ev'n ſpies dread as their ſuperior fiend,
And bribe with preſents; or, when preſents fail,
They ſend their proſtituted wives for bail:
When night-performance holds the place of merit,
And brawn and back the next of kin diſherit;
For ſuch good parts are in preferment's way,
The rich old madam never fails to pay
Her legacies, by nature's ſtandard given,
One gains an ounce, another gains eleven:
A dear-bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
For which their thrice-concocted blood is paid.
With looks as wan, as he who in the brake
At unawares has trode upon a ſnake;

Or

Or play'd at Lyons a declaiming prize,
For which the vanquiſh'd rhetorician dies.
What indignation boils within my veins,
When perjur'd guardians, proud with impious gains,
Choak up the ſtreets, too narrow for their trains!
Whoſe wards, by want betrey'd, to crimes are led
Too foul to name, too fulſom to be read!
When he who pill'd his province ſcapes the laws,
And keeps his money, though he loſt his cauſe:
His fine begg'd off, contemns his infamy,
Can riſe at twelve, and get him drunk ere three:
Enjoys his exile, and, condemn'd in vain,
Leaves thee, prevailing province, to complain?
Such villainies rouz'd Horace into wrath:
And 'tis more noble to purſue his path,
Than an old tale of Diomede repeat,
Or labouring after Hercules to ſweat,
Or wandering in the winding maze of Crete;
Or with the winged ſmith aloft to fly,
Or fluttering periſh with his fooliſh boy.
With what impatience muſt the Muſe behold
The wife, by her procuring huſband ſold!
For though the law makes null th' adulterer's deed
Of lands to her, the cuckold may ſucceed;
Who his taught eyes up to the cieling throws,
And ſleeps all over but his wakeful noſe.
When he dares hope a colonel's command,
Whoſe courſers kept, ran out his father's land;

Who,

Who yet a ſtripling, Nero's chariot drove,
Whirl'd o'er the ſtreets, while his vain maſter ſtrove
With boaſted art to pleaſe his eunuch-love.
Would it not make a modeſt author dare
To draw his table-book within the ſquare,
And fill with notes, when, lolling at his eaſe,
Mæcenas-like, the happy rogue he ſees
Borne by ſix weary'd ſlaves in open view,
Who cancel'd an old will, and forg'd a new:
Made wealthy at the ſmall expence of ſigning
With a wet ſeal, and a freſh interlining?
The lady, next, requires a laſhing line,
Who ſqueez'd a toad into her huſband's wine:
So well the faſhionable medicine thrives,
That now 'tis practis'd ev'n by country wives:
Poiſoning, without regard of fame or fear:
And ſpotted corpſe are frequent on the bier.
Would'ſt thou to honours and preferments climb?
Be bold in miſchief, dare ſome mighty crime,
Which dungeons, death, or baniſhment deſerves:
For virtue is but drily prais'd, and ſtarves.
Great men, to great crimes, owe their plate emboſt,
Fair palaces, and furniture of coſt;
And high commands: a ſneaking ſin is loſt.
Who can behold that rank old letcher keep
His ſon's corrupted wife, and hope to ſleep?
Or that male-harlot, or that unfledg'd boy,
Eager to ſin, before he can enjoy?
If nature could not, anger would indite
Such woful ſtuff as I or Shadwell write.

Count from the time, ſince old Deucalion's boat,
Rais'd by the flood, did on Parnaſſus float;
And, ſcarcely mooring on the cliff, implor'd
An oracle how man might be reſtor'd;
When ſoften'd ſtones and vital breath enſued,
And virgins naked were by lovers view'd;
What ever ſince that golden age was done,
What human kind deſires, and what they ſhun,
Rage, paſſions, pleaſures, impotence of will,
Shall this ſatirical collection fill.

What age ſo large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more?
When were the dice with more profuſion thrown?
The well-fill'd fob not empty'd now alone,
But gameſters for whole patrimonies play;
The ſteward brings the deeds which muſt convey
The loſt eſtate: what more than madneſs reigns,
When one ſhort ſitting many hundreds drains,
And not enough is left him to ſupply
Board-wages, or a footman's livery?

What age ſo many ſummer-ſeats did ſee?
Or which of our forefathers far'd ſo well,
As on ſeven diſhes, at a private meal?
Clients of old were feaſted; now a poor
Divided dole is dealt at th' outward door;
Which by the hungry rout is ſoon diſpatch'd:
The paltry largeſs, too, ſeverely watch'd,
Ere given; and every face obſerv'd with care,
That no intruding gueſts uſurp a ſhare.

Know

Known, you receive: the crier calls aloud
Our old nobility of Trojan-blood,
Who gape among the crowd for their precarious food.
The prætors, and the tribunes voice is heard;
The freedman juſtles, and will be preferr'd;
Firſt come, firſt ſerv'd, he cries; and I, in ſpight
Of your great Lordſhips, will maintain my right.
Though born a ſlave, though my torn ears are bor'd,
'Tis not the birth, 'tis money makes the Lord.
The rent of five fair houſes I receive;
What greater honours can the purple give?
The poor patrician is reduc'd to keep,
In melancholy walks, a grazier's ſheep:
Not Pallus nor Licinius had my treaſure;
Then let the ſacred tribunes wait my leiſure.
Once a poor rogue, 'tis true, I trod the ſtreet,
And trudg'd to Rome upon my naked feet:
Gold is the greateſt God; though yet we ſee
No temples rais'd to money's majeſty,
No altars fuming to her power divine,
Such as to valour, peace, and virtue ſhine,
And faith, and concord: where the ſtork on high
Seems to ſalute her infant progeny:
Preſaging pious love with her auſpicious cry.
But ſince our knights and ſenators account,
To what their ſordid begging vails amount,
Judge what a wretched ſhare the poor attends,
Whoſe whole ſubſiſtence on thoſe alms depends!
Their houſhold fire, their raiment, and their food,
Prevented by thoſe harpies; when a wood

Of litters thick beſiege the donor's gate,
And begging lords and teeming ladies wait
The promis'd dole: nay, ſome have learn'd the trick
To beg for abſent perſons; feign them ſick,
Cloſe mew'd in their ſedans, for fear of air:
And for their wives produce an empty chair.
This is my ſpouſe: diſpatch her with her ſhare.
'Tis Galla.: let her ladyſhip but peep:
No, Sir, 'tis pity to diſturb her ſleep.
Such fine employments our whole days divide:
The ſalutations of the morning-tide
Call up the ſun; thoſe ended, to the hall
We wait the patron, hear the lawyers baul;
Then to the ſtatues; where, amidſt the race
Of conquering Rome, ſome Arab ſhews his face,
Inſcrib'd with titles, and profanes the place;
Fit to be piſs'd againſt, and ſomewhat more.
The great man, home-conducted, ſhuts his door;
Old clients, weary'd out with fruitleſs care,
Diſmiſs their hopes of eating, and deſpair.
Though much againſt the grain forc'd to retire,
Buy roots for ſupper, and provide a fire.
Meantime his lordſhip lolls within at eaſe,
Pampering his paunch with foreign rarities;
Both ſea and land are ranſack'd for the feaſt;
And his own gut the ſole invited gueſt.
Such plate, ſuch tables, diſhes dreſt ſo well,
That whole eſtates are ſwallow'd at a meal.
Ev'n paraſites are baniſh'd from his board
(At once a ſordid and luxurious lord):

Prodi-

Prodigious throat, for which whole boars are dreſt
(A creature form'd to furniſh out a feaſt).
But preſent puniſhment purſues his maw,
When ſurfeited and ſwell'd, the peacock raw
He bears into the bath; whence want of breath,
Repletions, apoplex, inteſtate death.
His fate makes table-talk, divulg'd with ſcorn,
And he, a jeſt, into his grave is born.

No age can go beyond us; future times
Can add no farther to the preſent crimes.
Our ſons but the ſame things can wiſh and do;
Vice is at ſtand, and at the higheſt flow.
Then, Satire, ſpread thy ſails; take all the winds can blow.

Some may, perhaps, demand what Muſe can yield
Sufficient ſtrength for ſuch a ſpacious field?
From whence can be deriv'd ſo large a vein,
Bold truth to ſpeak, and ſpoken to maintain?
When god-like Freedom is ſo far bereft
The noble mind, that ſcarce the name is left?
Ere *ſandalum magnatum* was begot,
No matter if the great forgave or not:
But if that honeſt licence now you rake,
If into rogues omnipotent you take,
Death is your doom, impal'd upon a ſtake;
Smear'd o'er with wax, and ſet on blaze, to light
The ſtreets, and make a dreadful fire by night

Shall they who drench'd three uncles in a draught
Of poiſonous juice be then in triumph brought,

Make lanes among the people where they go,
And, mounted high on downy chariots, throw
Diſdainful glances on the crowd below?
Be ſilent, and beware, if ſuch you ſee;
'Tis defamation but to ſay, That's he!
Againſt bold Turnus the great Trojan arm,
Amidſt their ſtrokes the poet gets no harm:
Achilles may in epic verſe be ſlain,
And none of all his myrmidons complain:
Hylas may drop his pitcher, none will cry;
Not if he drown himſelf for company:
But when Lucilius brandiſhes his pen,
And flaſhes in the face of guilty men,
A cold ſweat ſtands in drops on every part;
And rage ſucceeds to tears, revenge to ſmart:
Muſe, be adviſ'd; 'tis paſt conſidering-time,
When enter'd once the dangerous liſts of rhime:
Since none the living villains dare implead,
Arraign them in the perſons of the dead.

THE

THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

ARGUMENT.

THE ſtory of this ſatire ſpeaks itſelf. Umbritius, the ſuppoſed friend of Juvenal, and himſelf a poet, is leaving Rome, and retiring to Cumæ. Our author accompanies him out of town. Before they take leave of each other, Umbritius tells his friend the reaſons which oblige him to lead a private life, in an obſcure place. He complains that an honeſt man cannot get his bread at Rome: that none but flatterers make their fortunes there: that Grecians and other foreigners raiſe themſelves by thoſe ſordid arts which he deſcribes, and againſt which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the ſeveral inconveniencies which ariſe from a city-life; and the many dangers which attend it. Upbraids the noblemen with covetouſneſs, for not rewarding good poets; and arraigns the government for ſtarving them. The great art of this

ſatire is particularly ſhown, in common-places; and drawing in as many vices, as could naturally fall into the compaſs of it.

GRIEV'D though I am an ancient friend to loſe,
I like the ſolitary ſeat he choſe:
In quiet Cumæ fixing his repoſe:
Where far from noiſy Rome ſecure he lives,
And one more citizen to Sibyl gives.
The road to Bajæ, and that ſoft receſs
Which all the gods with all their bounty bleſs.
Though I in Prochyta with greater eaſe
Could live, than in a ſtreet of palaces.
What ſcenes ſo deſert, or ſo full of fright,
As towering houſes tumbling in the night,
And Rome on fire beheld by its own blazing light?
But worſe than all the clattering tiles, and worſe
Than thouſand padders, is the poet's curſe.
Rogues that in dog-days cannot rhime forbear:
But without mercy read, and make you hear.
Now while my friend, juſt ready to depart,
Was packing all his goods in one poor cart;
He ſtop'd a little at the Conduit-gate,
Where Numa model'd once the Roman-ſtate,
In mighty councils with his nymph retir'd
Though now the ſacred ſhades and founts are hir'd
By baniſh'd Jews, who their whole wealth can lay
In a ſmall baſket, on a wiſp of hay;
Yet ſuch our avarice is, that every tree
Pays for his head; nor ſleep itſelf is free.

No

Nor place, nor perſons, now are ſacred held,
From their own grove the Muſes are expell'd.
Into this lonely vale our ſteps we bend,
I and my ſullen diſcontented friend:
The marble caves, and aquæducts, we view;
But how adulterate now, and different from the true!
How much more beauteous had the fountain been
Embelliſh'd with her firſt created green,
Where cryſtal ſtreams through living turf had run,
Contented with an urn of native ſtone!
Then thus Umbritius (with an angry frown,
And looking back on this degenerate town,)
Since noble arts in Rome have no ſupport,
And ragged virtue not a friend at court,
No profit riſes from th' ungrateful ſtage,
My poverty encreaſing with my age,
'Tis time to give my juſt diſdain a vent,
And, curſing, leave ſo baſe a government.
Where Dædalus his borrow'd wings laid by,
To that obſcure retreat I chuſe to fly:
While yet few furrows on my face are ſeen,
While I walk upright, an old age is green,
And Lacheſis has ſomewhat left to ſpin.
Now, now, 'tis time to quit this curſed place,
And hide from villains my too honeſt face:
Here let Arturius live, and ſuch as he:
Such manners will with ſuch a town agree.
Knaves, who in full aſſemblies have the knack
Of turning truth to lies, and white to black;

Can hire large houſes, and oppreſs the poor
By farm'd exciſe; can cleanſe the common-ſhore;
And rent the fiſhery; can bear the dead;
And teach their eyes diſſembled tears to ſhed,
All this for gain; for gain they ſell their very head.
Theſe fellows (ſee what fortune's power can do)
Were once the minſtrels of a country ſhow:
Follow'd the prizes through each paltry town,
By trumpet-cheeks and bloated faces known.
But now, grown rich, on drunken holidays,
At their own coſts exhibit public plays:
Where, influenc'd by the rabble's bloody will,
With thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.
From thence return'd, their ſordid avarice rakes
In excrements again, and hires the jakes.
Why hire they not the town, not every thing,
Since ſuch as they have fortune in a ſtring?
Who, for her pleaſure, can her fools advance;
And toſs them topmoſt on the wheel of chance.
What 's Rome to me, what buſineſs have I there,
I who can neither lie, nor falſely ſwear?
Nor praiſe my patron's undeſerving rhymes,
Nor yet comply with him, nor with his times;
Unſkill'd in ſchemes by planets to foreſhow,
Like canting raſcals, how the wars will go:
I neither will, nor can prognoſticate
To the young gaping heir, his father's fate:
Nor in the intrails of a toad have pry'd,
Nor carry'd bawdy preſents to a bride:

For

For want of theſe town-virtues, thus, alone,
I go conducted on my way by none;
Like a dead member from the body rent;
Maim'd, and unuſeful to the government.
Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the times,
Conſcious of cloſe intrigues, and dipt in crimes;
Labouring with ſecrets which his boſom burn,
Yet never muſt to public light return?
They get reward alone who can betray:
For keeping honeſt counſels none will pay.
He who can Verres, when he will, accuſe,
The purſe of Verres may at pleaſure uſe:
But let not all the gold which Tagus hides,
And pays the ſea in tributary tides,
Be bribe ſufficient to corrupt the breaſt;
Or violate with dreams thy peaceful reſt.
Great men with jealous eyes the friend behold,
Whoſe ſecrecy they purchaſe with their gold.
I haſte to tell thee, nor ſhall ſhame oppoſe
What confidence our wealthy Romans choſe:
And whom I moſt abhor: to ſpeak my mind,
I hate, in Rome, a Grecian town to find:
To ſee the ſcum of Greece tranſplanted here,
Receiv'd like gods, is what I cannot bear.
Nor Greeks alone, but Syrians here abound,
Obſcene Orontes, diving under ground,
Conveys his wealth to Tyber's hungry ſhores,
And fattens Italy with foreign whores:
Hither their crooked harps and cuſtoms come:
All find receipt in hoſpitable Rome.

The

The barbarous harlots crowd the public place:
Go, fools, and purchaſe an unclean embrace:
The painted mitre court, and the more painted face.
Old Romulus, and father Mars, look down,
Your herdſman primitive, your homely clown,
Is turn'd a beau in a looſe tawdry gown.
His once unkem'd and horrid locks behold
Stilling ſweet oil: his neck inchain'd with gold:
Aping the foreigners in every dreſs;
Which, bought at greater coſt, becomes him leſs.
Meantime they wiſely leave their native land,
From Sycion, Samos, and from Alaband,
And Amydon, to Rome they ſwarm in ſhoals:
So ſweet and eaſy is the gain from fools.
Poor refugees at firſt, they purchaſe here:
And, ſoon as denizen'd, they domineer.
Grow to the great, a flattering ſervile rout:
Work themſelves inward, and their patrons out.
Quick-witted, brazen-fac'd, with fluent tongues,
Patient of labours, and diſſembling wrongs.
Riddle me this, and gueſs him if you can,
Who bears a nation in a ſingle man?
A cook, a conjurer, a rhetorician,
A painter, pedant, a geometrician,
A dancer on the ropes, and a phyſician.
All things the hungry Greek exactly knows:
And bid him go to heaven, to heaven he goes.
In ſhort, no Scythian, Moor, or Thracian born,
But in that town which arms and arts adorn,

Shall

Shall he be plac'd above me at the board,
In purple cloath'd, and lolling like a lord?
Shall he before me ſign, whom t' other day
A ſmall craft veſſel hither did convey;
Where ſtow'd with prunes, and rotten figs, he lay?
How little is the privilege become
Of being born a citizen of Rome!
The Greeks get all by fulſom flatteries;
A moſt peculiar ſtroke they have at lies.
They make a wit of their inſipid friend;
His blobber-lip and beetle-brows commend;
His long crane-neck and narrow ſhoulders praiſe;
You'd think they were deſcribing Hercules.
A creaking voice for a clear treble goes;
Though harſher than a cock that treads and crows.
We can as groſsly praiſe; but, to our grief,
No flattery but from Grecians gains belief.
Beſides theſe qualities, we muſt agree
They mimic better on the ſtage than we:
The wife, the whore, the ſhepherdeſs, they play,
In ſuch a free, and ſuch a graceful way,
That we believe a very woman ſhown,
And fancy ſomething underneath the gown.
But not Antiochus, nor Stratocles,
Our ears and raviſh'd eyes can only pleaſe:
The nation is compos'd of ſuch as theſe.
All Greece is one comedian: laugh, and they
Return it louder than an aſs can bray:
Grieve, and they grieve; if you weep ſilently,
There ſeems a ſilent echo in their eye:
They cannot mourn like you, but they can cry.

Call for a fire, their winter cloaths they take:
Begin but you to ſhiver, and they ſhake:
In froſt and ſnow, if you complain of heat,
They rub th' unſweating brow, and ſwear they ſweat.
We live not on the ſquare with ſuch as theſe,
Such are our betters, who can better pleaſe:
Who day and night are like a looking-glaſs;
Still ready to reflect their patron's face.
The panegyric hand, and lifted eye,
Prepar'd for ſome new piece of flattery.
Ev'n naſtineſs, occaſions will afford;
They praiſe a belching, or well-piſſing lord.
Beſides, there 's nothing ſacred, nothing free
From bold attempts of their rank letchery.
Through the whole family their labours run;
The daughter is debauch'd, the wife is won:
Nor 'ſcapes the bridegroom, or the blooming ſon.
If none they find for their lewd purpoſe fit,
They with the walls and very floors commit.
They ſearch the ſecrets of the houſe, and ſo
Are worſhip'd there, and fear'd for what they know.
And, now we talk of Grecians, caſt a view
On what, in ſchools, their men of morals do;
A rigid ſtoick his own pupil ſlew:
A friend, againſt a friend of his own cloth,
Turn'd evidence, and murder'd on his oath.
What room is left for Romans in a town
Where Grecians rule, and cloaks control the gown?
Some Diphilus, or ſome Protogenes,
Look ſharply out, our ſenators to ſeize:

Engroſs

Engroſs them wholly, by their native art,
And fear'd no rivals in their bubble's heart:
One drop of poiſon in my patron's ear,
One ſlight ſuggeſtion of a ſenſeleſs fear,
Infus'd with cunning, ſerves to ruin me;
Diſgrac'd, and baniſh'd from the family.
In vain forgotten ſervices I boaſt;
My long dependance in an hour is loſt:
Look round the world, what country will appear,
Where friends are left with greater eaſe than here?
At Rome (nor think me partial to the poor)
All offices of ours are out of door:
In vain we riſe, and to the levees run;
My lord himſelf is up, before, and gone:
The prætor bids his lictors mend their pace,
Leſt his colleague outſtrip him in the race:
The childiſh matrons are, long ſince, awake:
And, for affronts, the tardy viſits take.
'Tis frequent, here, to ſee a free-born ſon
On the left-hand of a rich hireling run;
Becauſe the wealthy rogue can throw away,
For half a brace of bouts, a tribune's pay:
But you, poor ſinner, though you love the vice,
And, like the whore, demure upon the price:
And, frighted with the wicked ſum, forbear
To lend a hand, and help her from the chair.
Produce a witneſs of unblemiſh'd life,
Holy as Numa, or as Numa's wife,
Or him who bid th' unhallow'd flames retire,
And ſnatch'd the trembling goddeſs from the fire!

The

The queſtion is not put, how far extends
His piety, but what he yearly ſpends:
Quick to the buſineſs; how he lives, and eats;
How largely gives; how ſplendidly he treats:
How many thouſand acres feed his ſheep,
What are his rents? what ſervants does he keep,
Th' account is ſoon caſt up; the judges rate
Our credit in the court by our eſtate.
Swear by our gods, or thoſe the Greeks adore,
Thou art as ſure forſworn, as thou art poor:
The poor muſt gain their bread by perjury;
And ev'n the gods, that other means deny,
In conſcience muſt abſolve them, when they lye.
Add, that the rich have ſtill a gibe in ſtore;
And will be monſtrous witty on the poor:
For the torn ſurtout and the tatter'd veſt,
The wretch and all his wardrobe are a jeſt:
The greaſy gown, fully'd with often turning,
Gives a good hint, to ſay, The man's in mourning.
Or if the ſhoe be ript, or patches put,
He 's wounded! ſee the plaiſter on his foot.
Want is the ſcorn of every wealthy fool;
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.
Pack hence, and from the cover'd benches riſe,
(The Maſter of the Ceremonies cries)
This is no place for you, whoſe ſmall eſtate
Is not the value of the ſettled rate:
The ſons of happy punks, the pandar's heir,
Are privileg'd to ſit in triumph there,
To clap the firſt, and rule the theatre.

Up to the galleries, for ſhame, retreat;
For, by the Roſcian law, the poor can claim no ſeat.
Who ever brought to his rich daughter's bed,
The man that poll'd but twelve-pence for his head?
Who ever nam'd a poor man for his heir,
Or call'd him to aſſiſt the judging-chair?
The poor were wiſe, who, by the rich oppreſs'd,
Withdrew, and ſought a ſacred place of reſt.
Once they did well, to free themſelves from ſcorn;
But had done better never to return.
Rarely they riſe by virtue's aid, who lie
Plung'd in the depth of helpleſs poverty.
At Rome 'tis worſe; where houſe-rent by the year,
And ſervants bellies coſt ſo deviliſh dear;
And tavern-bills run high for hungry chear.
To drink or eat in earthen-ware we ſcorn,
Which cheaply country-cupboards does adorn:
And coarſe blue hoods on holidays are worn.
Some diſtant parts of Italy are known,
Where none but only dead men wear a gown:
On theatres of turf, in homely ſtate,
Old plays they act, old feaſts they celebrate:
The ſame rude ſong returns upon the crowd,
And, by tradition, is for wit allow'd.
The mimic yearly gives the ſame delights;
And in the mother's arms the clowniſh infant frights.
Their habits (undiſtinguiſh'd by degree)
Are plain alike; the ſame ſimplicity,
Both on the ſtage, and in the pit, you ſee.

In his white cloak the magiſtrate appears;
The country-bumkin the ſame livery wears.
But here, attir'd, beyond our purſe we go,
For uſeleſs ornament and flaunting ſhow:
We take on truſt, in purple robes to ſhine;
And, poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.
This is a common vice, though all things here
Are ſold, and ſold unconſcionably dear.
What will you give that Coſſus may but view
Your face, and in the crowd diſtinguiſh you;
May take your incenſe like a gracious God,
And anſwer only with a civil nod?
To pleaſe our patrons, in this vicious age,
We make our entrance by the favourite page:
Shave his firſt down, and when he pulls his hair,
The conſecrated locks to temples bear:
Pay tributary cracknels, which he ſells,
And, with our offerings, help to raiſe his vails.
Who fears in country-towns a houſe's fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven wall?
But we inhabit a weak city here;
Which buttreſſes and props but ſcarcely bear:
And 'tis the village-maſon's daily calling,
To keep the world's metropolis from falling,
To cleanſe the gutters, and the chinks to cloſe;
And, for one night, ſecure his lord's repoſe.
At Cumæ we can ſleep quite round the year,
Nor falls, nor fires, nor nightly dangers fear;
While rolling flames from Roman turrets fly,
And the pale citizens for buckets cry.

Thy neighbour has remov'd his wretched ſtore
(Few hands will rid the lumber of the poor)
Thy own third ſtory ſmokes, while thou, ſupine,
Are drench'd in fumes of undigeſted wine.
For if the loweſt floors already burn,
Cock-loft and garrets ſoon will take the turn.
Where thy tame pigeons next the tiles were bred,
Which, in their neſts unſafe, are timely fled.
Codrus had but one bed, ſo ſhort to boot,
That his ſhort wife's ſhort legs hung dangling out;
His cupboard's head ſix earthen pitchers grac'd,
Beneath them was his truſty tankard plac'd.
And, to ſupport this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron caſt from honeſt clay;
His few Greek books a rotten cheſt contain'd;
Whoſe covers much of mouldineſs complain'd:
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread;
And with heroic verſe luxuriouſly were fed.
'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boaſt,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing loſt.
Begg'd naked through the ſtreets of wealthy Rome;
And found not one to feed, or take him home.
But if the palace of Arturius burn,
The nobles change their cloaths, the matrons mourn;
The city-prætor will no pleadings hear;
The very name of fire we hate and fear:
And look aghaſt, as if the Gauls were here.
While yet it burns, th' officious nation flies,
Some to condole, and ſome to bring ſupplies:

One ſends him marble to rebuild, and one
With naked ſtatues of the Parian ſtone,
The work of Polyclete, that ſeem to live;
While others images for altars give;
One books and ſkreens, and Pallas to the breaſt
Another bags of gold, and he gives beſt.
Childleſs Arturius, vaſtly rich before,
Thus by his loſſes multiplies his ſtore:
Suſpected for accomplice to the fire,
That burnt his palace but to build it higher.
But, could you be content to bid adieu
To the dear play-houſe, and the players too:
Sweet country-ſeats are purchas'd every where,
With lands and gardens, at leſs price than here
You hire a darkſome doghole by the year.
A ſmall convenience decently prepar'd,
A ſhallow well that riſes in your yard,
That ſpreads his eaſy cryſtal ſtreams around,
And waters all the pretty ſpot of ground.
There, love the fork, thy garden cultivate,
And give thy frugal friends a Pythagorean treat
'Tis ſomewhat to be lord of ſome ſmall ground
In which a lizard may, at leaſt, turn round.
'Tis frequent, here, for want of ſleep to die;
Which fumes of undigeſted feaſts deny;
And, with imperfect heat, in languid ſtomachs fr
What houſe ſecure from noiſe the poor can keep,
When ev'n the rich can ſcarce afford to ſleep;
So dear it coſts to purchaſe reſt in Rome;
And hence the ſources of diſeaſes come.

The drover who his fellow-drover meets
In narrow paſſages of winding ſtreets;
The waggoners that curſe their ſtanding teams,
Would wake ev'n drouſy Druſius from his dreams.
And yet the wealthy will not brook delay,
But ſweep above our heads, and make their way;
In lofty litters borne, and read and write,
Or ſleep at eaſe: the ſhutters make it night.
Yet ſtill he reaches, firſt, the public place:
The preſs before him ſtops the client's pace.
The crowd that follows cruſh his panting ſides,
And trip his heels; he walks not, but he rides.
One elbows him, one juſtles in the ſhoal:
A rafter breaks his head, or chairman's pole:
Stocking'd with loads of fat town-dirt he goes;
And ſome rogue-ſoldier, with his hob-nail'd ſhoes,
Indents his legs behind in bloody rows.
See with what ſmoke our doles we celebrate:
A hundred gueſts, invited, walk in ſtate:
A hundred hungry ſlaves, with their Dutch kitchens, wait.
Huge pans the wretches on their heads muſt bear,
Which ſcarce gigantic Corbulo could rear:
Yet they muſt walk upright beneath the loan:
Nay, run, and running blow the ſparkling flames abroad,
Their coats, from botching newly bought, are torn.
Unweildy timber-trees in waggons borne,
Stretch'd at their length, beyond their carriage lie;
That nod, and threaten ruin from on high.
For, ſhould their axle break, its overthrow
Would cruſh, and pound to duſt, the crowd below:
Nor friends their friends, nor ſires their ſons could know.

Nor limbs, nor bones, nor carcaſs would remain:
But a maſh'd heap, a hotchpotch of the ſlain.
One vaſt deſtruction; not the ſoul alone,
But bodies, like the ſoul, viſibly are flown.
Meantime, unknowing of their fellows' fate,
The ſervants waſh the platter, ſcour the plate,
Then blow the fire, with puffing cheeks, and lay
The rubbers, and the bathing ſheets diſplay;
And oil them firſt; and each is handy in his way.
But he, for whom this buſy care they take,
Poor ghoſt! is wandering by the Stygian lake:
Affrighted with the ferryman's grim face;
New to the horrors of that uncouth place;
His paſſage begs with unregarded prayer:
And wants two farthings to diſcharge his fare.
Return we to the dangers of the night;
And, firſt, behold our houſes dreadful height:
From whence come broken potſherds tumbling down
And leaky ware, from garret-windows thrown:
Well may they break our heads, and mark the flint ſtone.
'Tis want of ſenſe to ſup abroad too late;
Unleſs thou firſt haſt ſettled thy eſtate.
As many fates attend thy ſteps to meet,
As there are waking windows in the ſtreet.
Bleſs the good Gods, and think thy chance is rare
To have a piſs-pot only for thy ſhare.
The ſcouring drunkard, if he does not fight
Before his bed-time, takes no reſt that night.
Paſſing the tedious hours in greater pain
Than ſtern Achilles, when his friend was ſlain:

'Tis ſo ridiculous, but ſo true withal,
A bully cannot ſleep without a braul:
Yet, though his youthful blood be fir'd with wine,
He wants not wit the danger to decline:
Is cautious to avoid the coach and ſix,
And on the lacquies will no quarrel fix.
His train of flambeaux, and embroider'd coat,
May privilege my lord to walk ſecure on foot.
But me, who muſt by moon-light homeward bend,
Or lighted only with a candle's end,
Poor me he fights, if that be fighting, where
He only cudgels, and I only bear.
He ſtands, and bids me ſtand: I muſt abide;
For he's the ſtronger, and is drunk beſide.
Where did you whet your knife to-night, he cries,
And ſhred the leeks that in your ſtomach riſe?
Whoſe windy beans have ſtuft your guts, and where
Have your black thumbs been dipt in vinegar?
With what companion-cobler have you fed,
On old ox-cheeks, or he-goat's tougher head?
What, are you dumb? Quick with your anſwer, quick,
Before my foot ſalutes you with a kick.
Say, in what naſty cellar under ground,
Or what church-porch, your rogueſhip may be found?
Anſwer, or anſwer not, 'tis all the ſame:
He ſays me on, and makes me bear the blame.
Before the bar, for beating him you come;
This is a poor man's liberty in Rome.
You beg his pardon; happy to retreat
With ſome remaining teeth, to chew your meat.

Nor is this all; for when retir'd, you think
To ſleep ſecurely; when the candles wink,
When every door with iron-chains is barr'd,
And roaring taverns are no longer heard;
The ruffian-robbers by no juſtice aw'd,
And unpaid cut-throat ſoldiers, are abroad,
Thoſe venal ſouls, who, harden'd in each ill,
To ſave complaints and perſecution, kill.
Chac'd from their woods and bogs, the padders come
To this vaſt city, as their native home;
To live at eaſe, and ſafely ſkulk in Rome.
The forge in fetters only is employ'd;
Our iron-mines exhauſted and deſtroy'd
In ſhackles; for theſe villains ſcarce allow
Goads for the teams, and plough-ſhares for the plough.
Oh, happy ages of our anceſtors,
Beneath the kings and tribunitial powers!
One jail did all their criminals reſtrain;
Which now the walls of Rome can ſcarce contain.
More I could ſay, more cauſes I could ſhow
For my departure; but the ſun is low:
The waggoner grows weary of my ſtay;
And whips his horſes forwards on their way.
Farewell; and when, like me, o'erwhelm'd with care,
You to your own Aquinum ſhall repair,
To take a mouthful of ſweet country-air,
Be mindful of your friend; and ſend me word,
What joys your fountains and cool ſhades afford:
Then, to aſſiſt your ſatires, I will come;
And add new venom when you write of Rome.

THE

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

ARGUMENT.

THIS ſatire, of almoſt double length to any of the reſt, is a bitter invective againſt the fair ſex. It is indeed, a common-place, from whence all the moderns have notoriouſly ſtolen their ſharpeſt railleries. In his other ſatires, the poet has only glanced on ſome particular women, and generally ſcourged the men. But this he reſerved wholly for the ladies. How they had offended him, I know not: but upon the whole matter he is not to be excuſed for imputing to all, the vices of ſome few amongſt them. Neither was it generouſly done of him, to attack the weakeſt as well as the faireſt part of the creation: neither do I know what moral he could reaſonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole ſex, if all had been true which he alledges againſt them: for that had been to put an end to human-kind. And to bid us beware of their artifices, is a kind of ſilent acknowledgment, that they have more wit than men: which turns the ſatire upon us, and particularly upon the poet; who thereby makes a compliment, where

he meant a libel. If he intended only to exerciſe his wit, he has forfeited his judgment, by making the one half of his readers his mortal enemies: and, amongſt the men, all the happy lovers, by their own experience, will diſprove his accuſations. The whole world muſt allow this to be the wittieſt of his ſatires; and truly he had need of all his parts, to maintain with ſo much violence ſo unjuſt a charge. I am ſatisfied he will bring but few over to his opinion: and on that conſideration chiefly I ventured to tranſlate him. Though there wanted not another reaſon, which was, that no one elſe would undertake it: at leaſt, Sir C. S. who could have done more right to the author, after a long delay, at length abſolutely refuſed ſo ungrateful an employment: and every one will grant, that the work muſt have been imperfect and lame, if it had appeared without one of the principal members belonging to it. Let the poet therefore bear the blame of his own invention; and let me ſatisfy the world, that I am not of his opinion. Whatever his Roman ladies were, the Engliſh are free from all his imputations. They will read with wonder and abhorrence the vices of an age, which was the moſt infamous of any on record. They will bleſs themſelves when they behold thoſe examples, related of Domitian's time: they will give back to antiquity thoſe monſters it produced: and believe with reaſon, that the ſpecies of thoſe women is extinguiſhed; or at leaſt, that they were never here propagated. I may ſafely therefore

fore proceed to the argument of a ſatire, which is no way relating to them: and firſt obſerve, that my author makes their luſt the moſt heroic of their vices: the reſt are in a manner but digreſſion. He ſkims them over; but he dwells on this: when he ſeems to have taken his laſt leave of it, on the ſudden he returns to it: it is one branch of it in Hippia, another in Meſſalina, but luſt is the main body of the tree. He begins with this text in the firſt line, and takes it up with intermiſſions to the end of the chapter. Every vice is a loader, but that 's a ten. The fillers, or intermediate parts, are their revenge; their contrivances of ſecret crimes; their arts to hide them; their wit to excuſe them; and their impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept ſecret. Then the perſons to whom they are moſt addicted; and on whom they commonly beſtow the laſt favours: as ſtage-players, fiddlers, ſinging-boys, and fencers. Theſe who paſs for chaſte amongſt them, are not really ſo; but only, for their vaſt dowries, are rather ſuffered than loved by their own huſbands. That they are imperious, domineering, ſcolding wives: ſet up for learning and criticiſm in poetry; but are falſe judges. Love to ſpeak Greek (which was then the faſhionable tongue, as French is now with us). That they plead cauſes at the bar, and play prizes at the bear-garden. That they are goſſips and news-monger: wrangle with their neighbours abroad, and beat their ſervants at home. That they lie-in for new faces once a month, are ſluttiſh with their huſbands in

private,

private; and paint and dreſs in public for their lovers. That they deal with Jews, diviners, and fortune-tellers: learn the arts of miſcarrying, and barrenneſs. Buy children, and produce them for their own. Murder their huſbands ſons, if they ſtand in their way to his eſtate; and make their adulterers his heirs. Frrom hence the poet proceeds to ſhew the occaſion of all theſe vices, their original, and how they were introduced in Rome, by peace, wealth, and luxury. In concluſion, if we will take the word of our malicious author, bad women are the general ſtanding rule: and the good, but ſome few exceptions to it.

IN Saturn's reign, at Nature's early birth,
There was that thing call'd chaſtity on earth;
When in a narow cave, their common ſhade,
The ſheep, the ſhepherds, and their gods were laid:
When reeds and leaves, and hides of beaſts were ſpread
By mountain-houſewives for their homely bed,
And moſſy pillows rais'd, for the rude huſband's head.
Unlike the niceneſs of our modern dames
(Affected nymphs with new-affected names):
The Cynthia's and the Leſbia's of our years,
Who for a ſparrow's death diſſolve in tears.
Thoſe firſt unpoliſh'd matrons, big and bold,
Gave ſuck to infants of gigantic mold;
Rough as their ſavage lords who rang'd the wood,
And, fat with acorns, belch'd their windy food.
For when the world was buckſome, freſh, and young,
Her ſons were undebauch'd, and therefore ſtrong;

And

And whether born in kindly beds of earth,
Or ſtruggling from the teeming oaks to birth,
Or from what other atoms they begun,
No ſires they had, or, if a ſire, the ſun.
Some thin remains of chaſtity appear'd,
Ev'n under Jove, but Jove without a beard;
Before the ſervile Greeks had learnt to ſwear
By heads of kings; while yet the bounteous year
Her common fruits in open plains expos'd,
Ere thieves were fear'd, or gardens were inclos'd.
At length uneaſy Juſtice upwards flew,
And both the ſiſters to the ſtars withdrew;
From that old æra whoring did begin,
So venerably ancient is the ſin.
Adulterers next invade the nuptial ſtate,
And marriage-beds creak'd with a foreign weight;
All other ills did iron times adorn;
But whores and ſilver in one age were born.
Yet thou, they ſay, for marriage doſt provide:
Is this an age to buckle with a bride?
They ſay thy hair the curling art is taught,
The wedding-ring perhaps already bought:
A ſober man, like thee, to change his life!
What fury would poſſeſs thee with a wife?
Art thou of every other death bereft,
No knife, no ratſbane, no kind halter left?
(For every nooſe compar'd to her's is cheap):
Is there no city-bridge from whence to leap?
Would'ſt thou become her drudge, who doſt enjoy
A better ſort of bedfellow, thy boy?

He keeps thee not awake with nightly brawls,
Nor with a begg'd reward thy pleaſure palls;
Nor with inſatiate heavings calls for more,
When all thy ſpirits were drain'd out before.
But ſtill Urſidius courts the marriage-bait,
Longs for a ſon, to ſettle his eſtate,
And takes no gifts, though every gaping heir
Would gladly greaſe the rich old batchelor.
What revolution can appear ſo ſtrange,
As ſuch a leacher, ſuch a life to change?
A rank, notorious whoremaſter, to chooſe
To thruſt his neck into the marriage-nooſe?
He who ſo often in a dreadful fright
Had in a coffer 'ſcap'd the jealous cuckold's ſight,
That he to wedlock dotingly betray'd,
Should hope in this lewd town to find a maid!
The man 's grown mad: to eaſe his frantic pain,
Run for the ſurgeon; breathe the middle vein:
But let a heifer with gilt horns be led
To Juno, regent of the marriage-bed,
And let him every deity adore,
If his new bride prove not an errant whore
In head and tail, and every other pore.
On Ceres' feaſt reſtrain'd from their delight,
Few matrons there, but curſe the tedious night:
Few whom their fathers dare ſalute, ſuch luſt
Their kiſſes have, and come with ſuch a guſt.
With ivy now adorn thy doors, and wed;
Such is thy bride, and ſuch thy genial bed.

Think'ſt

Think'ſt thou one man is for one woman meant?
She ſooner with one eye would be content.
And yet 'tis noiſ'd, a maid did once appear
In ſome ſmall village, though fame ſays not where;
'Tis poſſible; but ſure no man ſhe found;
'Twas deſert, all, about her father's ground:
And yet ſome luſtful god might there make bold,
Are Jove and Mars grown impotent and old?
Many a fair nymph has in a cave been ſpread,
And much good love, without a feather-bed.
Whither would'ſt thou to chuſe a wife reſort,
The park, the mall, the play-houſe, or the court?
Which way ſoever thy adventures fall,
Secure alike of chaſtity in all.
One ſees a dancing-maſter capering high,
And raves, and piſſes, with pure ecſtaſy:
And one is charm'd with the new opera notes,
Admires the ſong, but on the finger dotes:
The country lady in the box appears,
Softly ſhe warbles over all ſhe hears;
And ſucks-in paſſion, both at eyes and ears.
The reſt (when now the long vacation 's come,
The noiſy hall and theatres grown dumb)
Their memories to refreſh, and chear their hearts,
In borrow'd breeches act the players' parts.
The poor, that ſcarce have wherewithal to eat,
Will pinch, to make the ſinging-boy a treat.
The rich, to buy him, will refuſe no price;
And ſtretch his quail-pipe, till they crack his voice.

Trage-

Strode from the palace, with an eager pace,
To cope with a more maſculine embrace:
Muffled ſhe march'd, like Juno in a cloud,
Of all her train but one poor wench allow'd,
One whom in ſecret ſervice ſhe could truſt;
The rival and companion of her luſt.
To the known brothel-houſe ſhe takes her way;
And for a naſty room gives double pay;
That room in which the rankeſt harlot lay.
Prepar'd for fight, expectingly ſhe lies,
With heaving breaſts, and with deſiring eyes.
Still as one drops, another takes his place,
And baffled ſtill ſucceeds to like diſgrace.
At length, when friendly darkneſs is expir'd,
And every ſtrumpet from her cell retir'd,
She lags behind, and, lingering at the gate,
With a repining ſigh ſubmits to fate:
All filth without, and all a fire within,
Tir'd with the toil, unſated with the ſin.
Old Cæſar's bed the modeſt matron ſeeks;
The ſteam of lamps ſtill hanging on her cheeks,
In ropy ſmut: thus foul, and thus bedight,
She brings him back the product of the night.
Now ſhould I ſing what poiſons they provide;
With all their trumpery of charms beſide;
And all their arts of death: it would be known
Luſt is the ſmalleſt ſin the ſex can own.
Cæſinia ſtill, they ſay, is guiltleſs found
Of every vice, by her own lord renown'd:
And well ſhe may, ſhe brought ten thouſand pound.

She

She brought him wherewithal to be call'd chaſte;
His tongue is ty'd in golden fetters faſt:
He ſighs, adores, and courts her every hour;
Who would not do as much for ſuch a dower?
She writes love-letters to the youth in grace;
Nay, tips the wink before the cuckold's face;
And might do more; her portion makes it good;
Wealth has the privilege of widowhood.

Theſe truths with his example you diſprove,
Who with his wife is monſtrouſly in love:
But know him better; for I heard him ſwear,
'Tis not that ſhe's his wife, but that ſhe's fair.
Let her but have three wrinkles in her face,
Let her eyes leſſen, and her ſkin unbrace,
Soon you will hear the ſaucy ſteward ſay,
Pack up with all your trinkets, and away;
You grow offenſive both at bed and board:
Your betters muſt be had to pleaſe my lord.

Meantime ſhe's abſolute upon the throne:
And, knowing time is precious, loſes none:
She muſt have flocks of ſheep, with wool more fine
Than ſilk, and vineyards of the nobleſt wine:
Whole droves of pages for her train ſhe craves:
And ſweeps the priſons for attending ſlaves.
In ſhort, whatever in her eyes can come,
Or others have abroad, ſhe wants at home.
When winter ſhuts the ſeas, and fleecy ſnows
Make houſes white, ſhe to the merchant goes;
Rich cryſtals of the rock ſhe takes up there,
Huge agate vaſes, and old china-ware:

But is none worthy to be made a wife
In all this town? Suppoſe her free from ſtrife,
Rich, fair, and fruitful, of unblemiſh'd life;
Chaſte as the Sabines, whoſe prevailing charms
Diſmiſs'd their huſbands, and their brothers arms:
Grant her, beſides, of noble blood, that ran
In ancient veins ere heraldry began:
Suppoſe all theſe, and take a poet's word,
A black ſwan is not half ſo rare a bird.
A wife, ſo hung with virtues, ſuch a freight,
What mortal ſhoulders could ſupport the weight!
Some country-girl, ſcarce to a curteſey bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed:
If, ſupercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
Away with all your Carthaginian ſtate,
Let vanquiſh'd Hannibal without-doors wait,
Too burly and too big to paſs my narrow gate.
O Pæan, cries Amphion, bend thy bow
Againſt my wife, and let my children go:
But ſullen Pæan ſhoots at ſons and mothers too.
His Niobe and all his boys he loſt;
Ev'n her, who did her numerous offspring boaſt,
As fair and fruitful as the ſow that carry'd
The thirty pigs at one large litter farrow'd.
What beauty or what chaſtity can bear
So great a price? If ſtately and ſevere,
She ſtill inſults, and you muſt ſtill adore;
Grant that the honey 's much, the gall is more.

Upbraided

Upbraided with the virtues ſhe diſplays,
Seven hours in twelve, you loath the wife you praiſe:
Some faults, though ſmall, intolerable grow;
For what ſo nauſeous and affected too,
As thoſe that think they due perfection want,
Who have not learnt to liſp the Grecian cant?
In Greece their whole accompliſhments they ſeek:
Their faſhion, breeding, language, muſt be Greek:
But, raw in all that does to Rome belong,
They ſcorn to cultivate their mother-tongue.
In Greek they flatter, all their fears they ſpeak,
Tell all their ſecrets; nay, they ſcold in Greek:
Ev'n in the feat of love, they uſe that tongue.
Such affectations may become the young;
But thou, old hag, of threeſcore years and three,
Is ſhewing of thy parts in Greek for thee?
Ζωὴ καὶ ψυχὴ! All thoſe tender words
The momentary trembling bliſs affords,
The kind ſoft murmurs of the private ſheets
Are bawdy, while thou ſpeak'ſt in public ſtreets.
Thoſe words have fingers; and their force is ſuch,
They raiſe the dead, and mount him with a touch.
But all provocatives from thee are vain:
No blandiſhment the ſlacken'd nerve can ſtrain.
If then thy lawful ſpouſe thou canſt not love,
What reaſon ſhould thy mind to marriage move?
Why all the charges of thy nuptial feaſt,
Wine and deſſerts, and ſweet-meats to digeſt?
Th' endowing gold that buys the dear delight,
Giv'n for their firſt and only happy night?

If thou art thus uxoriouſly inclin'd,
To bear thy bondage with a willing mind,
Prepare thy neck, and put it in the yoke:
But for no mercy from thy woman look.
For though, perhaps, ſhe loves with equal fires,
To abſolute dominion ſhe aſpires;
Joys in the ſpoils, and triumphs o'er thy purſe;
The better huſband makes the wife the worſe.
Nothing is thine to give, or ſell, or buy;
All offices of ancient friendſhip die;
Nor haſt thou leave to make a legacy.
By thy imperious wife thou art bereft;
A privilege, to pimps and panders left;
Thy teſtament's her will; where ſhe prefers
Her ruffians, drudges, and adulterers,
Adopting all thy rivals for thy heirs.
Go drag that ſlave to death: your reaſon, why
Should the poor innocent be doom'd to die?
What proofs? For, when man's life is in debate,
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.
Call'ſt thou that ſlave a man, the wife replies:
Prov'd, or unprov'd, the crime, the villain dies.
I have the ſovereign power to ſave or kill;
And give no other reaſon but my will.
Thus the ſhe-tyrant reigns, till, pleas'd with change,
Her wild affections to new empires range:
Another ſubject-huſband ſhe deſires;
Divorc'd from him, ſhe to the firſt retires,
While the laſt wedding-feaſt is ſcarcely o'er,
And garlands hang yet green upon the door.

So

So ſtill the reckoning riſes; and appears,
In total ſum, eight huſbands in five years.
The title for a tomb-ſtone might be fit;
But that it would too commonly be writ.
Her mother living, hope no quiet day;
She ſharpens her, inſtructs her how to flea
Her huſband bare, and then divides the prey.
She takes love-letters, with a crafty ſmile,
And, in her daughter's anſwer, mends the ſtyle.
In vain the huſband ſets his watchful ſpies;
She cheats their cunning, or ſhe bribes their eyes.
The doctor 's call'd; the daughter, taught the trick,
Pretends to faint; and in full health is ſick.
The panting ſtallion, at the cloſet-door,
Hears the conſult, and wiſhes it were o'er.
Canſt thou, in reaſon, hope, a bawd ſo known,
Should teach her other manners than her own?
Her intereſt is in all th' advice ſhe gives:
'Tis on the daughter's rents the mother lives.
No cauſe is try'd at the litigious bar,
But women plaintiffs or defendants are,
They form the proceſs, all the briefs they write;
The topics furniſh, and the pleas indite;
And teach the toothleſs lawyer how to bite.
They turn viragos too; the wreſtler's toil
They try, and ſmear their naked limbs with oil:
Againſt the poſt their wicker ſhields they cruſh,
Flouriſh the ſword, and at the flaſtron puſh.
Of every exerciſe the manniſh crew
Fulfils the parts, and oft excels us too;

Prepar'd not only in feign'd fights t' engage,
But rout the gladiators on the ſtage.
What ſenſe of ſhame in ſuch a breaſt can lie,
Inur'd to arms, and her own ſex to fly?
Yet to be wholly man ſhe would diſclaim;
To quit her tenfold pleaſure at the game,
For frothy praiſes and an empty name.
Oh what a decent ſight 'tis to behold
All thy wife's magazine by auction ſold!
The belt, the cruſted plume, the ſeveral ſuits
Of armour, and the Spaniſh leather-boots!
Yet theſe are they, that cannot bear the heat
Of figur'd ſilks, and under ſarcenet ſweat.
Behold the ſtrutting Amazonian whore,
She ſtands in guard with her right-foot before:
Her coats tuck'd up; and all her motions juſt,
She ſtamps, and then cries hah! at every thruſt
The ghoſts of ancient Romans, ſhould they riſe,
Would grin to ſee their daughters play a prize.
Beſides, what endleſs brawls by wives are bred:
The curtain-lecture makes a mournful bed.
Then, when ſhe has thee ſure within the ſheets,
Her cry begins, and the whole day repeats.
Conſcious of crimes herſelf, ſhe teizes firſt;
Thy ſervants are accus'd; thy whore is curſt;
She acts the jealous, and at will ſhe cries:
For womens' tears are but the ſweat of eyes.
Poor cuckold-fool, thou think'ſt that love ſincere,
And ſuck'ſt between her lips the falling tear;

But

But ſearch her cabinet, and thou ſhalt find
Each tiller there with love-epiſtles lin'd.
Suppoſe her taken in a cloſe embrace,
This you would think ſo manifeſt a caſe;
No rhetoric could defend, no impudence out-face;
And yet, ev'n then, ſhe cries, the marriage-vow
A mental reſervation muſt allow;
And there 's a ſilent bargain ſtill imply'd,
The parties ſhould be pleas'd on either ſide:
And both may for their private needs provide.
Though men yourſelves, and women us you call,
Yet *homo* is a common name for all.
There's nothing bolder than a woman caught;
Guilt gives them courage to maintain their fault.
You aſk from whence proceed theſe monſtrous crimes?
Once poor, and therefore chaſte, in former times,
Our matrons were: no luxury found room
In low-rooft houſes, and bare walls of lome;
Their hands with labour harden'd while 'twas light,
A frugal ſleep ſupply'd the quiet night,
While pinch'd with want, their hunger held them ſtraight;
When Hannibal was hovering at the gate:
But wanton now and lolling at our eaſe,
We ſuffer all th' inveterate ills of peace,
And waſteful riot; whoſe deſtructive charms
Revenge the vanquiſh'd world, of our victorious arms.
No crime, no luſtful poſtures are unknown;
Since Poverty, our guardian god, is gone:
Pride, lazineſs, and all luxurious arts,
Pour like a deluge in, from foreign parts:

Since

Since gold obſcene, and ſilver, found the way,
Strange faſhions with ſtrange bullion to convey,
And our plain ſimple manners to betray.
What care our drunken dames to whom they ſpread
Wine no diſtinction makes of tail or head.
Who, lewdly dancing at a midnight ball,
For hot eringoes and fat oyſters call:
Full brimmers to their fuddled noſes thruſt;
Brimmers, the laſt provocatives of luſt.
When vapours to their ſwimming brains advance,
And double tapers on the tables dance.
Now think what bawdy dialogues they have,
What Tullia talks to her confiding ſlave,
At Modeſty's old ſtatue; when by night
They make a ſtand, and from their litters light;
The good man early to the levee goes,
And treads the naſty paddle of his ſpouſe.
The ſecrets of the goddeſs nam'd the good,
Are ev'n by boys and barbers underſtood:
Where the rank matrons, dancing to the pipe,
Gig with their bums, and are for action ripe;
With muſic rais'd, they ſpread abroad their hair;
And toſs their heads like an enamour'd mare:
Rank'd with the lady the cheap ſinner lies;
For here not blood, but virtue, gives the prize.
Nothing is feign'd in this venereal ſtrife;
'Tis downright luſt, and acted to the life.
So full, ſo fierce, ſo vigorous, and ſo ſtrong,
That, looking on, would make old Neſtor young.

Impa-

Impatient of delay, a general ſound,
And univerſal groan of luſt, goes round;
For then; and only then, the ſex ſincere is found.
Now is the time of action; Now begin,
They cry, and let the luſty lovers in.
The whoreſons are aſleep; then bring the ſlaves,
And watermen, a race of ſtrong-back'd knaves.
I wiſh, at leaſt, our ſacred rites were free
From thoſe pollutions of obſcenity:
But 'tis well known what ſinger, how diſguis'd,
A lewd audacious action enterpriz'd;
Into the fair, with women mix'd, he went,
Arm'd with a huge two-handed inſtrument;
A grateful preſent to thoſe holy choirs,
Where the mouſe, guilty of his ſex, retires;
And ev'n male-pictures modeſtly are vail'd;
Yet no profaneneſs on that age prevail'd;
No ſcoffers at religious rites are found;
Though now, at every altar they abound.
I hear your cautious counſel, you would ſay,
Keep cloſe your women under lock and key:
But, who ſhall keep thoſe keepers? Women, nurſt
In craft: begin with thoſe, and bribe them firſt.
The ſex is turn'd all whore; they love the game:
And miſtreſſes and maids are both the ſame.
The poor Ogulnia, on the poet's day,
Will borrow cloaths, and chair, to ſee the play:
She, who before had mortgag'd her eſtate,
And pawn'd the laſt remaining piece of plate.

Some

Some are reduc'd their utmoſt ſhifts to try:
But women have no ſhame of poverty.
They live beyond their ſtint; as if their ſtore,
The more exhauſted, would encreaſe the more:
Some men, inſtructed by the labouring ant,
Provide againſt th' extremities of want;
But womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the dregs their ſinking fortune drain:
Hourly they give, and ſpend, and waſte, and wear:
And think no pleaſure can be bought too dear.
If ſongs they love, the ſinger's voice they force
Beyond his compaſs till his quail-pipe's hoarſe;
His lute and lyre with their embrace is worn;
With knots they trim it, and with gems adorn:
Run over all the ſtrings, and kiſs the caſe;
And make love to it, in the maſter's place.
A certain lady once, of high degree,
To Janus vow'd, and Veſta's deity,
That Pollio might, in ſinging, win the prize;
Pollio the dear, the darling of her eyes:
She pray'd, and brib'd; what could ſhe more have done
For a ſick huſband, or an only ſon?
With her face veil'd, and heaving up her hands,
The ſhameleſs ſuppliant at the altar ſtands;
The forms of prayer ſhe ſolemnly purſues:
And, pale with fear, the offer'd intrails views.
Anſwer, ye powers; for, if you heard her vow,
Your godſhips, ſure, had little elſe to do.
This is not all; for actors they implore:
An impudence not known to heaven before.

Th'

Th' Aruſpex, tir'd with this religious rout,
Is forc'd to ſtand ſo long, he gets the gout.
But ſuffer not thy wife abroad to roam,
If ſhe loves ſinging, let her ſing at home;
Not ſtrut in ſtreets, with Amazonian pace;
For that 's to cuckold thee before thy face.
Their endleſs itch of news comes next in play;
They vent their own, and hear what others ſay.
Know what in Thrace, or what in France, is done;
Th' intrigues betwixt the ſtepdam and the ſon.
Tell who loves who, what favours ſome partake:
And who is jilted for another's ſake.
What pregnant widow in what month was made;
How oft ſhe did, and doing, what ſhe ſaid.
She, firſt, beholds the raging comet riſe:
Knows whom it threatens, and what lands deſtroys,
Still for the neweſt news ſhe lies in wait;
And takes reports juſt entering at the gate.
Wrecks, floods, and fires: whatever ſhe can meet,
She ſpreads; and is the fame of every ſtreet.
This is a grievance; but the next is worſe;
A very judgment, and her neighbours curſe;
For, if their barking dog diſturb her eaſe,
No prayer can bind her, no excuſe appeaſe.
Th' unmanner'd malefactor is arraign'd;
But firſt the maſter, who the cur maintain'd,
Muſt feel the ſcourge: by night ſhe leaves her bed,
By night her bathing equipage is led,
That marching armies a leſs noiſe create;
She moves in tumult, and ſhe ſweats in ſtate.

Mean

But hadſt thou ſeen her plaiſter'd up before,
'Twas ſo unlike a face, it ſeem'd a ſore.
'Tis worth our while, to know what all the day
They do, and how they paſs their time away,
For, if o'er-night the huſband has been ſlack,
Or counterfeited ſleep, and turn'd his back,
Next day, be ſure, the ſervants go to wrack.
The chamber-maid and dreſſer are call'd whores;
The page is ſtript, and beaten out of doors.
The whole houſe ſuffers for the maſter's crime:
And he himſelf is warn'd, to wake another time.
She hires tormentors by the year; ſhe treats
Her viſitors, and talks; but ſtill ſhe beats.
Beats while ſhe paints her face, ſurveys her gown,
Caſts up the day's account, and ſtill beats on:
Tir'd out, at length, with an outrageous tone,
She bids them in the devil's name be gone.
Compar'd with ſuch a proud, inſulting dame,
Sicilian tyrants may renounce their name.
For, if ſhe haſtes abroad to take the air,
Or goes to Iſis' church (the bawdy-houſe of prayer)
She hurries all her handmaids to the taſk;
Her head, alone, will twenty dreſſers aſk.
Pſecas, the chief, with breaſt and ſhoulders bare,
Trembling, conſiders every ſacred hair;
If any ſtraggler from his rank be found,
A pinch muſt, for the mortal ſin, compound.
Pſecas is not in fault: but, in the glaſs,
The dame 's offended at her own ill face.

The maid is baniſh'd; and another girl
More dextrous, manages the comb and curl;
The reſt are ſummon'd on a point ſo nice;
And firſt, the grave old woman gives advice.
The next is call'd, and ſo the turn goes round,
As each for age, or wiſdom, is renown'd:
Such counſel, ſuch deliberate care, they take,
As if her life and honour lay at ſtake:
With curls on curls, they build her head before,
And mount it with a formidable tower.
A gianteſs ſhe ſeems; but look behind,
And then ſhe dwindles to the pigmy kind.
Duck-legg'd, ſhort-waiſted, ſuch a dwarf ſhe is,
That ſhe muſt riſe on tip-toes for a kiſs.
Meanwhile, her huſband's whole eſtate is ſpent!
He may go bare, while ſhe receives his rent.
She minds him not; ſhe lives not as a wife,
But like a bawling neighbour, full of ſtrife:
Near him, in this alone, that ſhe extends
Her hate to all his ſervants and his friends.
Bellona's prieſts, an Eunuch at their head,
About the ſtreets a mad proceſſion lead;
The venerable guelding, large, and high,
O'erlooks the herd of his inferior fry.
His aukward clergymen about him prance;
And beat the timbrels to their myſtic dance,
Meanwhile, his cheeks the mitred prophet ſwells,
And dire preſages of the year foretels.
Unleſs with eggs (his prieſtly hire) they haſte
To expiate, and avert the autumnal blaſt.

And add beſide a murrey-colour'd veſt,
Which, in their places, may receive the peſt:
And, thrown into the flood, their crimes may bear,
To purge th' unlucky omens of the year.
Th' aſtoniſh'd matrons pay, before the reſt;
That ſex is ſtill obnoxious to the prieſt.
Through you they beat, and plunge into the ſtream,
If ſo the God has warn'd them in a dream.
Weak in their limbs, but in devotion ſtrong,
On their bare hands and feet they crawl along
A whole field's length, the laughter of the throng.
Should Io (Io's prieſt I mean) command
A pilgrimage to Mero's burning ſand,
Through deſerts they would ſeek the ſecret ſpring;
A holy water for luſtration bring.
How can they pay their prieſts too much reſpect,
Who trade with heaven, and earthly gains neglect!
With him, domeſtic Gods diſcourſe by night:
By day, attended by his choir in white,
The bald-pate tribe runs madding through the ſtreet,
And ſmile to ſee with how much eaſe they cheat.
The ghoſtly ſire forgives the wife's delights,
Who ſins, through frailty, on forbidden nights;
And tempts her huſband in the holy time,
When carnal pleaſure is a mortal crime.
The ſweating image ſhakes his head, but he
With mumbled prayers atones the Deity.
The pious prieſthood the fat gooſe receive,
And they once brib'd, the godhead muſt forgive.

No

No ſooner theſe remove, but full of fear,
A gypſy Jeweſs whiſpers in your ear,
And begs an alms: an high-prieſt's daughter ſhe,
Vers'd in their Talmud, and divinity,
And propheſies beneath a ſhady tree.
Her goods a baſket, and old hay her bed,
She ſtrolls, and telling fortunes gains her bread:
Farthings, and ſome ſmall monies, are her fees;
Yet ſhe interprets all your dreams for theſe.
Foretells th' eſtate, when the rich uncle dies,
And ſees a ſweet-heart in the ſacrifice.
Such toys, a pigeon's intrails can diſcloſe:
Which yet th' Armenian augur far outgoes:
In dogs, a victim more obſcene, he rakes;
And murder'd infants for inſpection takes:
For gain, his impious practice he purſues;
For gain will his accomplices accuſe.
More credit, yet, is to Chaldeans given;
What they foretel, is deem'd the voice of heaven.
Their anſwers, as from Hammon's altar, come;
Since now the Delphian oracles are dumb,
And mankind, ignorant of future fate,
Believes what fond aſtrologers relate.
Of theſe the moſt in vogue is he who, ſent
Beyond ſeas, is return'd from baniſhment,
His art who to aſpiring Otho ſold;
And ſure ſucceſſion to the crown foretold.
For his eſteem is in his exile plac'd;
The more believ'd, the more he was diſgrac'd.

No aſtrologic wizard honour gains,
Who has not oft been baniſh'd, or in chains.
He gets renown, who, to the halter near,
But narrowly eſcapes, and buys it dear.
From him your wife enquires the planets' will,
When the black jaundice ſhall her mother kill:
Her ſiſter's and her uncle's end, would know:
But, firſt, conſults his art, when you ſhall go.
And, what's the greateſt gift that heaven can give,
If, after her, th' adulterer ſhall live.
She neither knows nor cares to know the reſt;
If Mars and Saturn ſhall the world infeſt;
Or Jove and Venus with their friendly rays,
Will interpoſe, and bring us better days.
Beware the woman too, and ſhun her ſight,
Who in theſe ſtudies does herſelf delight,
By whom a greaſy almanack is borne,
With often handling, like chaf'd amber worn:
Not now conſulting, but conſulted, ſhe
Of the twelve houſes, and their lords, is free.
She, if the ſcheme a fatal journey ſhow,
Stays ſafe at home, but lets her huſband go.
If but a mile ſhe travel out of town,
The planetary hour muſt firſt be known,
And lucky moment; if her eye but akes
Or itches, its decumbiture ſhe takes.
No nouriſhment receives in her diſeaſe,
But what the ſtars and Ptolemy ſhall pleaſe.
The middle ſort, who have not much to ſpare,
To chiromancers cheaper art repair,
Who clap the pretty palm, to make the lines more fair.

But

But rich the matron, who has more to give,
Her anſwers from the Brachman will receive:
Skil'd in the globe and ſphere, he gravely ſtands,
And, with his compaſs, meaſures ſeas and lands.
The pooreſt of the ſex have ſtill an itch
To know their fortunes, equal to the rich.
The dairy-maid enquires, if ſhe ſhall take
The truſty taylor, and the cook forſake.
Yet theſe, though poor, the pain of childbed bear;
And, without nurſes, their own infants rear:
You ſeldom hear of the rich mantle, ſpread
For the babe, born in the great lady's bed.
Such is the power of herbs; ſuch arts they uſe
To make them barren, or their fruit to loſe.
But thou, whatever ſlops ſhe will have bought,
Be thankful, and ſupply the deadly draught:
Help her to make man-ſlaughter; let her bleed,
And never want for ſavin at her need.
For, if ſhe holds till her nine months be run,
Thou may'ſt be father to an Æthiop's ſon.
A boy, who, ready gotten to thy hands,
By law is to inherit all, thy lands:
One of that hue, that, ſhould he croſs the way,
His omen would diſcolour all the day.
I paſs the foundling by, a race unknown,
At doors expos'd, whom matrons make their own:
And into noble families advance
A nameleſs iſſue, the blind work of chance.
Indulgent fortune does her care employ,
And, ſmiling, broods upon the naked boy:

Her garment ſpreads, and laps him in the fold,
And covers with her wings, from nightly cold:
Gives him her bleſſing; puts him in a way;
Sets up the farce, and laughs at her own play.
Him ſhe promotes; ſhe favours him alone,
And makes proviſion for him, as her own.
The craving wife, the force of magic tries,
And philtres for th' unable huſband buys:
The potion works not on the part deſign'd;
But turns his brains, and ſtupifies his mind.
The ſotted moon-calf gapes, and ſtaring on,
Sees his own buſineſs by another done:
A long oblivion, a benumming froſt,
Conſtrains his head; and yeſterday is loſt:
Some nimbler juice would make him foam and rave
Like that Cæſonia to her Caius gave:
Who, plucking from the forehead of the fole
His mother's love, infus'd it in the bowl:
The boiling blood ran hiſſing in his veins,
Till the mad vapour mounted to his brains.
The Thunderer was not half ſo much on fire,
When Juno's girdle kindled his deſire.
What woman will not uſe the poiſoning trade,
When Cæſar's wife the precedent has made;
Let Agrippina's muſhroom be forgot,
Giv'n to a ſlavering, old, unuſeful ſot;
That only clos'd the driveling dotard's eyes,
And ſent his godhead downward to the ſkies.
But this fierce potion calls for fire and ſword;
Nor ſpares the common, when it ſtrikes the lord.

So many miſchiefs were in one combin'd;
So much one ſingle poiſoner coſt mankind.
If ſtepdames ſeek their ſons-in-law to kill,
'Tis venial treſpaſs; let them have their will:
But let the child, entruſted to the care
Of his own mother, of her bread beware:
Beware the food ſhe reaches with her hand;
The morſel is intended for thy land.
Thy tutor be thy taſter, ere thou eat;
There's poiſon in thy drink, and in thy meat.
You think this feign'd; the ſatire in a rage
Struts in the buſkins of the tragic ſtage,
Forgets his buſineſs is to laugh and bite;
And will of deaths and dire revenges write.
Would it were all a fable, that you read;
But Drymon's wife pleads guilty to the deed.
I (ſhe confeſſes) in the fact was caught,
Two ſons diſpatching at one deadly draught.
What two! Two ſons, thou viper, in one day!
Yes, ſeven, ſhe cries, if ſeven were in my way.
Medea's legend is no more a lye;
One age adds credit to antiquity.
Great ills, we grant, in former times did reign,
And murders then were done: but not for gain.
Leſs admiration to great crimes is due,
Which they through wrath, or through revenge, purſue.
For, weak of reaſon, impotent of will,
The ſex is hurry'd headlong into ill:
And, like a cliff from its foundation torn,
By raging earthquakes, into ſeas, is borne.

But thoſe are fiends, who crimes from thought begin:
And, cool in miſchief, meditate the ſin.
They read th' example of a pious wife,
Redeeming, with her own, her huſband's life;
Yet, if the laws did that exchange afford,
Would ſave their lapdog ſooner than their lord.
Where-e'er you walk, the Belides you meet;
And Clytemneſtras grow in every ſtreet:
But here's the difference; Agamemnon's wife
Was a groſs butcher with a bloody knife;
But murder, now, is to perfection grown,
And ſubtle poiſons are employ'd alone:
Unleſs ſome antidote prevents their arts,
And lines with balſam all the nobler parts:
In ſuch a caſe, reſerv'd for ſuch a need,
Rather than fail, the dagger does the deed.

THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet's deſign, in this divine ſatire, is to repreſent the various wiſhes and deſires of mankind; and to ſet out the folly of them. He runs through all the ſeveral heads of riches, honours, eloquence, fame for martial atchievements, long life, and beauty; and gives inſtances, in each, how frequently they have proved the ruin of thoſe that owned them. He concludes therefore, that ſince we generally chuſe ſo ill for ourſelves, we ſhould do better to leave it to the gods, to make the choice for us. All we can ſafely aſk of heaven, lies within a very ſmall compaſs. It is but health of body and mind. And if we have theſe, it is not much matter what we want beſides; for we have already enough to make us happy.

LOOK round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or, knowing it, purſue.
How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears

So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But, when we have our wiſh, we wiſh undone?
Whole houſes, of their whole deſires poſſeſt,
Are often ruin'd, at their own requeſt.
In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own deſire.
With laurels ſome have fatally been crown'd;
Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable ſtream were drown'd.
The brawny fool, who did his vigour boaſt;
In that preſuming confidence was loſt:
But more have been by avarice oppreſt,
And heaps of money crowded in the cheſt:
Unwieldy ſums of wealth, which higher mount
Than files of marſhal'd figures can account.
To which the ſtores of Crœſus, in the ſcale,
Would look like little dolphins, when they ſail
In the vaſt ſhadow of the Britiſh whale.
For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
A troop of cut-throat guards were ſent to ſeize
The rich mens' goods, and gut their palaces:
The mob, commiſſion'd by the government,
Are ſeldom to an empty garret ſent.
The fearful paſſenger, who travels late,
Charg'd with the carriage of a paltry plate,
Shakes at the moonſhine ſhadow of a ruſh;
And ſees a red-coat riſe from every buſh:
The beggar ſings, ev'n when he ſees the place
Beſet with thieves, and never mends his pace.

Of

Of all the vows, the firſt and chief requeſt
Of each, is to be richer than the reſt:
And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control,
He dreads no poiſon in his homely bowl,
Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
Enchaſe the cup, and ſparkle in the wine.
Will you not now the pair of ſages praiſe,
Who the ſame end purſued, by ſeveral ways?
One pity'd, one contemn'd, the woeful times:
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes:
Laughter is eaſy; but the wonder lies,
What ſtore of brine ſupply'd the weeper's eyes.
Democritus could feed his ſpleen, and ſhake
His ſides and ſhoulders till he felt them ake;
Though in his country-town no lictors were,
Nor rods, nor ax, nor tribune, did appear:
Nor all the foppiſh gravity of ſhow,
Which cunning magiſtrates on crowds beſtow.
What had he done, had he beheld, on high,
Our prætor ſeated, in mock majeſty;
His chariot rolling o'er the duſty place,
While, with dumb pride, and a ſet formal face,
He moves, in the dull ceremonial track,
With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his back:
A ſuit of hangings had not more oppreſt
His ſhoulders, than that long, laborious veſt:
A heavy gewgaw (call'd a crown) that ſpread
About his temples, drown'd his narrow head:
And would have cruſh'd it with the maſſy freight,
But that a ſweating ſlave ſuſtain'd the weight:

A ſlave

A ſlave in the ſame chariot ſeen to ride,
To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
And now th' imperial eagle, rais'd on high,
With golden beak (the mark of majeſty)
Trumpets before, and on the left and right,
A cavalcade of nobles, all in white:
In their own natures falſe and flattering tribes,
But made his friends, by places and by bribes.
In his own age, Democritus could find
Sufficient cauſe to laugh at human-kind:
Learn from ſo great a wit; a land of bogs
With ditches fenc'd, a heaven made fat with fogs,
May form a ſpirit fit to ſway the ſtate;
And make the nighbouring monarchs fear their fate.
He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears;
At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears:
An equal temper in his mind he found,
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when ſhe frown'd.
'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows requeſt,
Are hurtful things, or uſeleſs at the beſt.
Some aſk for envy'd power; which public hate
Purſues, and hurries headlong to their fate:
Down go the titles; and the ſtatue crown'd,
Is by baſe hands in the next river drown'd.
The guiltleſs horſes and the chariot wheel,
The ſame effects of vulgar fury feel:
The ſmith prepares his hammer for the ſtroke,
While the lung'd bellows hiſſing fire provoke;
Sejanus, almoſt firſt of Roman names,
The great Sejanus crackles in the flames:

Form'd

Form'd in the forge, the pliant braſs is laid
On anvils; and of head and limbs are made,
Pans, cans, and piſs-pots, a whole kitchen-trade.
Adorn your doors with laurels; and a bull,
Milk white, and large, lead to the Capitol;
Sejanus, with a rope, is dragg'd along;
The ſport and laughter of the giddy throng!
Good Lord, they cry, what Ethiop lips he has,
How foul a ſnout, and what a hanging face!
By heaven, I never could endure his ſight;
But ſay, how came his monſtrous crimes to light?
What is the charge, and who the evidence,
(The ſaviour of the nation and the prince?)
Nothing of this; but our old Cæſar ſent
A noiſy letter to his parliament:
Nay, ſirs, if Cæſar writ, I aſk no more,
He's guilty; and the queſtion's out of door.
How goes the mob? (for that's a mighty thing,)
When the king's trump, the mob are for the king!
They follow fortune, and the common cry
Is ſtill againſt the rogue condemn'd to die.
But the ſame very mob, that raſcal crowd,
Had cry'd Sejanus, with a ſhout as loud;
Had his deſigns (by fortune's favour bleſt)
Succeeded, and the prince's age oppreſt.
But long, long ſince, the times have chang'd their face,
The people grown degenerate and baſe:
Not ſuffer'd now the freedom of their choice,
To make their magiſtrates, and ſell their voice.

Our

Our wiſe fore-fathers, great by ſea and land,
Had once the power and abſolute command;
All offices of truſt, themſelves diſpos'd;
Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd depos'd.
But we, who give our native rights away,
And our enſlav'd poſterity betray,
Are now reduc'd to beg an alms, and go
On holidays to ſee a puppet-ſhow.
There was a damn'd deſign, cries one, no doubt;
For warrants are already iſſued out;
I met Brutidius in a mortal fright;
He 's dipt for certain, and plays leaſt in ſight:
I fear the rage of our offended prince,
Who thinks the ſenate ſlack in his defence!
Come let us haſte, our loyal zeal to ſhow,
And ſpurn the wretched corps of Cæſar's foe;
But let our ſlaves be preſent there, leſt they
Accuſe their maſters, and for gain betray.
Such were the whiſpers of thoſe jealous times,
About Sejanus' puniſhment and crimes.
Now tell me truly, would'ſt thou change thy fate
To be, like him, firſt miniſter of ſtate?
To have thy levees crouded with reſort,
Of a depending, gaping, ſervile court:
Diſpoſe all honours of the ſword and gown,
Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown:
To hold thy prince in pupilage, and ſway
That monarch, whom the maſter'd world obey?
While he, intent on ſecret luſt alone,
Lives to himſelf, abandoning the throne;

Coop'd

Coop'd in a narrow iſle, obſerving dreams
With flattering wizards, and erecting ſchemes!
I well believe, thou would'ſt be great as he;
For every man 's a fool to that degree;
All wiſh the dire prerogative to kill;
Ev'n they would have the power, who want the will:
But would'ſt thou have thy wiſhes underſtood,
To take the bad together with the good,
Would'ſt thou not rather chuſe a ſmall renown,
To be the mayor of ſome poor paltry town,
Bigly to look, and barbarouſly to ſpeak;
To pound falſe weights, and ſcanty meaſures break?
Then, grant we that Sejanus went aſtray
In every wiſh, and knew not how to pray:
For he who graſp'd the world's exhauſted ſtore
Yet never had enough, but wiſh'd for more,
Rais'd a top-heavy tower, of monſtrous height,
Which, mouldering, cruſh'd him underneath the weight.
What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget?
It ruin'd him, who, greater than the great,
The ſtubborn pride of Roman nobles broke;
And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke:
What elſe but his immoderate luſt of power,
Prayers made and granted in a luckleſs hour?
For few uſurpers to the ſhades deſcend
By a dry death, or with a quiet end.
The boy, who ſcarce has paid his entrance down
To his proud pedant, or declin'd a noun,
(So ſmall an elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his ſatchel muſt be borne to ſchool,)

Yet

Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing leſs,
To prove a Tully, or Demoſthenes:
But both thoſe orators, ſo much renown'd,
In their own depths of eloquence were drown'd:
The hand and head were never loſt, of thoſe
Who dealt in doggrel, or who punn'd in proſe.
" Fortune foretun'd the dying notes of Rome:
" Till I, thy conſul ſole, conſol'd thy doom."
His fate had crept below the lifted ſwords,
Had all his malice been to murder words.
I rather would be Mævius, thraſh for rhymes
Like his the ſcorn and ſcandal of the times,
Than that Philippick fatally divine,
Which is inſcrib'd the ſecond, ſhould be mine.
Nor he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,
Who drove them with the torrent of his tongue,
Who ſhook the theatres, and ſway'd the ſtate
Of Athens, found a more propitious fate.
Whom, born beneath a boding horoſcope,
His ſire, the blear-ey'd Vulcan of a ſhop,
From Mars's forge, ſent to Minerva's ſchools,
To learn th' unlucky art of wheedling fools.
With itch of honour, and opinion, vain,
All things beyond their native worth we ſtrain:
The ſpoils of war, brought to Feretrian Jove,
An empty coat of armour hung above
The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph born,
A ſtreamer from a boarded galley torn,
A chap-fal'n beaver looſely hanging by
The cloven helm, an arch of victory,

On

On whoſe high convex ſits a captive foe,
And ſighing caſts a mournful look below;
Of every nation, each illuſtrious name,
Such toys as theſe have cheated into fame:
Exchanging ſolid quiet, to obtain
The windy ſatisfaction of the brain.
So much the thirſt of honour fires the blood;
So many would be great, ſo few be good.
For who would Virtue for herſelf regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward?
Yet this mad chace of fame, by few purſued,
Has drawn deſtruction on the multitude:
This avarice of praiſe in times to come,
Thoſe long inſcriptions, crowded on the tomb,
Should ſome wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble-titles, and diſperſe
The characters of all the lying verſe.
For ſepulchres themſelves muſt crumbling fall
In time's abyſs, the common grave of all.
Great Hannibal within the balance lay;
And tell how many pounds his aſhes weigh;
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whoſe length runs level with th' Atlantic main,
And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
His ſun-beat waters by ſo long a way;
Which Ethiopia's double clime divides,
And elephants in other mountains hides.
Spain firſt he won, the Pyrenæans paſt,
And ſteepy Alps, the mounds that Nature caſt:

And with corroding juices, as he went,
A paſſage through the living rocks he rent.
Then, like a torrent, rolling from on high,
He pours his head-long rage on Italy;
In three victorious battles over-run;
Yet ſtill uneaſy, cries, There's nothing done,
Till level with the ground their gates are laid;
And Punic flags on Roman towers diſplay'd.
Aſk what a face belong'd to his high fame:
His picture ſcarcely would deſerve a frame:
A ſign-poſt dawber would diſdain to paint
The one-ey'd hero on his elephant.
Now what's his end, O charming Glory! ſay
What rare fifth act to crown his huffing play?
In one deciding battle overcome,
He flies, is baniſh'd from his native home:
Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there
Attends, his mean petition to prefer;
Repuls'd by ſurly grooms, who wait before
The ſleeping tyrant's interdicted door.
What wondrous ſort of death has heaven deſign'd,
Diſtinguiſh'd from the herd of human-kind,
For ſo untam'd, ſo turbulent a mind!
Nor ſwords at hand, nor hiſſing darts afar,
Are doom'd t' avenge the tedious bloody war;
But poiſon, drawn through a ring's hollow plate,
Muſt finiſh him; a ſucking infant's fate.
Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To pleaſe the boys, and be a theme at ſchool.

One

One world ſuffic'd not Alexander's mind;
Coop'd up, he ſeem'd in earth and ſeas confin'd:
And, ſtruggling, ſtretch'd his reſtleſs limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a paſſage out.
Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he try'd
The tomb, and found the ſtrait dimenſions wide:
"Death only this myſterious truth unfolds,
"The mighty ſoul, how ſmall a body holds."
Old Greece a tale of Athos would make out,
Cut from the continent, and ſail'd about;
Seas hid with navies, chariots paſſing o'er
The channel, on a bridge from ſhore to ſhore:
Rivers, whoſe depth no ſharp beholder ſees,
Drunk at an army's dinner, to the lees;
With a long legend of romantic things,
Which in his cups the browſy poet ſings.
But how did he return, this haughty brave,
Who whipt the winds, and made the ſea his ſlave?
(Though Neptune took unkindly to be bound;
And Eurus never ſuch hard uſage found
In his Æolian priſon under ground);
What God ſo mean, ev'n he who points the way,
So mercileſs a tyrant to obey!
But how return'd he, let us aſk again?
In a poor ſkiff he paſs'd the bloody main,
Choak'd with the ſlaughter'd bodies of his train
For fame he pray'd, but let th' event declare
He had no mighty penn'worth of his prayer.
Jove grant me length of life, and years good ſtore
Heap on my bended back, I aſk no more.

Both ſick and healthful, old and young conſpire
In this one ſilly miſchievous deſire.
Miſtaken bleſſing which old age they call,
'Tis a long, naſty, darkſome hoſpital,
A ropy chain of rheums; a viſage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a ſkin of buff.
A ſtitch-fall'n cheek, that hangs below the jaw;
Such wrinkles, as a ſkilful hand would draw
For an old grandam-ape, when, with a grace,
She ſits at ſquat, and ſcrubs her leathern face.
In youth, diſtinctions infinite abound;
No ſhape, or feature, juſt alike are found;
The fair, the black, the feeble, and the ſtrong;
But the ſame foulneſs does to age belong,
The ſelf-ſame palſy, both in limbs and tongue.
The ſkull and forehead one bald barren plain;
And gums unarm'd to mumble meat in vain.
Beſides th' eternal drivel, that ſupplies
The dropping beard, from noſtrils, mouth, and eyes.
His wife and children loath him, and what's worſe,
Himſelf does his offenſive carrion curſe!
Flatterers forſake him too; for who would kill
Himſelf, to be remember'd in a will?
His taſte not only pall'd to wine and meat,
But to the reliſh of a nobler treat.
Thoſe ſenſes loſt, behold a new defeat,
The ſoul diſlodging from another ſeat.
What muſic, or enchanting voice, can chear
A ſtupid, old, impenetrable ear?

No

No matter in what place, or what degree
Of the full theatre he ſits to ſee;
Cornets and trumpets cannot reach his ear:
Under an actor's noſe, he's never near.
His boy muſt bawl, to make him underſtand
The hour o' th' day, or ſuch a lord's at hand:
The little blood that creeps within his veins,
Is but juſt warm'd in a hot fever's pains.
In fine, he wears no limb about him ſound:
With ſores and ſickneſſes beleaguer'd round:
Aſk me their names, I ſooner could relate
How many drudges on ſalt Hippia wait;
What crouds of patients the town-doctor kills;
Or how, laſt fall, he rais'd the weekly bills.
What provinces by Baſilus were ſpoil'd,
What herds of heirs by guardians are beguil'd:
What lands and lordſhips for their owner know
My quondam barber, but his worſhip now.
This dotard of his broken back complains,
One his legs fail, and one his ſhoulders pains:
Another is of both his eyes bereft;
And envies who has one for aiming left.
A fifth, with trembling lips expecting ſtands,
As in his childhood, cramm'd by others hands;
One, who at ſight of ſupper open'd wide
His jaws before, and whetted grinders ty'd:
Now only yawns, and waits to be ſupply'd:
Like a young ſwallow, when with weary wings
Expected food her faſting mother brings.

His loſs of members is a heavy curſe,
But all his faculties decay'd, are worſe!
His ſervants names he has forgotten quite;
Knows not his friend who ſupp'd with him laſt night.
Not ev'n the children he begot and bred;
Or his will knows them not: for, in their ſtead,
In form of law, a common hackney-jade,
Sole heir, for ſecret ſervices, is made:
So lewd and ſuch a batter'd brothel-whore,
That ſhe defies all comers, at her door.
Well, yet ſuppoſe his ſenſes are his own,
He lives to be chief mourner for his ſon:
Before his face his wife and brother burns;
He numbers all his kindred in their urns.
Theſe are the fines he pays for living long;
And dragging tedious age in his own wrong:
Griefs always green, a houſhold ſtill in tears,
Sad pomps: a threſhold throng'd with daily biers;
And liveries of black for length of years.

Next to the raven's age, the Pylian king
Was longeſt-liv'd of any two-legg'd thing;
Bleſt, to defraud the grave ſo long, to mount
His number'd years, and on his right-hand count;
Three hundred ſeaſons, guzzling muſt of wine:
But, hold a while, and hear himſelf repine
At Fate's unequal laws; and at the clue
Which, mercileſs in length, the midmoſt ſiſter drew.
When his brave ſon upon the funeral pyre
He ſaw extended, and his beard on fire;

He

He turn'd, and, weeping, aſk'd his friends, what crime
Had curs'd his age to this unhappy time?
Thus, mourn'd old Peleus for Achilles ſlain,
And thus Ulyſſes' father did complain;
How fortunate an end had Priam made,
Amongſt his anceſtors a mighty ſhade,
While Troy yet ſtood: when Hector, with the race
Of royal baſtards, might his funeral grace:
Amidſt the tears of Trojan dames inurn'd,
And by his loyal daughters truly mourn'd!
Had heaven ſo bleſt him, he had dy'd before
The fatal fleet of Sparta Paris bore:
But mark what age produc'd; he liv'd to ſee
His town in flames, his falling monarchy:
In fine, the feeble ſire, reduc'd by fate,
To change his ſceptre for a ſword, too late,
His laſt effort before Jove's altar tries;
A ſoldier half, and half a ſacrifice:
Falls like an ox, that waits the coming blow;
Old and unprofitable to the plough.
At leaſt he dy'd a man; his queen ſurviv'd,
To howl, and in a barking body liv'd.
I haſten to our own; nor will relate
Great Mithridates, and rich Crœſus' fate;
Whom Solon wiſely counſel'd to attend
The name of happy, till he knew his end.
That Marius was an exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en, in ruin'd Carthage beg'd his bread;
All theſe were owing to a life too long:
For whom had Rome beheld ſo happy, young!

High in his chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
When he had led the Cimbrian captives round
The Roman ſtreets; deſcending from his ſtate,
In that bleſt hour he ſhould have beg'd his fate;
Then, then, he might have dy'd of all admir'd,
And his triumphant ſoul with ſhouts expir'd.
Campania, fortune's malice to prevent,
To Pompey an indulgent favour ſent:
But public prayers impos'd on heaven, to give
Their much-lov'd leader an unkind reprieve.
The city's fate and his conſpir'd to ſave
The head, reſerv'd for an Egyptian ſlave.
Cethegus, though a traitor to the ſtate,
And tortur'd, 'ſcap'd this ignominious fate:
And Sergius, who a bad cauſe bravely try'd,
All of a piece, and undiminiſh'd, dy'd.
To Venus, the fond mother makes a prayer,
That all her ſons and daughters may be fair:
True, for the boys a mumbling vow ſhe ſends;
But for the girls, the vaulted temple rends:
They muſt be finiſh'd pieces: 'tis allow'd
Diana's beauty made Latona proud:
And pleas'd, to ſee the wondering people pray
To the new-riſing ſiſter of the day.
And yet Lucretia's fate would bar that vow:
And fair Virginia would her fate beſtow
On Rutila; and change her faultleſs make
For the foul rumple of her carnel-back.
But, for his mother's boy the beau, what frights
His parents have by day, what anxious nights!

Form,

Form, join'd with virtue, is a ſight too rare:
Chaſte is no epithet to ſuit with fair.
Suppoſe the ſame traditionary ſtrain
Of rigid manners, in the houſe remain;
Inveterate truth, an old plain Sabine's heart;
Suppoſe that Nature, too, has done her part;
Infus'd into his ſoul a ſober grace,
And bluſht a modeſt blood into his face,
(For Nature is a better guardian far,
Than ſaucy pedants, or dull tutors are:)
Yet ſtill the youth muſt ne'er arrive at man;
(So much almighty bribes, and preſents, can;)
Ev'n with a parent, where perſuaſions fail,
Money is impudent, and will prevail.

We never read of ſuch a tyrant king
Who gelt a boy deform'd, to hear him ſing.
Nor Nero, in his more luxurious rage,
E'er made a miſtreſs of an ugly page:
Sporus, his ſpouſe, nor crooked was, nor lame,
With mountain-back, and belly, from the game
Croſs-barr'd: but both his ſexes well became.
Go, boaſt your Springal, by his beauty curſt
To ills; nor think I have declar'd the worſt;
His form procures him journey-work; a ſtrife
Betwixt town-madams, and the merchant's wife:
Gueſs, when he undertakes this public war,
What furious beaſts offended cuckolds are.

Adulterers are with dangers round beſet;
Born under Mars, they cannot 'ſcape the net;

And

And from revengeful huſbands oft have try'd
Worſe handling, than ſevereſt laws provide:
One ſtabs; one ſlaſhes; one, with cruel art,
Makes Colon ſuffer for the peccant part.
But your Endymion, your ſmooth, ſmock'd-fac'd boy,
Unrival'd, ſhall a beauteous dame enjoy:
Not ſo: one more fallacious, rich, and old,
Outbids, and buys her pleaſure for her gold;
Now he muſt moil, and drudge, for one he loaths;
She keeps him high, in equipage and cloaths:
She pawns her jewels, and her rich attire,
And thinks the workman worthy of his hire:
In all things elſe immoral, ſtingy, mean;
But, in her luſts, a conſcionable quean.
She may be handſome, yet be chaſte, you ſay;
Good obſervator, not ſo faſt away:
Did it not coſt the modeſt youth his life,
Who ſhunn'd th' embraces of his father's wife?
And was not t' other ſtrippling forc'd to fly,
Who coldly did his patron's queen deny;
And pleaded laws of hoſpitality?
The ladies charg'd them home, and turn'd the tale,
With ſhame they redden'd, and with ſpight grew pale.
'Tis dangerous to deny the longing dame;
She loſes pity, who has loſt her ſhame.
Now Silius wants thy counſel, gives advice;
Wed Cæſar's wife, or die; the choice is nice.
Her comet-eyes ſhe darts on every grace;
And takes a fatal liking to his face.

Adorn'd

Adorn'd with bridal pomp ſhe ſits in ſtate;
The public notaries and Aruſpex wait:
The genial bed is in the garden dreſt:
The portion paid, and every rite expreſs'd,
Which in a Roman marriage is profeſt.
'Tis no ſtol'n wedding, this, rejecting awe,
She ſcorns to marry, but in form of law:
In this moot caſe, your judgment: to refuſe,
Is preſent death, beſides the night you loſe:
If you conſent, 'tis hardly worth your pain;
A day or two of anxious life you gain:
Till loud reports through all the town have paſt,
And reach the prince: for cuckolds hear the laſt.
Indulge thy pleaſure, youth, and take thy ſwing;
For not to take is but the ſelf-ſame thing:
Inevitable death before thee lies;
But looks more kindly through a lady's eyes.
What then remains? Are we depriv'd of will,
Muſt we not wiſh, for fear of wiſhing ill?
Receive my counſel, and ſecurely move;
Intruſt thy fortune to the powers above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wiſdom ſees thee want:
In goodneſs, as in greatneſs, they excel;
Ah, that we lov'd ourſelves but half ſo well!
We, blindly by our headſtrong paſſions led,
Are hot for action, and deſire to wed;
Then wiſh for heirs: but to the gods alone
Our future offspring, and our wives, are known;
Th' audacious ſtrumpet, and ungracious ſon.

Yet

Yet not to rob the prieſts of pious gain,
That altars be not wholly built in vain;
Forgive the gods the reſt, and ſtand confin'd
To health of body, and content of mind:
A ſoul, that can ſecurely death defy,
And count it Nature's privilege to die;
Serene and manly, harden'd to ſuſtain
The load of life, and exercis'd in pain:
Guiltleſs of hate, and proof againſt deſire;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire;
That dares prefer the toils of Hercules
To dalliance, banquet, and ignoble eaſe.
The path to peace is Virtue: what I ſhow,
Thyſelf may freely on thyſelf beſtow:
Fortune was never worſhip'd by the wiſe;
But, ſet aloft by fools, uſurps the ſkies.

THE

THE SIXTEENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet, in this ſatire, proves, that the condition of a ſoldier is much better than that of a country-man: firſt, becauſe a country-man, however affronted, provoked, and ſtruck himſelf, dares not ſtrike a ſoldier; who is only to be judged by a court-martial: and by the law of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the trenches, he is alſo aſſured to have a ſpeedy hearing, and quick diſpatch: whereas, the townſman or peaſant is delayed in his ſuit by frivolous pretences, and not ſure of juſtice when he is heard in the court: The ſoldier is alſo privileged to make a will, and to give away his eſtate, which he got in war, to whom he pleaſes, without conſideration of parentage, or relations; which is denied to all other Romans. This ſatire was written by Juvenal, when he was a commander in Ægypt: it is certainly his, though I think it not finiſhed. And if it be well obſerved, you will find he intended an invective againſt a ſtanding army.

WHAT vaſt prerogatives, my Gallus, are
Accruing to the mighty man of war!
For, if into a lucky camp I light,
Though raw in arms, and yet afraid to fight,
Befriend me, my good ſtars, and all goes right:

On

One happy hour is to a ſoldier better,
Than mother Juno's recommending letter,
Or Venus, when to Mars ſhe would prefer
My ſuit, and own the kindneſs done to her.
See what our common privileges are:
As, firſt, no ſaucy citizen ſhould dare
To ſtrike a ſoldier, nor, when ſtruck, reſent
The wrong, for fear of farther puniſhment:
Not though his teeth are beaten out, his eyes
Hang by a ſtring, in bumps his forehead riſe,
Shall he preſume to mention his diſgrace,
Or beg amends for his demoliſh'd face.
A booted judge ſhall ſit to try his cauſe,
Not by the ſtatute, but by martial laws;
Which old Camillus order'd, to confine
The brawls of ſoldiers to the trench and line:
A wiſe proviſion; and from thence 'tis clear,
That officers a ſoldier's cauſe ſhould hear:
And, taking cognizance of wrongs receiv'd,
An honeſt man may hope to be reliev'd.
So far 'tis well: but with a general cry,
The regiment will riſe in mutiny,
The freedom of their fellow-rogue demand,
And, if refus'd, will threaten to diſband.
Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace;
The remedy is worſe than the diſeaſe:
This cauſe is worthy him, who in the hall
Would for his fee, and for his client, bawl:
But would'ſt thou, friend, who haſt two legs alone,
(Which, heaven be prais'd, thou yet mayſt call thy own)

Would'ſt

Would'ſt thou, to run the gauntlet, theſe expoſe
To a whole company of hob-nail'd ſhoes?
Sure the good-breeding of wiſe citizens
Should teach them more good-nature to their ſhins.
Beſides, whom canſt thou think ſo much thy friend,
Who dares appear thy buſineſs to defend?
Dry up thy tears, and pocket up th' abuſe,
Nor put thy friend to make a bad excuſe:
The judge cries out, Your evidence produce.
Will he, who ſaw the ſoldier's mutton-fiſt,
And ſaw thee maul'd, appear within the liſt,
To witneſs truth? When I ſee one ſo brave,
The dead, think I, are riſen from the grave;
And with their long ſpade beards, and matted hair,
Our honeſt anceſtors are come to take the air.
Againſt a clown, with more ſecurity,
A witneſs may be brought to ſwear a lye,
Than, though his evidence be full and fair,
To vouch a truth againſt a man of war.
More benefits remain, and claim'd as rights,
Which are a ſtanding army's perquiſites.
If any rogue vexatious ſuits advance
Againſt me for my known inheritance,
Enter by violence my fruitful grounds,
Or take the ſacred land-mark from my bounds,
Thoſe bounds, which with poſſeſſion and with prayer,
And offer'd cakes, have been my annual care:
Or if my debtors do not keep their day,
Deny their hands, and then refuſe to pay;
I muſt, with patience, all the terms attend,
Among the common cauſes that depend,

Till

Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd-for day
Is ſtill encumber'd with ſome new delay:
Perhaps the cloth of ſtate is only ſpread,
Some of the quorum may be ſick a-bed;
That judge is hot, and doffs his gown, while this
O'er night was bowſy, and goes out to piſs:
So many rubs appear, the time is gone
For hearing, and the tedious ſuit goes on:
But buff and belt-men never know theſe cares,
No time, nor trick of law their action bars:
Their cauſe they to an eaſier iſſue put:
They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.
Another branch of their revenue ſtill
Remains, beyond their boundleſs right to kill,
Their father, yet alive, impower'd to make a will.
For, what their proweſs gain'd, the law declares
Is to themſelves alone, and to their heirs:
No ſhare of that goes back to the begetter,
But if the ſon fights well, and plunders better,
Like ſtout Coranus, his old ſhaking ſire
Does a remembrance in his will deſire:
Inquiſitive of fights, and longs in vain
To find him in the number of the ſlain:
But ſtill he lives, and riſing by the war,
Enjoys his gains, and has enough to ſpare:
For 'tis a noble general's prudent part
To cheriſh valour, and reward deſert:
Let him be daub'd with lace, live high, and whore;
Sometimes be louſy, but be never poor.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

PERSIUS.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

Argument of the PROLOGUE to the First Satire.

THE deſign of the author was to conceal his name and quality. He lived in the dangerous times of the tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at him in moſt of his ſatires. For which reaſon, though he was a Roman knight, and of a plentiful fortune, he would appear in this prologue but a beggarly poet, who writes for bread. After this, he breaks into the buſineſs of the firſt ſatire; which is chiefly to decry the poetry then in faſhion, and the impudence of thoſe who were endeavouring to paſs their ſtuff upon the world.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

FIRST SATIRE.

I NEVER did on cleft Parnaſſus dream,
Nor taſte the ſacred Heliconian ſtream;
Nor can remember when my brain, inſpir'd,
Was, by the Muſes, into madneſs fir'd.
My ſhare in pale Pyrene I reſign;
And claim no part in all the mighty Nine.
Statues, with winding ivy crown'd, belong
To nobler poets, for a nobler ſong:
Heedleſs of verſe, and hopeleſs of the crown,
Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown,
Before the ſhrine I lay my rugged numbers down.
Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
Or with a voice endued the chattering pye?
'Twas witty want, fierce hunger to appeaſe:
Want taught their maſters, and their maſters theſe.
Let gain, that gilded bait, be hung on high,
The hungry witlings have it in their eye;
Pyes, crows, and daws, poetic preſents bring:
You ſay they ſqueak; but they will ſwear they ſing.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST SATIRE.

I NEED not repeat, that the chief aim of the author is againſt bad poets in this ſatire. But I muſt add, that he includes alſo bad orators, who began at that time (as Petronius in the beginning of his book tells us) to enervate manly eloquence, by tropes and figures, ill-placed and worſe applied. Amongſt the poets, Perſius covertly ſtrikes at Nero; ſome of whoſe verſes he recites with ſcorn and indignation. He alſo takes notice of the noblemen and their abominable poetry, who, in the luxury of their fortunes, ſet up for wits and judges. The ſatire is in dialogue, betwixt the author and his friend or monitor; who diſſuades him from this dangerous attempt of expoſing great men. But Perſius, who is of a free ſpirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a commonwealth, breaks through all thoſe difficulties, and boldly arraigns the falſe judgment of the age in which he lives. The reader may obſerve that our poet was a ſtoick philoſopher; and that all his moral ſentences, both here and in all the reſt of his ſatires, are drawn from the dogmas of that ſect.

THE FIRST SATIRE.

In Dialogue betwixt the POET and his FRIEND or MONITOR.

PERSIUS.

HOW anxious are our cares, and yet how vain
The bent of our deſires!

Friend. Thy ſpleen contain:
For none will read thy ſatires.

Perſius. This to me?

Friend. None; or what's next to none, but two or three
'Tis hard, I grant.

Perſius. 'Tis nothing; I can bear
That paltry ſcribblers have the public ear:
That this vaſt univerſal fool, the town,
Should cry up Labeo's ſtuff, and cry me down.
They damn themſelves; nor will my Muſe deſcend
To clap with ſuch, who fools and knaves commend:
Their ſmiles and cenſures are to me the ſame:
I care not what they praiſe, or what they blame.
In full aſſemblies let the crow prevail:
I weigh no merit by the common ſcale.
The conſcience is the teſt of every mind;
"Seek not thyſelf, without thyſelf, to find."

But where's that Roman? — Somewhat I would ſay,
But fear; — let fear, for once, to truth give way.
Truth lends the Stoick courage: when I look
On human acts, and read in Nature's book,
From the firſt paſtimes of our infant-age,
To elder cares, and man's ſeverer page;
When ſtern as tutors, and as uncles hard,
We laſh the pupil, and defraud the ward:
Then, then I ſay, — or would ſay, if I durſt —
But thus provok'd, I muſt ſpeak out, or burſt.

Friend. Once more forbear.

Perſius. I cannot rule my ſpleen;
My ſcorn rebels, and tickles me within.
Firſt, to begin at home: our authors write
In lonely rooms, ſecur'd from public ſight;
Whether in proſe, or verſe, 'tis all the ſame:
The proſe is fuſtian, and the numbers lame.
All noiſe, and empty pomp, a ſtorm of words,
Labouring with ſound, that little ſenſe affords.
They comb, and then they order every hair:
A gown, or white, or ſcour'd to whiteneſs, wear:
A birth-day jewel bobbing at their ear.
Next, gargle well their throats, and thus prepar'd,
They mount, a God's name, to be ſeen and heard.
From their high ſcaffold, with a trumpet cheek,
And ogling all their audience ere they ſpeak.
The nauſeous nobles, ev'n the chief of Rome,
With gaping mouths to theſe rehearſals come,
And pant with pleaſure, when ſome luſty line
The marrow pierces, and invades the chine.

At open fulſome bawdry they rejoice,
And ſlimy jeſt applaud with broken voice.
Baſe proſtitute, thus doſt thou gain thy bread?
Thus doſt thou feed their ears, and thus art fed?
At his own filthy ſtuff he grins and brays:
And gives the ſign where he expects their praiſe.
Why have I learn'd, ſay'ſt thou, if, thus confin'd,
I choke the noble vigour of my mind?
Know, my wild fig-tree, which in rocks is bred,
Will ſplit the quarry, and ſhoot out the head.
Fine fruits of learning! old ambitious fool,
Dar'ſt thou apply that adage of the ſchool:
As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd,
And "ſcience is not ſcience till reveal'd?"
Oh, but 'tis brave to be admir'd, to ſee
The crowd, with pointing fingers, cry, That's he:
That's he whoſe wondrous poem is become
A lecture for the noble youth of Rome!
Who, by their fathers, is at feaſts renown'd;
And often quoted when the bowls go round.
Full gorg'd and fluſh'd, they wantonly rehearſe;
And add to wine the luxury of verſe.
One, clad in purple, not to loſe his time,
Exits, and recites ſome lamentable rhyme:
Some ſenſeleſs Phillis, in a broken note,
Snuffling at noſe, and croaking in his throat:
Then graciouſly the mellow audience nod:
Is not th' immortal author made a God?
Are not his manes bleſt, ſuch praiſe to have?
Lies not the turf more lightly on his grave?

And

And roſes (while his loud applauſe they ſing)
Stand ready from his ſepulchre to ſpring?
All theſe, you cry, but light objections are;
Meer malice, and you drive the jeſt too far.
For does there breathe a man, who can reject
A general fame, and his own lines neglect?
In cedar tablets worthy to appear,
That need not fiſh, or frankincenſe, to fear?
Thou, whom I make the adverſe part, to bear,
Be anſwer'd thus: If I by chance ſucceed
In what I write, (and that's a chance indeed)
Know, I am not ſo ſtupid, or ſo hard,
Not to feel praiſe, or fame's deſerv'd reward:
But this I cannot grant, that thy applauſe
Is my work's ultimate, or only cauſe.
Prudence can ne'er propoſe ſo mean a prize;
For mark what vanity within it lies.
Like Labeo's Iliads, in whoſe verſe is found
Nothing but trifling care, and empty ſound:
Such little elegies as nobles write,
Who would be poets, in Apollo's ſpight.
Them and their woeful works the Muſe defies:
Products of citron-beds, and golden canopies.
To give thee all thy due, thou haſt the heart
To make a ſupper, with a fine deſſert;
And to thy thread-bare friend, a caſt old ſuit impart.
Thus brib'd, thou thus beſpeak'ſt him, Tell me friend,
(For I love truth, nor can plain ſpeech offend,)
What

What ſays the world of me and of my Muſe?
The poor dare nothing tell but flattering news:
But ſhall I ſpeak? Thy verſe is wretched rhyme;
And all thy labours are but loſs of time.
Thy ſtrutting belly ſwells, thy paunch is high;
Thou writ'ſt not, but thou piſſeſt poetry.
All authors to their own defects are blind;
Hadſt thou but, Janus like, a face behind,
To ſee the people, what ſplay-mouths they make;
To mark their fingers, pointed at thy back:
Their tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,
When moſt a-thirſt of an Apulian bitch:
But noble ſcribblers are with flattery fed;
For none dare find their faults, who eat their bread.
To paſs the poets of patrician blood,
What is 't the common reader takes for good?
The verſe in faſhion is, when numbers flow,
Soft without ſenſe, and without ſpirit flow:
So ſmooth and equal, that no ſight can find
The rivet, where the poliſh'd piece was join'd.
So even all, with ſuch a ſteady view,
As if he ſhut one eye to level true.
Whether the vulgar vice his ſatire ſtings,
The people's riots, or the rage of kings,
The gentle poet is alike in all;
His reader hopes to riſe, and fears no fall.
Friend. Hourly we ſee, ſome raw pin-feather'd thing
Attempt to mount, and fights and heroes ſing;
Who, for falſe quantities, was whipt at ſchool
But t' other day, and breaking grammar-rule,

Whoſe

Whoſe trivial art was never try'd above
The brave deſcription of a native grove:
Who knows not how to praiſe the country ſtore,
The feaſts, the baſkets, nor the fatted boar;
Nor paint the flowery fields that paint themſelves before.
Where Romulus was bred, and Quintius born,
Whoſe ſhining plough-ſhare was in furrows worn,
Met by his trembling wife, returning home,
And ruſtically joy'd, as chief of Rome:
She wip'd the ſweat from the dictator's brow;
And o'er his back his robe did rudely throw;
The lictors bore in ſtate their lord's triumphant plough.
Some love to hear the fuſtian poet roar;
And ſome on antiquated authors pore:
Rummage for ſenſe; and think thoſe only good
Who labour moſt, and leaſt are underſtood.
When thou ſhalt ſee the blear-ey'd fathers teach
Their ſons, this harſh and mouldy ſort of ſpeech;
Or others, new affected ways to try,
Of wanton ſmoothneſs, female poetry;
One would enquire from whence this motly ſtile
Did firſt our Roman purity defile:
For our old dotards cannot keep their ſeat;
But leap and catch at all that's obſolete.
Others, by fooliſh oſtentation led,
When call'd before the bar, to ſave their head,
Bring trifling tropes, inſtead of ſolid ſenſe:
And mind their figures more than their defence.

Are

Are pleas'd to hear their thick-ſkull'd judges cry,
Well mov'd, oh finely ſaid, and decently:
Theft (ſays th' accuſer) to thy charge I lay,
O Pedius: what does gentle Pedius ſay?
Studious to pleaſe the genius of the times,
With periods, points, and tropes, he ſlurs his crimes:
"He robb'd not, but he borrow'd from the poor;
"And took but with intention to reſtore."
He lards with flouriſhes his long harangue;
'Tis fine, ſay'ſt thou; what, to be prais'd, and hang?
Effeminate Roman, ſhall ſuch ſtuff prevail
To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy tail?
Say, ſhould a ſhipwreck'd ſailor ſing his woe,
Would'ſt thou be mov'd to pity, or beſtow
An alms? What 's more prepoſterous than to ſee
A merry beggar? Mirth in miſery?

Perſius. He ſeems a trap, for charity, to lay:
And cons, by night, his leſſon for the day.

Friend. But to raw numbers, and unfiniſh'd verſe,
Sweet ſound is added now, to make it terſe:
"'Tis tagg'd with rhyme, like Berecynthian Atys,
"The mid-part chimes with art, which never flat is.
"The dolphin brave, that cuts the liquid wave,
"Or he who in his line, can chine the long-ribb'd
"Appennine."

Perſius. All this is doggrel ſtuff.

Friend. What if I bring
A nobler verſe? "Arms and the man I ſing."

Perſius. Why name you Virgil with ſuch fops as theſe?
He 's truly great, and muſt for ever pleaſe:

Nor

Nor fierce, but awful, in his manly page;
Bold in his ſtrength, but ſober in his rage.
Friend. What poems think you ſoft? and to be read
With languiſhing regards, and bended head?
Perſius. "Their crooked horns the Mimallonian
"crew
"With blaſts inſpir'd; and Baſſaris who ſlew
"The ſcornful calf, with ſword advanc'd on high,
"Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
"And Mænas, when, with ivy bridles bound,
"She led the ſpotted lynx, then Evion rung around;
"Evion from woods and floods repairing echo's
"ſound."
Could ſuch rude lines a Roman mouth become,
Were any manly greatneſs left in Rome?
Mænas and Atys in the mouth were bred;
And never hatch'd within the labouring head:
No blood from bitten nails thoſe poems drew:
But churn'd, like ſpittle, from the lips they flew.
Friend. 'Tis fuſtian all; 'tis execrably bad:
But if they will be fools, muſt you be mad?
Your ſatires, let me tell you, are too fierce;
The great will never bear ſo blunt a verſe.
Their doors are barr'd againſt a bitter flout:
Snarl, if you pleaſe, but you ſhall ſnarl without.
Expect ſuch pay as railing rhymes deſerve,
Y' are in a very hopeful way to ſtarve.
Perſius. Rather than ſo, uncenſur'd let them be;
All, all is admirably well, for me.

My

My harmleſs rhyme ſhall 'ſcape the dire diſgrace
Of common-ſhoars, and every piſſing-place.
Two painted ſerpents ſhall, on high, appear;
'Tis holy ground; you muſt not urine here.
This ſhall be writ to fright the fry away,
Who draw their little baubles, when they play.
Yet old Lucilius never fear'd the times,
But laſh'd the city, and diſſected crimes.
Mutius and Lupus both by name he brought;
He mouth'd them, and betwixt his grinders caught.
Unlike in method, with conceal'd deſign,
Did crafty Horace his low numbers join:
And, with a ſly inſinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face:
Would raiſe a bluſh, where ſecret vice he found;
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the wound.
With ſeeming innocence the crowd beguil'd;
But made the deſperate paſſes when he ſmil'd.
Could he do this, and is my Muſe control'd
By ſervile awe? Born free, and not be bold?
At leaſt, I 'll dig a hole within the ground;
And to the truſty earth commit the ſound:
The reeds ſhall tell you what the poet fears,
"King Midas has a ſnout, and aſſes ears."
This mean conceit, this darling myſtery,
Which thou think'ſt nothing, friend, thou ſhalt not buy,
Nor will I change for all the flaſhy wit,
That flattering Libeo, in his Iliads, writ.
Thou, if there be a thou in this baſe town,
Who dares, with angry Eupolis, to frown;

He,

He, who, with bold Cratinus, is inſpir'd
With zeal, and equal indignation fir'd:
Who, at enormous villainy, turns pale,
And ſteers againſt it with a full-blown ſail,
Like Ariſtophanes, let him but ſmile
On this my honeſt work, though writ in homely ſtile:
And if two lines or three in all the vein
Appear leſs droſſy, read thoſe lines again.
May they perform their author's juſt intent,
Glow in thy ears, and in thy breaſt ferment.
But from the reading of my book and me,
Be far, ye foes of virtuous poverty:
Who Fortune's fault upon the poor can throw;
Point at the tatter'd coat, and ragged ſhoe:
Lay Nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
The dim weak eye-ſight, when the mind is clear,
When thou thyſelf, thus inſolent in ſtate,
Art but, perhaps, ſome country magiſtrate:
Whoſe power extends no farther than to ſpeak
Big on the bench, and ſcanty weights to break.
Him, alſo, for my cenſor I diſdain,
Who thinks all ſcience, as all virtue, vain;
Who counts geometry, and numbers, toys;
And, with his foot, the ſacred duſt deſtroys:
Whoſe pleaſure is to ſee a ſtrumpet tear
A Cynick's beard, and lug him by the hair.
Such, all the morning, to the pleadings run;
But when the buſineſs of the day is done,
On dice, and drink, and drabs, they ſpend their afternoon.

THE

THE SECOND SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

ARGUMENT.

THIS ſatire contains a moſt grave and philoſophical argument, concerning prayers and wiſhes. Undoubtedly it gave occaſion to Juvenal's tenth ſatire; and both of them had their original from one of Plato's dialogues, called the "Second Alcibiades." Our author has induced it with great myſtery of art, by taking his riſe from the birth-day of his friend; on which occaſions, prayers were made, and ſacrifices offered by the native. Perſius, commending the purity of his friend's vows, deſcends to the impious and immoral requeſts of others. The ſatire is divided into three parts: the firſt is the exordium to Micrinus, which the poet confines within the compaſs of four verſes. The ſecond relates to the matter of the prayers and vows, and an enumeration of thoſe things, wherein men commonly ſinned againſt right reaſon, and offended in their requeſts. The third part conſiſts in ſhewing the repugnances of thoſe prayers and wiſhes, to thoſe of other men, and inconſiſtencies with

with themſelves. He ſhews the original of theſe vows, and ſharply inveighs againſt them: and laſtly, not only corrects the falſe opinion of mankind concerning them, but gives the true doctrine of all addreſſes made to heaven, and how they may be made acceptable to the Powers above, in excellent precepts, and more worthy of a Chriſtian than a Heathen.

THE SECOND SATIRE.

Dedicated to his friend PLOTIUS MACRINUS, on his BIRTH-DAY.

LET this auſpicious morning be expreſt
With a white ſtone, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt:
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new added year.
Indulge thy genius, and o'erflow thy ſoul,
Till thy wit ſparkle, like the chearful bowl.
Pray; for thy prayers the teſt of heaven will bear;
Nor need'ſt thou take the Gods aſide, to hear:
While others, ev'n the mighty men of Rome,
Big ſwell'd with miſchief, to the temples come;
And in low murmurs, and with coſtly ſmoke,
Heaven's help, to proſper their black vows, invoke.
So boldly to the Gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for ſhame, conceal.

Give me good fame, ye Powers, and make me juſt:
Thus much the rogue to public ears will truſt:
In private then: — When wilt thou, mighty Jove,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove?
Or — O thou Thunderer's ſon, great Hercules,
That once thy bounteous Deity would pleaſe
To guide my rake, upon the chinking ſound
Of ſome vaſt treaſure, hidden under ground!
O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' th' head;
I ſhould poſſeſs th' eſtate, if he were dead!
He's ſo far gone with rickets, and with th' evil,
That one ſmall doſe will ſend him to the devil.
This is my neighbour Nerius 's third ſpouſe,
Of whom in happy time he rids his houſe.
But my eternal wife! — Grant heaven I may
Survive to ſee the fellow of this day!
Thus, that thou may'ſt the better bring about
Thy wiſhes, thou art wickedly devout:
In Tyber ducking thrice, by break of day,
To waſh th' obſcenities of night away.
But pr'ythee tell me, ('tis a ſmall requeſt)
With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou poſſeſt?
Would'ſt thou prefer him to ſome man? Suppoſe
I dipp'd among the worſt, and Statius choſe?
Which of the two would thy wiſe head declare
The truſtier tutor to an orphan-heir?
Or, put it thus: — Unfold to Statius, ſtreight,
What to Jove's ear thou didſt impart of late:
He 'll ſtare, and, O good Jupiter! will cry,
Art thou indulge him in this villainy!

And

And think'ſt thou, Jove himſelf, with patience then
Can hear a prayer condemn'd by wicked men?
That, void of care, he lolls ſupine in ſtate,
And leaves his buſineſs to be done by fate?
Becauſe his thunder ſplits ſome burley-tree,
And is not darted at thy houſe and thee?
Or that his vengeance falls not at the time,
Juſt at the perpetration of thy crime:
And makes thee a ſad object of our eyes,
Fit for Ergenna's prayer and ſacrifice?
What well-fed offering to appeaſe the God,
What powerful preſent to procure a nod,
Haſt thou in ſtore? What bribe haſt thou prepar'd,
To pull him, thus unpuniſh'd, by the beard?
Our ſuperſtitions with our life begin:
Th' obſcene old grandam, or the next of kin,
The new-born infant from the cradle takes,
And firſt of ſpittle a luſtration makes:
Then in the ſpawl her middle-finger dips,
Anoints the temples, forehead, and the lips,
Pretending force of magic to prevent,
By virtue of her naſty excrement.
Then dandles him with many a mutter'd prayer
That heaven would make him ſome rich miſer's heir,
Lucky to ladies, and in time a king;
Which to enſure, ſhe adds a length of navel-ſtring.
But no fond nurſe is fit to make a prayer:
And Jove, if Jove be wiſe, will never hear;
Not though ſhe prays in white, with lifted hands
A body made of braſs the crone demands

For her lov'd nurſling, ſtrung with nerves of wire,
Tough to the laſt, and with no toil to tire:
Unconſcionable vows, which when we uſe,
We teach the Gods, in reaſon, to refuſe.
Suppoſe they were indulgent to thy wiſh:
Yet the fat entrails, in the ſpacious diſh,
Would ſtop the grant: the very over-care
And nauſeous pomp, would hinder half the prayer.
Thou hop'ſt with ſacrifice of oxen ſlain
To compaſs wealth, and bribe the God of gain,
To give thee flocks and herds, with large increaſe;
Fool! to expect them from a bullock's greaſe!
And think'ſt that, when the fatten'd flames aſpire,
Thou ſeeſt th' accompliſhment of thy deſire!
Now, now, my bearded harveſt gilds the plain,
The ſcanty folds can ſcarce my ſheep contain,
And ſhowers of gold come pouring in amain!
Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
Till his lank purſe declares his money gone.
Should I preſent them with rare figur'd plate,
Or gold as rich in workmanſhip as weight;
O how thy riſing heart would throb and beat,
And thy left ſide, with trembling pleaſure, ſweat!
Thou meaſur'ſt by thyſelf the Powers Divine;
Thy Gods are burniſh'd gold, and ſilver is their ſhrine.
Thy puny Godlings of inferior race,
Whoſe humble ſtatues are content with braſs,
Should ſome of theſe, in viſions purg'd from phlegm,
Foretel events, or in a morning dream;

Ev'n

Ev'n thoſe thou would'ſt in veneration hold;
And, if not faces, give them beards of gold.
The prieſts in temples, now, no longer care
For Saturn's braſs, or Numa's earthen-ware;
Or veſtal urns, in each religious rite:
This wicked gold has put them all to flight.
O ſouls, in whom no heavenly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever groveling on the ground!
We bring our manners to the bleſt abodes,
And think what pleaſes us muſt pleaſe the Gods.
Of oil and caſſia one th' ingredients takes,
And, of the mixture, a rich ointment makes:
Another finds the way to dye in grain;
And makes Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian ſtain;
Or from the ſhells their orient treaſure takes,
Or, for their golden ore, in rivers rakes;
Then melts the maſs: all theſe are vanities!
Yet ſtill ſome profit from their pains may riſe:
But tell me, prieſt, if I may be ſo bold,
What are the Gods the better for this gold?
The wretch that offers from his wealthy ſtore
Theſe preſents, bribes the Powers to give him more:
As maids to Venus offer baby-toys,
To bleſs the marriage-bed with girls and boys.
But let us for the Gods a gift prepare,
Which the great man's great charges cannot bear.
A ſoul, where laws both human and divine,
In practice more than ſpeculation ſhine:
A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the laſt receſſes of the mind:
When with ſuch offerings to the Gods I come,
A cake, thus given, is worth a hecatomb.

THE THIRD SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

ARGUMENT.

OUR author has made two ſatires concerning ſtudy; the firſt and the third: the firſt related to men; this to young ſtudents, whom he deſired to be educated in the ſtoick philoſophy: he himſelf ſuſtains the perſon of the maſter, or præceptor, in this admirable ſatire; where he upbraids the youth of ſloth, and negligence in learning. Yet he begins with one ſcholar reproaching his fellow-ſtudents with late riſing to their books. After which he takes upon him the other part of the teacher. And addreſſing himſelf particularly to young noblemen, tells them, that by reaſon of their high birth, and the great poſſeſſions of their fathers, they are careleſs of adorning their minds with precepts of moral philoſophy: and withal, inculcates to them the miſeries which will attend them in the whole courſe of their life, if they do not apply themſelves betimes to the knowledge of virtue, and the end of their

their creation, which he pathetically inſinuates to them. The title of this ſatire, in ſome ancient manuſcripts, was "The Reproach of Idleneſs;" though in others of the ſcholiaſts it is inſcribed, "Againſt the Luxury and Vices of the Rich." In both of which the intention of the poet is purſued; but principally in the former.

[I remember I tranſlated this ſatire, when I was a King's ſcholar at Weſtminſter-ſchool, for a Thurſday-night's exerciſe; and believe that it, and many other of my exerciſes of this nature, in Engliſh verſe, are ſtill in the hands of my learned maſter, the reverend Doctor Buſby.]

IS this thy daily courſe? The glaring ſun
Breaks in at every chink: the cattle run
To ſhades, and noon-tide rays of ſummer-ſhun,
Yet plung'd in ſloth we lie; and ſnore ſupine,
As fill'd with fumes of indigeſted wine.
This grave advice ſome ſober ſtudent bears;
And loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.
The yawning youth, ſcarce half awake, eſſays
His lazy limbs and dozy head to raiſe:
Then rubs his gummy eyes, and ſcrubs his pate;
And cries, I thought it had not been ſo late:
My cloaths make haſte: why then! if none be near,
He mutters firſt, and then begins to ſwear:
And brays aloud, with a more clamorous note,
Than an Arcadian aſs can ſtretch his throat.

With much ado, his book before him laid,
And parchment with the ſmoother ſide diſplay'd;
He takes the papers; lays them down again;
And, with unwilling fingers, tries the pen:
Some peeviſh quarrel ſtreight he ſtrives to pick;
His quill writes double, or his ink's too thick;
Infuſe more water; now 'tis grown ſo thin
It ſinks, nor can the characters be ſeen.
O wretch, and ſtill more wretched every day!
Are mortals born to ſleep their lives away?
Go back to what thy infancy began,
Thou who wert never meant to be a man:
Eat pap and ſpoon-meat; for thy gewgaws cry:
Be ſullen, and refuſe the lullaby.
No more accuſe thy pen: but charge the crime
On native ſloth, and negligence of time.
Think'ſt thou thy maſter, or thy friends, to cheat?
Fool, 'tis thyſelf, and that 's a worſe deceit.
Beware the public laughter of the town;
Thou ſpring'ſt a leak already in thy crown.
A flaw is in thy ill bak'd veſſel found;
'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring ſound.
Yet, thy moiſt clay is pliant to command;
Unwrought, and eaſy to the potter's hand:
Now take the mold; now bend thy mind to feel
The firſt ſharp motions of the forming wheel.
But thou haſt land; a country-ſeat, ſecure
By a juſt title; coſtly furniture;
A fuming-pan thy Lares to appeaſe:
What need of learning, when a man's at eaſe?

If this be not enough to ſwell thy ſoul,
Then pleaſe thy pride, and ſearch the herald's roll,
Where thou ſhalt find thy famous pedigree
Drawn from the root of ſome old Tuſcan tree;
And thou, a thouſand off, a fool of long degree.
Who, clad in purple, canſt thy cenſor greet;
And, loudly, call him couſin, in the ſtreet.
Such pageantry be to the people ſhown:
There boaſt they horſe's trappings, and thy own:
I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy ſhallow center, to the utmoſt ſkin:
Doſt thou not bluſh to live ſo like a beaſt,
So trim, ſo diſſolute, ſo looſely dreſt?
But 'tis in vain: the wretch is drench'd too deep;
His ſoul is ſtupid, and his heart aſleep;
Fatten'd in vice; ſo callous, and ſo groſs,
He ſins, and ſees not; ſenſeleſs of his loſs.
Down goes the wretch at once, unſkill'd to ſwim,
Hopeleſs to bubble up, and reach the water's brim.
Great Father of the Gods, when, for our crimes,
Thou ſend'ſt ſome heavy judgment on the times;
Some tyrant-king, the terror of his age,
The type, and true vicegerent of thy rage;
Thus puniſh him: ſet virtue in his ſight,
With all her charms adorn'd, with all her graces bright:
But ſet her diſtant, make him pale to ſee
His gains outweigh'd by loſt felicity!
Sicilian tortures, and the brazen bull,
Are emblems, rather than expreſs the full

Of

Of what he feels: yet what he fears is more:
The wretch, who ſitting at his plenteous board,
Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed ſword
Hang o'er his head, and hanging by a twine,
Did with leſs dread, and more ſecurely dine
Ev'n in his ſleep he ſtarts, and fears the knife,
And, trembling, in his arms takes his accomplice wife;
Down, down, he goes; and from his darling friend
Conceals the woes his guilty dreams portend.

When I was young, I, like a lazy fool,
Would blear my eyes with oil, to ſtay from ſchool:
Averſe from pains, and loath to learn the part
Of Cato, dying with a dauntleſs heart:
Though much my maſter, that ſtern virtue prais'd,
Which o'er the vanquiſher the vanquiſh'd rais'd:
And my pleas'd father came, with pride, to ſee
His boy defend the Roman liberty.

But then my ſtudy was to cog the dice,
And dextrouſly to throw the lucky ſice:
To ſhun ames-ace, that ſwept my ſtakes away;
And watch the box, for fear they ſhould convey
Falſe bones, and put upon me in the play.
Careful, beſides, the whirling top to whip,
And drive her giddy, till ſhe fell aſleep.

Thy years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
What's good or ill, and both their ends diſcern:
Thou in the ſtoick-porch, ſeverely bred,
Haſt heard the dogmas of great Zeno read:
There on the walls, by Polygnotus' hand,
The conquer'd Medians in trunk-breeches ſtand.

Where

Where the ſhorn youth to midnight lectures riſe,
Rouz'd from their ſlumbers to be early wiſe:
Where the coarſe cake, and homely huſks of beans,
From pampering riot the young ſtomach weans:
And where the Samian Y directs thy ſteps to run
To Virtue's narrow ſteep, and broad-way Vice to ſhun.
And yet thou ſnor'ſt; thou draw'ſt thy drunken breath,
Sour with debauch; and ſleep'ſt the ſleep of death:
Thy chaps are fallen, and thy frame disjoin'd;
Thy body is diſſolv'd, as is thy mind.
Haſt thou not, yet, propos'd ſome certain end,
To which thy life, thy every act, may tend?
Haſt thou no mark, at which to bend thy bow?
Or like a boy purſueſt the carrion crow
With pellets, and with ſtones, from tree to tree:
A fruitleſs toil, and liv'ſt *extempore*?
Watch the diſeaſe in time: for, when within
The dropſy rages, and extends the ſkin,
In vain for Hellebore the patient cries,
And fees the doctor; but too late is wiſe:
Too late, for cure, he proffers half his wealth;
Conqueſt and Guibbons cannot give him health.
Learn, wretches, learn the motions of the mind,
Why you were made, for what you were deſign'd;
And the great moral end of human kind.
Study thyſelf, what rank or what degree
The wiſe Creator has ordain'd for thee:
And all the offices of that eſtate
Perform; and with thy prudence guide thy fate.

Pray

Pray juſtly, to be heard: nor more deſire
Than what the decencies of life require.
Learn what thou ow'ſt thy country, and thy friend
What 's requiſite to ſpare, and what to ſpend;
Learn this; and after, envy not the ſtore
Of the greas'd advocate, that grinds the poor;
Fat fees from the defended Umbrian draws;
And only gains the wealthy client's cauſe.
To whom the Marſians more proviſion ſend,
Than he and all his family can ſpend.
Gammons, that give a reliſh to the taſte,
And potted fowl, and fiſh, come in ſo faſt,
That ere the firſt is out, the ſecond ſtinks;
And mouldy mother gathers on the drinks.
But, here, ſome captain of the land or fleet,
Stout of his hands, but of a ſoldier's wit;
Cries, I have ſenſe to ſerve my turn, in ſtore;
And he 's a raſcal who pretends to more.
Dammee, what-e'er thoſe book-learn'd blockheads!
Solon 's the veryeſt fool in all the play.
Top-heavy drones, and always looking down,
(As over-ballaſted within the crown!)
Muttering betwixt their lips ſome myſtic thing,
Which, well examin'd, is flat conjuring,
Meer madmen's dreams: for what the ſchools have taught,
Is only this, that nothing can be brought
From nothing; and, what is, can ne'er be turn'd to nought.

Is it for this they ſtudy? to grow pale,
And miſs the pleaſures of a glorious meal?
For this, in rags accouter'd, are they ſeen,
And made the may-game of the public ſpleen?
Proceed, my friend, and rail; but hear me tell
A ſtory, which is juſt thy parallel.
A ſpark, like thee, of the man-killing trade,
Fell ſick, and thus to his phyſician ſaid:
Methinks I am not right in every part;
I feel a kind of trembling at my heart:
My pulſe unequal, and my breath is ſtrong;
Beſides a filthy fur upon my tongue.
The doctor heard him, exercis'd his ſkill:
And, after, bid him for four days be ſtill.
Three days he took good counſel, and began
To mend, and look like a recovering man:
The fourth, he could not hold from drink; but ſends
His boy to one of his old truſty friends:
Adjuring him, by all the powers divine,
To pity his diſtreſs, who could not dine
Without a flaggon of his healing wine.
He drinks a ſwilling draught; and, lin'd within,
Will ſupple in the bath his outward ſkin:
Whom ſhould he find but his phyſician there,
Who, wiſely, bade him once again beware.
Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your breath;
Drinking is dangerous, and the bath is death.
'Tis nothing, ſays the fool: but, ſays the friend,
This nothing, Sir, will bring you to your end.

Do

Do I not ſee your dropſy belly ſwell?
Your yellow ſkin?—No more of that; I 'm well.
I have already bury'd two or three
That ſtood betwixt a fair eſtate and me,
And, doctor, I may live to bury thee.
Thou tell'ſt me, I look ill; and thou look'ſt worſe.
I 've done, ſays the phyſician; take your courſe.
The laughing ſot, like all unthinking men,
Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks again:
His throat half throttled with corrupted phlegm,
And breathing through his jaws a belching ſteam:
Amidſt his cups with fainting ſhivering ſeiz'd,
His limbs disjointed, and all o'er diſeas'd,
His hand refuſes to ſuſtain the bowl:
And his teeth chatter, and his eye-balls roll:
Till, with his meat, he vomits out his ſoul:
Then trumpets, torches, and a tedious crew
Of hireling mourners, for his funeral due.
Our dear departed brother lies in ſtate,
His heels ſtretch'd out, and pointing to the gate:
And ſlaves, now manumiz'd, on their dead maſter wait.
They hoiſt him on the bier, and deal the dole:
And there 's an end of a luxurious fool.
But what 's thy fulſome parable to me?
My body is from all diſeaſes free:
My temperate pulſe does regularly beat;
Feel, and be ſatisfy'd, my hands and feet:
Theſe are not cold, nor thoſe oppreſt with heat.

Or

Or lay thy hand upon my naked heart,
And thou ſhalt find me hale in every part.
I grant this true: but, ſtill, the deadly wound
Is in thy ſoul; 'tis there thou art not ſound.
Say, when thou ſeeſt a heap of tempting gold,
Or a more tempting harlot doſt behold;
Then, when ſhe caſts on thee a ſide-long glance,
Then try thy heart, and tell me if it dance.
Some coarſe cold ſallad is before thee ſet;
Bread with the bran, perhaps, and broken meat;
Fall on, and try thy appetite to eat.
Theſe are not diſhes for thy dainty tooth:
What, haſt thou got an ulcer in thy mouth?
Why ſtand'ſt thou picking? Is thy pallat ſore?
That bete and radiſhes will make thee roar?
Such is th' unequal temper of thy mind;
Thy paſſions in extremes, and unconfin'd:
Thy hair ſo briſtles with unmanly fears,
As fields of corn, that riſe in bearded ears.
And, when thy cheeks with flushing fury glow,
The rage of boiling caldrons is more ſlow;
When fed with fuel and with flames below.
With foam upon thy lips and ſparkling eyes,
Thou ſay'ſt, and doſt, in ſuch outrageous wiſe;
That mad Oreſtes, if he ſaw the ſhow,
Would ſwear thou wert the madder of the two.

THE

THE FOURTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

ARGUMENT.

OUR author, living in the time of Nero, was contemporary and friend to the noble Poet Lucan; both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all good men, how unskilfully he managed the commonwealth: and perhaps might guess at his future tyranny, by some passages, during the latter part of his first five years; though he broke not out into his great excesses, while he was restrained by the counsels and authority of Seneca. Lucan has not spared him in the poem of his Pharsalia; for his very compliment looked asquint as well as Nero. Persius has been bolder, but with caution likewise. For here, in the person of young Alcibiades, he arraigns his ambition of meddling with state-affairs, without judgment or experience. It is probable that he makes Seneca, in this satire, sustain the part of Socrates, under a borrowed name. And, withal, discovers some secret vices of Nero, concerning his lust, his drunkenness, and his effeminacy, which had not yet arrived

arrived to public notice. He alſo reprehends the flattery of his courtiers, who endeavoured to make all his vices paſs for virtues. Covetouſneſs was undoubtedly none of his faults; but it is here deſcribed as a veil caſt over the true meaning of the poet, which was to ſatirize his prodigality and voluptuouſneſs; to which he makes a tranſition. I find no inſtance in hiſtory of that emperor's being a Pathique, though Perſius ſeems to brand him with it. From the two dialogues of Plato, both called Alcibiades, the poet took the arguments of the ſecond and third ſatires, but he inverted the order of them: for the third ſatire is taken from the firſt of thoſe dialogues.

The commentators, before Caſaubon, were ignorant of our author's ſecret meaning; and thought he had only written againſt young noblemen in general, who were too forward in aſpiring to public magiſtracy: but this excellent ſcholiaſt has unraveled the whole myſtery; and made it apparent, that the ſting of this ſatire was particularly aimed at Nero.

WHOE'ER thou art, whoſe forward years are bent
On ſtate affairs the guide to government;
Hear, firſt, what Socrates of old has ſaid
To the lov'd youth, whom he at Athens bred.
Tell me, thou pupil to great Pericles,
Our ſecond hope, my Alcibiades,

At harveſt-home, and on the ſheering-day,
When he ſhould thanks to Pan and Pales pay,
And better Ceres; trembling to approach
The little barrel, which he fears to broach:
He 'ſays the wimble, often draws it back,
And deals to thirſty ſervants but a ſmack.
To a ſhort meal he makes a tedious grace,
Before the barley-pudding comes in place:
Then, bids fall on; himſelf, for ſaving charges,
A peel'd ſlic'd onion eats, and tipples verjuice.
Thus fares the drudge: but thou, whoſe life's a dream
Of lazy pleaſures, tak'ſt a worſe extreme.
'Tis all thy buſineſs, buſineſs how to ſhun;
To baſk thy naked body in the ſun;
Suppling thy ſtiffen'd joints with fragrant oil:
Then, in the ſpacious garden, walk a while,
To ſuck the moiſture up, and ſoak it in:
And this, thou think'ſt, but vainkly think'ſt, unſeen.
But, know, thou art obſerv'd: and there are thoſe
Who, if they durſt, would all thy ſecret ſins expoſe.
The depilation of thy modeſt part:
Thy catamite, the darling of thy heart,
His engine-hand, and every lewder art.
When, prone to bear, and patient to receive,
Thou tak'ſt the pleaſure which thou canſt not give.
With odorous oil thy head and hair are ſleek;
And then thou kemb'ſt the tuzzes on thy cheek:
Of theſe thy barbers take a coſtly care,
While thy ſalt tail is overgrown with hair.

Not

Not all thy pincers, nor unmanly arts,
Can ſmooth the roughneſs of thy ſhameful parts.
Not five, the ſtrongeſt that the Circus breeds,
From the rank ſoil can root thoſe wicked weeds:
Though ſuppled firſt with ſoap, to eaſe thy pain,
The ſtubborn fern ſprings up, and ſprouts again.
Thus others we with defamations wound,
While they ſtab us; and ſo the jeſt goes round.
Vain are thy hopes, to 'ſcape cenſorious eyes;
Truth will appear through all the thin diſguiſe:
Thou haſt an ulcer which no leech can heal,
Though thy broad ſhoulder-belt the wound conceal.
Say thou art ſound and hale in every part,
We know, we know thee rotten at thy heart,
We know thee ſullen, impotent, and proud:
Nor canſt thou cheat thy nerve, who cheat'ſt the croud.
But when they praiſe me, in the neighbourhood,
When the pleas'd people take me for a God,
Shall I refuſe their incenſe? Not receive
The loud applauſes which the vulgar give?
If thou doſt wealth, with longing eyes, behold;
And, greedily, art gaping after gold;
If ſome alluring girl, in gliding by,
Shal tip the wink, with a laſcivious eye,
And thou with a conſenting glance, reply;
If thou thy own ſolicitor become,
And bid'ſt ariſe the lumpiſh pendulum:
If thy lewd luſt provokes an empty ſtorm,
And prompts to more than nature can perform;

If, with thy guards, thou ſcour'ſt the ſtreets by night,
And doſt in murders, rapes, and ſpoils delight;
Pleaſe not thyſelf, the flattering crowd to hear;
'Tis fulſome ſtuff to feed thy itching ear.
Reject the nauſeous praiſes of the times:
Give thy baſe poets back thy cobbled rhimes:
Survey thy ſoul, not what thou doſt appear,
But what thou art; and find the beggar there.

THE

THE FIFTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

ARGUMENT.

THE judicious Caſaubon, in his proem to this ſatire, tells us, that Ariſtophanes the grammarian being aſked, what poem of Archilochus's Iambics he preferred before the reſt; anſwered, the longeſt. His anſwer may juſtly be applied to this fifth ſatire; which, being of a greater length than any of the reſt, is alſo, by far, the moſt inſtructive: for this reaſon I have ſelected it from all the others, and inſcribed it to my learned maſter, Doctor Buſby; to whom I am not only obliged myſelf for the beſt part of my own education, and that of my two ſons; but have alſo received from him the firſt and trueſt taſte of Perſius. May he be pleaſed to find in this tranſlation, the gratitude, or at leaſt ſome ſmall acknowledgment of his unworthy ſcholar, at the

Gentle or ſharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at follies, or to laſh at vice.
Hence draw thy theme, and to the ſtage permit
Raw-head and bloody-bones, and hands and feet,
Ragouſts for Tereus or Thyeſtes dreſt;
'Tis taſk enough for thee t' expoſe a Roman feaſt.

PERSIUS.

'Tis not, indeed, my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to ſwell my page
With wind and noiſe; but freely to impart,
As to a friend, the ſecrets of my heart;
And, in familiar ſpeech, to let thee know
How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
Knock on my heart: for thou haſt ſkill to find
If it ſound ſolid, or be fill'd with wind;
And, through the veil of words, thou view'ſt the naked mind.
For this a hundred voices I deſire,
To tell thee what a hundred tongues would tire;
Yet never could be worthily expreſt,
How deeply thou art ſeated in my breaſt.
When firſt my childiſh robe reſign'd the charge,
And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large;
When now my golden bulla (hung on high
To houſhold Gods) declar'd me paſt a boy;
And my white ſhield proclaim'd my liberty:
When with my wild companions, I could roll
From ſtreet to ſtreet, and ſin without control;
Juſt at that age, when manhood ſet me free,
I then depos'd myſelf, and left the reins to thee.

THE FIFTH SATIRE.

Inſcribed to the Reverend Dr. BUSBY.

The Speakers PERSIUS and CORNUTUS.

PERSIUS.

OF ancient uſe to poets it belongs,
To wiſh themſelves an hundred mouths and tongues:
Whether to the well lung'd tragedian's rage
They recommend the labours of the ſtage,
Or ſing the Parthian, when transfix'd he lies,
Wrenching the Roman javelin from his thighs.

CORNUTUS.

And why would'ſt thou theſe mighty morſels chuſe,
Of words unchew'd, and fit to choak the Muſe?
Let fuſtian poets, with their ſtuff, be gone,
And ſuck the miſts that hang o'er Helicon;
When Progne or Thyeſtes' feaſt they write;
And, for the mouthing actor, verſe indite.
Thou neither, like a bellows, ſwell'ſt thy face,
As if thou wert to blow the burning maſs
Of melting ore; nor canſt thou ſtrain thy throat,
Or murmur in an undiſtinguiſh'd note,
Like rolling thunder till it breaks the cloud,
And rattling nonſenſe is diſcharg'd aloud.
Soft elocution does thy ſtyle renown,
And the ſweet accents of the peaceful gown:

Gentle

Another ſhakes the bed, diſſolving there,
Till knots upon his gouty joint appear,
And chalk is in his crippled fingers found;
Rots like a doddard oak, and piecemeal falls to gr
Then his lewd follies he would late repent;
And his paſt years, that in a miſt were ſpent.

PERSIUS.

But thou art pale, in nightly ſtudies, grown,
To make the ſtoick inſtitutes thy own:
Thou long with ſtudious care haſt till'd our yout
And ſown our well-purg'd ears with wholeſome
From thee both old and young, with profit, lear
The bounds of good and evil to diſcern.

CORNUTUS.

Unhappy he who does this work adjourn,
And to to-morrow would the ſearch delay:
His lazy morrow will be like to-day.

PERSIUS.

But is one day of eaſe too much to borrow?

CORNUTUS.

Yes, ſure: for yeſterday was once to-morrow.
That yeſterday is gone, and nothing gain'd:
And all thy fruitleſs days will thus be drain'd;
For thou haſt more to-morrows yet to aſk,
And wilt be ever to begin thy taſk;
Who, like the hindmoſt chariot-wheels, art curſt,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the firſt.
O freedom! firſt delight of human kind!
Not that which bondmen from their maſters find,

The privilege of doles: not yet t' inſcribe
Their names in this or t' other Roman tribe:
That falſe enfranchiſement with eaſe is found;
Slaves are made citizens, by turning round.
How, replies one, can any be more free?
Here 's Dama, once a groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a ſot beſide;
So true a rogue, for lying's ſake he ly'd;
But, with a turn, a freeman he became;
Now Marcus Dama is his worſhip's name.
Good Gods! who would refuſe to lend a ſum,
If wealthy Marcus ſurety will become!
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, He ſaid, it is enough.
A will is to be prov'd; put in your claim;
'Tis clear, if Marcus has ſubſcrib'd his name.
This is true liberty, as I believe:
What can we farther from our caps receive,
Than as we pleaſe without control to live?
Not more to noble Brutus could belong.
Hold, ſays the ſtoick, your aſſumption 's wrong:
I grant, true freedom you have well defin'd:
But, living as you liſt, and to your mind,
And looſely tack'd, all muſt be left behind.
What, ſince the prætor did my fetters looſe,
And left me freely at my own diſpoſe,
May I not live without control and awe,
Excepting ſtill the letter of the law?
Hear me with patience while thy mind I free
From thoſe fond notions of falſe liberty:

'T

'Tis not the prætor's province to beſtow
True freedom; nor to teach mankind to know
What to ourſelves, or to our friends, we owe.
He could not ſet thee free from cares and ſtrife,
Nor give the reins to a lewd vicious life:
As well he for an aſs a harp might ſtring,
Which is againſt the reaſon of the thing;
For reaſon ſtill is whiſpering in your ear,
Where you are ſure to fail, th' attempt forbear.
No need of public ſanctions this to bind,
Which Nature has implanted in the mind:
Not to purſue the work, to which we 're not deſign'd.
Unſkill'd in hellebore, if thou ſhould'ſt try
To mix it, and miſtake the quantity,
The rules of phyſic would againſt thee cry.
The high-ſhoe'd ploughman, ſhould he quit the land,
To take the pilot's rudder in his hand,
Artleſs of ſtars, and of the moving ſand,
The gods would leave him to the waves and wind,
And think all ſhame was loſt in human kind.
Tell me, my friend, from whence hadſt thou the ſkill,
So nicely to diſtinguiſh good from ill?
Or by the ſound to judge of gold and braſs,
What piece is tinker's metal, what will paſs?
And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratify?
When to be bountiful, and when to ſpare,
But never craving, or oppreſt with care?

The

The baits of gifts, and money to deſpiſe,
And look on wealth with undeſiring eyes?
When thou canſt truly call theſe virtues thine,
Be wiſe and free, by heaven's conſent, and mine.
But thou, who lately, of the common ſtrain,
Wert one of us, if ſtill thou doſt retain
The ſame ill habits, the ſame follies too,
Gloſs'd over only with a ſaint-like ſhow,
Then I reſume the freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to vice, and ſtill a ſlave.
Thou canſt not wag my finger, or begin
"The leaſt light motion, but it tends to ſin."
How 's this? Not wag thy finger, he replies?
No, friend; nor fuming gums, nor ſacrifice,
Can ever make a madman free, or wiſe.
"Virtue and vice are never in one ſoul:
"A man is wholly wiſe, or wholly is a fool."
A heavy bumkin, taught with daily care,
Can never dance three ſteps with a becoming air.

PERSIUS.

In ſpite of this, my freedom ſtill remains.

CORNUTUS.

Free! what, and fetter'd with ſo many chains?
Canſt thou no other maſter underſtand
Than him that freed thee by the prætor's wand?
Should he, who was thy lord, command thee now,
With a harſh voice, and ſupercilious brow,
To ſervile duties, thou would'ſt fear no more;
The gallows and the whip are out of door.

But

But if thy paſſions lord it in thy breaſt,
Art thou not ſtill a ſlave, and ſtill oppreſt?
Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
When thou would'ſt take a lazy morning's nap;
Up, up, ſays Avarice; thou ſnor'ſt again,
Stretcheſt thy limbs, and yawn'ſt, but all in vain;
The tyrant Lucre no denial takes;
At his command th' unwilling ſluggard wakes:
What muſt I do? he cries: What? ſays his lord:
Why, riſe, make ready, and go ſtreight abroad:
With fiſh, from Euxine ſeas, thy veſſel freight;
Flax, caſtor, Coan wines, the precious weight
Of pepper, and Sabæan incenſe, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back:
And with poſt-haſte thy running markets make.
Be ſure to turn the penny; lye and ſwear;
'Tis wholeſome ſin: but Jove, thou ſay'ſt, will hear:
Swear, fool, or ſtarve; for the dilemma 's even:
A tradeſman thou! and hope to go to heaven?
Reſolv'd for ſea, the ſlaves they bo[illegible]gage pack,
Each ſaddled with his burden on his back:
Nothing retards thy voyage, now, unleſs
Thy other lord forbids, Voluptuouſneſs:
And he may aſk this civil queſtion: Friend,
What doſt thou make a ſhip-board? to what end?
Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free?
Stark, ſtaring mad, that thou would'ſt tempt the ſea?
Cubb'd in a cabbin, on a mattreſs laid,
On a brown georgе, with lowſy ſwobbers fed,

Dea

Dead wine, that ſtinks of the borrachio, ſup
From a foul jack, or greaſy maple-cup?
Say, would'ſt thou bear all this, to raiſe thy ſtore
From ſix i' th' hundred, to ſix hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;
For, not to live at eaſe, is not to live;
Death ſtalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does ſome looſe remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'ſt; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.
Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleaſure, chuſe
To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuſe.
But both, by turns, the rule of thee will have;
And thou, betwixt them both, wilt be a ſlave.
Nor think, when once thou haſt reſiſted one,
That all thy marks of ſervitude are gone:
The ſtruggling greyhound gnaws his leaſh in vain;
If, when 'tis broken, ſtill he drags the chain.
Says Phædra to his man, Believe me, friend,
To this uneaſy love I'll put an end:
Shall I run out of all? my friends diſgrace,
And be the firſt lewd unthrift of my race?
Shall I the neighbours nightly reſt invade
At her deaf doors, with ſome vile ſerenade?
Well haſt thou freed thyſelf, his man replies,
Go, thank the Gods, and offer ſacrifice.
Ah, ſays the youth, if we unkindly part,
Will not the poor fond creature break her heart?
Weak ſoul! and blindly to deſtruction led!
She break her heart! ſhe 'll ſooner break your head.

She knows her man, and, when you rant and ſwear,
Can draw you to her, with a ſingle hair.
But ſhall I not return? Now, when ſhe ſues!
Shall I my own, and her deſires refuſe?
Sir, take your courſe: but my advice is plain;
Once freed, 'tis madneſs to reſume your chain.

Ay; there's the man, who, loos'd from luſt and pelf
Leſs to the prætor owes, than to himſelf.
But write him down a ſlave, who, humbly proud,
With preſents begs preferments from the crowd;
That early ſuppliant, who ſalutes the tribes,
And ſets the mob to ſcramble for his bribes:
That ſome old dotard, ſitting in the ſun,
On holidays may tell, that ſuch a feat was done;
In future times this will be counted rare.

Thy ſuperſtition too may claim a ſhare:
When flowers are ſtrew'd, and lamps in order plac'd,
And windows with illuminations grac'd,
On Herod's day; when ſparkling bowls go round,
And tunnies tails in ſavoury ſauce are drown'd,
Thou mutter'ſt prayers obſcene; nor doſt refuſe
The faſts and ſabbaths of the curtail'd Jews.
Then a crack'd egg-ſhell thy ſick fancy frights,
Beſides the childiſh fear of walking ſprights.
Of o'ergrown gelding prieſts thou art afraid;
The timbrel, and the ſquintifego maid
Of Iſis, awe thee: leſt the Gods, for ſin,
Should, with a ſwelling dropſy, ſtuff thy ſkin:
Unleſs three garlick-heads the curſe avert,
Eaten each morn, devoutly, next thy heart.

Prae

Preach this among the brawny guards, ſay'ſt thou,
nd ſee if they thy doctrine will allow:
he dull fat captain, with a hound's deep throat,
ould bellow out a laugh, in a baſe note;
nd prize a hundred Zeno's juſt as much
s a clipt ſixpence, or a ſhilling Dutch.

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

ARGUMENT.

THIS ſixth ſatire treats an admirable common-place of moral philoſophy; of the true uſe of riches. They certainly are intended, by the power who beſtows them, as inſtruments and helps of living commodiouſly ourſelves; and of adminiſtering to the wants of others, who are oppreſſed by fortune. There are two extremes in the opinions of men concerning them. One error, though on the right hand, yet a great one, is, that they are no helps to a virtuous life; the other places all our happineſs in the acquiſition and poſſeſſion of them; and this is, undoubtedly, the worſe extreme. The mean betwixt theſe, is the opinion of the Stoicks; which is, that riches may be uſeful to the leading a vir-

a virtuous life; in caſe we rightly underſtand how to give according to right reaſon; and how to receive what is given us by others. The virtue of giving well, is called liberality: and it is of this virtue that Perſius writes in this ſatire; wherein he not only ſhews the lawful uſe of riches, but alſo ſharply inveighs againſt the vices which are oppoſed to it; and eſpecially of thoſe, which conſiſt in the defects of giving or ſpending; or in the abuſe of riches. He writes to Cæſius Baſſus his friend, and a poet alſo. Enquires firſt of his health and ſtudies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now reſident. He gives an account of himſelf, that he is endeavouring, by little and little, to wear off his vices; and particularly, that he is combating ambition, and the deſire of wealth. He dwells upon the latter vice: and, being ſenſible that few men either deſire or uſe riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their folly; which is the main deſign of the whole ſatire.

THE SIXTH SATIRE.

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS, A LYRIC POET.

HAS winter caus'd thee, friend, to change thy ſeat,
And ſeek in Sabine air a warm retreat?
Say, doſt thou yet the Roman harp command?
Do the ſtrings anſwer to thy noble hand?

Great maſter of the Muſe, inſpir'd to ſing
The beauties of the firſt-created ſpring;
The pedigree of Nature to rehearſe,
And ſound the Maker's work, in equal verſe.
Now ſporting on thy lyre the loves of youth,
Now virtuous age, and venerable truth;
Expreſſing juſtly Sappho's wanton art
Of odes, and Pindar's more majeſtic part.

For me, my warmer conſtitution wants
More cold, than our Ligurian winter grants;
And therefore, to my native ſhores retir'd,
I view the coaſt old Ennius once admir'd;
Where clifts on either ſides their points diſplay;
And, after, opening in an ampler way,
Afford the pleaſing proſpect of the bay.
'Tis worth your while, O Romans, to regard
The port of Luna ſays our learned Bard;
Who in a drunken dream beheld his ſoul
The fifth within the tranſmigrating roll;
Which firſt a peacock, then Euphorbus was,
Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras;
And laſt of all the line did into Ennius paſs.

Secure and free from buſineſs of the ſtate,
And more ſecure of what the vulgar prate,
Here I enjoy my private thoughts; nor care
What rots for ſheep the ſouthern winds prepare:
Survey the neighbouring fields, and not repine,
When I behold a larger crop than mine:
To ſee a beggar's brat in riches flow,
Adds not a wrinkle to my even brow;

Nor,

Nor, envious at the ſight, will I forbear
My plenteous bowl, nor bate my bounteous cheer.
Nor yet unſeal the dregs of wine that ſtink
Of caſk; nor in a naſty flaggon drink;
Let others ſtuff their guts with homely fare;
For men of different inclinations are;
Though born perhaps beneath one common ſtar.
In minds and manners twins oppos'd we ſee
In the ſame ſign, almoſt the ſame degree:
One, frugal, on his birth-day fears to dine;
Does at a penny's coſt in herbs repine,
And hardly dares to dip his fingers in the brine.
Prepar'd as prieſt of his own rites to ſtand,
He ſprinkles pepper with a ſparing hand.
His jolly brother, oppoſite in ſenſe,
Laughs at his thrift; and, laviſh of expence,
Quaffs, crams, and guttles, in his own defence.
For me, I'll uſe my own; and take my ſhare;
Yet will not turbots for my ſlaves prepare;
Nor be ſo nice in taſte myſelf to know
If what I ſwallow be a thruſh, or no.
Live on thy annual income; ſpend thy ſtore;
And freely grind, from thy full threſhing-floor;
Next harveſt promiſes as much, or more.
Thus I would live: but friendſhip's holy band,
And offices of kindneſs, hold my hand:
My friend is ſhipwreck'd on the Brutian ſtrand,
His riches in th' Ionian main are loſt;
And he himſelf ſtands ſhivering on the coaſt;

Where, deſtitute of help, forlorn and bare,
He wearies the deaf Gods with fruitleſs prayer.
Their images, the relicts of the wreck,
Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves, and, rudely thrown aſhore,
Lie impotent; nor can themſelves reſtore.
The veſſel ſticks, and ſhews her open'd ſide,
And on her ſhatter'd maſt the mews in triumph ride.
From thy new hope, and from thy growing ſtore,
Now lend aſſiſtance, and relieve the poor.
Come; do a noble act of charity;
A pittance of thy land will ſet him free.
Let him not bear the badges of a wreck,
Nor beg with a blue table on his back:
Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will ſay,
'Tis mine that wealth thou ſquander'ſt thus away;
What is 't to thee, if he neglect thy urn,
Or without ſpices lets thy body burn?
If odours to thy aſhes he refuſe,
Or buys corrupted caſſia from the Jews?
All theſe, the wiſer Beſtius will reply,
Are empty pomp, and dead-mens luxury:
We never knew this vain expence, before
Th' effeminated Grecians brought it o'er:
Now toys and trifles from their Athens come;
And dates and pepper have unſinew'd Rome.
Our ſweating hinds their fallads, now, defile,
Infecting homely herbs with fragrant oil.
But to thy fortune be not thou a ſlave:
For what haſt thou to fear beyond the grave?

And

And thou who gap'ſt for my eſtate, draw near;
For I would whiſper ſomewhat in thy ear.
Hear'ſt thou the news, my friend? th' expreſs is come
With laurel'd letters from the camp to Rome:
Cæſar ſalutes the queen and ſenate thus:
My arms are on the Rhine victorious.
From mourning altars ſweep the duſt away:
Ceaſe faſting, and proclaim a thankſgiving-day.
The goodly empreſs, jollily inclin'd,
Is to the welcome bearer wondrous kind:
And, ſetting her good houſewifery aſide,
Prepares for all the pageantry of pride.
The captive Germans, of gigantic ſize,
Are rank'd in order, and are clad in frize:
The ſpoils of kings and conquer'd camps we boaſt,
Their arms in trophies hang on the triumphal poſt.
Now, for ſo many glorious actions done
In foreign parts, and mighty battles won:
For peace at home, and for the public wealth,
I mean to crown a bowl to Cæſar's health:
Beſides, in gratitude for ſuch high matters,
Know I have vow'd two hundred gladiators.
Say, would'ſt thou hinder me from this expence;
I diſinherit thee, if thou dar'ſt take offence.
Yet more, a public largeſs I deſign
Of oil and pies, to make the people dine:
Control me not, for fear I change my will.
And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling ſtill,
You give as if you were the Perſian king:
Your land does not ſo large revenues bring.

Well;

Well; on my terms thou wilt not be my heir?
If thou car'ſt little, leſs ſhall be my care:
Were none of all my father's ſiſters left:
Nay, were I of my mother's kin bereft:
None by an uncle's or a grandame's ſide,
Yet I could ſome adopted heir provide.
I need but take my journey half a day
From haughty Rome, and at Aricia ſtay,
Where Fortune throws poor Manius in my way.
Him will I chooſe: What! him of humble birth,
Obſcure, a foundling, and a ſon of earth?
Obſcure? Why pr'ythee what am I? I know
My father, grandſire, and great-grandſire too.
If farther I derive my pedigree,
I can but gueſs beyond the fourth degree.
The reſt of my forgotten anceſtors
Were ſons of earth, like him, or ſons of whores.
Yet, why would'ſt thou, old covetous wretch aſpire
To be my heir, who might'ſt have been my ſire?
In Nature's race, ſhould'ſt thou demand of me
My torch, when I in courſe run after thee?
Think I approach thee, like the God of gain,
With wings on head and heels, as poets feign:
Thy moderate fortune from my gift receive;
Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
But take it as it is, and aſk no more.
What, when thou haſt embezzled all thy ſtore?
Where 's all thy father left? 'Tis true, I grant,
Some I have mortgag'd, to ſupply my want:

T

The legacies of Tadius too are flown;
All ſpent, and on the ſelf-ſame errand gone.
How little then to my poor ſhare will fall!
Little indeed; but yet that little's all.
Nor tell me, in a dying father's tone,
Be careful ſtill of the main chance, my ſon;
Put out thy principal in truſty hands:
Live on the uſe; and never dip thy lands:
But yet what 's left for me? What 's left, my friend?
Aſk that again, and all the reſt I ſpend.
Is not my fortunes at my own command?
Pour oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand,
Upon my ſallads, boy: ſhall I be fed
With ſodden nettles, and a ſing'd ſow's head?
'Tis holiday; provide me better cheer;
'Tis holiday, and ſhall be round the year.
Shall I my houſhold gods and genius cheat,
To make him rich, who grudges me my meat?
That he may loll at eaſe; and, pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on giblet-pie?
And, when his throbbing luſt extends the vein,
Have wherewithal his whores to entertain?
Shall I in homeſpun cloth be clad, that he
His paunch in triumph may before him ſee?
Go, miſer, go; for lucre ſell thy ſoul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to pole:
That men may ſay, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vaſt eſtate he left his ſon!